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Poetry.

THE FUTURE.

Be not too sure a future world
Shall make all plain and clear;
Perhaps we shall be puzzled there
As we are puzzled here.
That world may be a single step
Into a sublime career,
While still a boundless universe
Shall beckon, sphere on sphere,

THE TRUTH OF THE MATTER.

She waved her graceful hand to me,
And glanced and nodded as I passed
I'm of a poor and low degree;
She with the proudest set is classed.

And yet she waved her hand at me—
Fair hand, which scores have vainly sought—
And frowned, yea flushed, perchance, to see
That I passed on and heeded not.

At her beck some would do or die,
But I am not as others are.
She waved her hand, no heed took I,
But guided on my bobtail car.
—*Life.*

AT JACKSONVILLE.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

The music and the beauty,
They stole our hearts away,
When, the Northern winter fleeing,
We found the skies of May,
The sweetest of orange blossoms,
And the slender serried pines,
With the robin and the redbird
Swift glancing through their lines.

The silence and the sorrow,
They break our hearts to-day,
Hushed echoes faintly falling
Upon our happier way,
Borne from the stricken city
Wherein with muffled tread
Men wait upon the dying
And carry forth the dead.
—*Harper's Bazar.*

Our Story Teller.

MRS. VERVAY'S DEPARTURE.

It was with extremely solemn feeling Robert Vervay walked the deck of the vessel which was bearing him home after eight years' absence in Germany, where he had been sent at the age of seventeen to be educated.

He had left behind him a little family of four, whose names were intertwined with his own heart-strings—his widowed mother; Elaine Merton, her adopted child, a girl of twelve; Mrs. Lawton her life-long friend; and Alice, Mrs. Lawton's only child, about Elaine's age. With these four beings, Robert Vervay had passed a happy and innocent childhood. The sunniness that had settled upon that small household was so constant and bright that it almost seemed a favoritism of heaven.

And now all was inexplicably changed. For years after Robert reached Germany he and the family corresponded regularly. Above all, his letters to mother and Elaine were numerous and interesting, and so were theirs to him. Gradually the boyish worship which he had had for Elaine deepened. His feelings took on a passionate tinge as the months ripened into years, and he realized that she was becoming a magnificent girl whose heart was solely his. This had become the wish of his mother. She had watched Robert and Elaine as playmates. She had deeply desired that this girl, the daughter of a dead friend, dearly beloved, should one day become his wife. As season after season passed, it became more and more evident that this would be the case.

Then two great shocks suddenly fell upon Robert Vervay's life. All at once his mother's letters ceased, and immediately after there was a long pause—a pause which had not been broken—in Elaine's letters. The others wrote as usual. Mrs. Lawton and Alice wrote him, first, that Elaine was ill, with a fever that seemed malarial in its nature; then that his mother, worn out with nursing and watching, had been obliged to take to her bed entirely protrated. Tidings of this character constituted shocks the first. Finally came the news that Mrs. Vervay was dead—had died suddenly. She had appeared to be recovering; had grown so convalescent as to be safely left all night without attendance; but one morning, on going to her room at an early hour, Mrs. Lawton had discovered that life had departed. This was shock the second. The only mitigating circumstances was that Elaine had almost entirely recovered.

Nevertheless, in all the many letters which he had received on the subject, there was a certain mystery as of something unexplained. No one intimated that he ought to return home. He had served in the French army in the war between France and Germany and he had served with distinction; but the war was over; he had lived long enough abroad to wish to return to his native land; questions might arise concerning the settlement of his mother's fortune. It was the most natural thing in the world that he should return. Yet not one person said "Come back"; and even Dr. Norway, the family physician, who had known Robert ever since he was a boy, and who also acted as Mrs. Vervay's executor, wrote advising him, now, that he was abroad, to spend a year in Asian travel ere he thought of returning.

Under these circumstances Robert's suspicions began to be excited, but so vaguely that he could scarcely give them a name. It was evident that something was wrong, but what? What was there to suspect in a little family of mothers and children, who were all bound to each other by the ties of fondest love?

There was one thing to suspect. It was this: Even as a boy Robert had been jealous of Dr. Norway. The latter's devotion to Mrs. Vervay had been too obvious to escape the eyes of her son. Since that son had been absent the doctor had grown so in favor as to have become the executor of the dead woman. Among all these mists of suspicion could it be—might it not be—that the doctor——

Robert did not put into the mould of a sentence the thought that shaped itself in his brain. But he took a sudden resolution. He would return home in disguise, so to speak. He had sent but one photograph of himself in all these years, and that was several Christmases ago. He shaved off the beard recorded in that photograph (in which, too, he had worn his soldier dress); adopted the name of a French friend, Captain de Mauvre, whom he had often mentioned in his letters; and resolved to appear thus as the agent and emissary of himself, and quietly observe how things stood.

No sooner resolved than done. Apprising his friend of his desire, and receiving his laughing permission, Robert Vervay wrote to Mrs. Lawton notifying her of the approaching visit of de Mauvre. In the steamer which sailed a week after the one which bore this letter, Robert took passage, under de Mauvre's name, thinking it safer to begin his incognito three thousand miles away from his objective point.

At that date the little household of which Mrs. Vervay had so recently been the head was wintering in St. Augustine, Florida. Dr. Norway, too, was there, for he had reached that pleasant stage in the medical profession where a doctor can afford to lose sight of his practice for three months at a time and find those of his old patients who are still alive clamoring for him on his return.

It was a mild and lovely day in December when Robert found himself at the gate of the garden within which stood the cottage containing three of the four beings with whom the sweetest recollections of childhood were entwined. He paused a moment. No one was visible. He opened the gate and entered. The place seemed for the time deserted. The front door was open. As he raised his hand to the knocke, a young girl, clad entirely in white, came walking slowly from what seemed to be the parlor. He knew in a moment that it must be Elaine, for her hair was black, whereas Alice's was golden. As Elaine approached, not seeing him, she turned a few red roses together, her brow slightly knit, and her expression a trifle melancholy and introspective, as though she were vainly trying to recall a thought or reminiscence that had escaped her.

All at once she saw him and started. It was plain that she did not recognize him. She advanced with a questioning look.

"My name is de Mauvre," said Robert, preserving the shade of a French accent.

"Ah! you are Captain de Mauvre, whom we have been expecting," exclaimed Elaine, her perplexed looks vanishing. "The family are out—all except the doctor. He is around the grounds somewhere. I welcome you in their name," and she extended her hand, looking at him eagerly, questioningly, but without an atom of suspicion.

They shook hands gravely, and she led him into the parlor, large, airy, cool, silent and shaded. As they sat facing each other, all alone, she said:

"Captain de Mauvre, you are Captain Vervay's intimate friend."

Robert bowed his head. But at her next words a shudder ran through him, and he almost lost his self-possession.

"Tell me," she said, "what has become of Mrs. Vervay? Some time ago she mysteriously, as it seemed to me, went abroad on a visit to her son, and I have not heard from her since. Her departure is surely very strange?"

She bent upon him a powerful and penetrating glance. Through his confusion of feeling, caused by this overwhelming question, he perceived that by means of Elaine he might reach the clue to this mystery.

"Elaine!" he cried, "do you not know me? I am Robert?" In an instant they were in each other's arms, united in a passion of tears and kisses and incoherent expressions. In that brief moment there was no time for explanation, for almost before they could compose themselves and promise mutual secrecy, Mrs. Lawton, Alice and Dr. Norway made their appearance and greeted Captain de Mauvre with every expression that hospitality could suggest.

II.

The first greetings over, Elaine and Alice escaped, the first to brood over the ecstacy of this unexpected meeting, and to discipline herself into concealing Robert's identity from Alice—the first secret she had ever had from that dear confidant. Robert had not had time to tell her that his mother was dead, or, at least, was reported to him to be so. While, therefore, he had two conflicting statements to harmonize—that of his mother's death, as revealed to him by letters from the doctor and Mrs. Lawton, and that just given to him by Elaine about his mother's trip to Europe—Elaine still remained without suspicion that the journey was an invention, the problem she had to combat being Robert's presence here when his mother had so recently left her home to join him abroad.

The moment the doctor and Mrs. Lawton were left alone with Robert, a look of relief came to the faces of both, and Mrs. Lawton exclaimed:

"Captain de Mauvre, we hnow by Robert's letters that we can place every confidence in you. I must therefore drop all ceremony and come directly to the point. When we returned we found you talking with Elaine. It had been but a few moments, we know, but during those moments did she ask you anything about Mrs. Vervay?"

"She asked me one of the strangest questions in the world. She asked me what had become of Mrs. Vervay." Here he noticed that his listeners exchanged significant glances. "She added that sometime ago Mrs. Vervay had gone on a mysterious visit to her son."

Again the significant glances. The doctor rose and quietly shut the doors. "It will be necessary to take you into our confidence at once," said Mrs. Lawton. "Mrs. Vervay did, indeed, intend to visit her son. Preparations began to be made, when suddenly Elaine was seized with an alarming illness—a fever. We did not at the time acquaint Robert with that. We did not wish to alarm him unnecessarily. But it was while Elaine had that fever that Mrs. Vervay died. It was not until long after the funeral that Elaine's fever abated. We dared not tell her then for fear of a relapse. Every sign and token of grief was banished. You see none of us are in mourning. As she grew convalescent, her health remained so frail that we dared not tell her. And even to this moment she believes that Mrs. Vervay is with her son in Europe, and we tremble for the hour when it will be necessary to tell her the truth."

Robert gave a long sigh of relief. Was that all? He had dreaded some sorrow—he knew not what, suspense is so imaginative—worse even than his mother's death. Now there remained only the delicate task of disillusioning Elaine by telling her that mother was no more. And from whom could she learn it so safely, if not from him? In semi-abstraction he gave utterance to his thought, and said:

"If Robert were here, all might be well."

He was amazed at the sudden start which the doctor and Mrs. Lawton simultaneously made. He was more amazed, when both exclaimed together:

"Robert must never come!"

Robert never come? What could that mean? Here, then, was a mystery within a mystery. Why must Robert never come?

"Why should Robert never come?" he repeated. "Who so fitted to tell her the melancholy truth? When she has learned from his lips that she has lost one who was a mother to her, where is she so likely to find comfort as in the sympathy of that mother's son? What? Silent still? Then there is some darker labyrinth that I have not yet penetrated. I beg pardon if I remind you that I represent Capt. Vervay in this house. Remember, too, that if you do not enlighten me, I must reveal to Miss Merton what I already know."

Elaine's laugh was heard outside. Mrs Lawton rose with ghastly face, and passing close to Robert said, almost in a whisper, "Promise me, on your honor, that Captain de Mauvre, the brave officer and gallant gentleman, never will betray to Elaine the confidence which has been placed in him this day."

Robert was overcome, but his self possession did not desert him, and he answered, though not without emotion, "Captain de Mauvre never will."

The next moment Elaine and Alice were in the room, laughing as though the world knew no such thing as pain, though from time to time a shadow passed across Elaine's face and glanced at Robert and wondered why his mother was not with him. From that hour the drama deepened in intensity, until every member of the little household was gathered inescapably within its coils.

III.

Several days past ere Robert had a chance of being alone with Elaine for more than a moment at a time. It seemed as though the household were in a conspiracy to prevent it. Possibly the doctor and Mrs. Lawton thought it their duty to add their own circumspection to the restraint imposed by the promise that had been enacted. Was it not possible, too, that Alice, in spite of her refined sensitiveness, refused to recognize that she was *de trop*, in obedience to her mother's instructions? However this may be, she remotely hinted one day to de Mauvre (as she thought him) that ever since Elaine's illness it had been her duty to keep her in sight, for no other reason that she could divine than to discover whether Elaine, through her letter to Robert might be the means of hastening his return.

At last, one day Mrs. Lawton was prostrated by a severe headache, the doctor was suddenly called to visit a patient, and Alice, at a hasty summons from her mother, was for a time detained upstairs. The lovers flew to each other, and the first words that Elaine spoke were these:

"I am sure there's a strange secret hidden somewhere. I have wondered for the last three months why your mother never wrote to me, when she had written to all the rest. They delivered me messages from her letters, you know, which they pretended to have destroyed. This afternoon I stoppsd at the postoffice myself. I knew the postmistress well. I asked her how often letters came here from abroad, for Mrs. Lawton or the doctor? And what do you think she said? She said that not one had come recently—not one excepting, of course, that which reached Mrs. Lawton a few days ago announcing the coming of Captain de Mauvre, Now Robert, what is this secret? Where is your mother? If she had been abroad she would have written. If not abroad, where is she then?"

As Elaine spoke she had grown more and more excited, and as she ended she placed her hands inquiringly on her lover's shoulders. Embarrassed how to answer, and fearful lest he should say the wrong thing, he drew her up to him, folded her in a close embrace, and kissed her over and over again. As he did so a man's step was heard in the hall. Elaine fled with an exclamation of confusion and shame, and Dr. Norway, stepping inside the parlor, almost shouted:

"Captain de Mauvre! This conduct in this house!—And oh! Elaine! Elaine!"

But Elaine was out of sight. "Not one word against her!" exclaimed Robert. „Unseal your lips, and I will unseal mine? I love her—would marry her!"

"Love her? Marry her?" exclaimed the doctor. "What spell have you cast over her, that she submits to your embrace? Great heavens! You have not told her of your love—you have not asked her——"

"I have, and she consents."

"Then the time has come to tell you everything. She can never marry."

"Dr. Norway, what would you have me believe? What can you mean?"

The doctor looked carefully around the room, shut the windows, closed the doors, and tried to lock them, but there was one door that would not lock. He pulled before it some heavy curtains that overhung it, as if to dull the sound.

"Have I your word of honor that what I am to tell you will never pass your lips?" said the doctor.

"You have my word of honor."

"Sit down."

As they seated themselves face to face, the table upon which they leaned creaked, and they did not observe that the handle of the unlocked door turned silently, that the door opened, and some one entered with a smiling, roguish face, and peeped from behind the sheltering curtains.

"Mrs. Vervay died," said the doctor. "But not of disease. She was killed."

Robert uttered a ghastly cry. It hid the softer cry uttered by Elaine, from whose face all smiles had vanished evermore. The doctor seized Robert's arm.

"That cry!" exclaimed the doctor. "*You* are her son?"

"Yes!—yes! Go on."

"Do you not know the task that you have set me."

"Go on, and quickly," exclaimed Robert. "But do not mix the name of Elaine up with anything so dreadful."

"I must," gasped the doctor.

"Must?"

Again the face reappeared from behind the curtain. A bloodless face in which two eyes were shining like balls of electric fire.

"When your mother was ill," continued the doctor, "Elaine, recovered from her fever, used often to sit up with her all night. As Mrs. Vervay grew convalescent, she was able to be left quite alone until morning, and even then Elaine would rise quite early, gather fresh red roses and take them to her before breakfast.

"One night Elaine retired with a slight fever, a threatened relapse—and her eyes were filled with a strange glitter. During the day she had gathered a slender branch of willow and, stripping it of its leaves, had wound fantastically about it roses—bright red, dewy roses—until it made a rope of flowers. She went to bed taking this with her.

"Next morning she did not appear at breakfast. As a rule no one entered Mrs. Vervay's room until after that hour, as she generally fell asleep again after Elaine's early visit. But on this particular morning, as Elaine had been indisposed the previous night, Mrs. Lawton herself left the breakfast table to see what was the matter, and I was left alone. Alice was away at the time, visiting a friend. She knows nothing of all this.

"In a few moments I heard a frightful shriek. I rushed upstairs, motioning the servants to remain below. The shriek repeated led me to your mother's bedroom. There Mrs. Lawton stood wringing her hands. Happily my presence prevented her shrieking once more. Sitting on the side of the bed was Elaine, rocking herself to and fro, and uttering a low, frightful laugh. In her hands, tightly clutched, were the ends of the rope of roses which passed and repassed around your mother's——"

A loud cry came from Robert. Again it hid that other cry behind the curtain.

"My poor boy!" said the doctor.

"Strangled!" exclaimed Robert. "Strangled in flowers! Let me hear the end."

"We led Elaine away," continued the doctor. "She went away unresistingly. She fell into a deep swoon-like sleep. She awoke in a maniac fever. At the expiration of weeks she emerged once more into sanity, weak indeed, weak as an infant, but completely oblivious of what had happened; happy, tranquil, as you see her now, unvisited by a single thought that was not pure and bright.

"There is but one thing more to add. When we bore Elaine away, she dragged with her the rope of roses. In the confusion she was left a few moments to herself. During those few moments the flowers vanished, and no one has seen them since."

His words fell on ears that no longer heeded. "I must be alone," said Robert, huskily, "or I—I, too—shall go"—and without power to finish the sentence he staggered from the room, almost touching the cowering creature who shrank deep within the curtains.

As the doctor sat there alone, he heard the rustle of a woman's gown, and felt a light touch on his shoulder. Turning round he saw Elaine, her face snow-white, her eyes glaring electrically. Her features worked. Her lips opened twice to speak. Ere he could catch her she dropped at his feet, as dead, apparently, as the benefactress whose life she had taken.

IV.

When, half an hour after, Elaine opened her eyes she found the doctor bending over her. They were still alone.

The fierce light had died away from her eyes. The exceeding pallor was succeeded by a faint, slowly returning flush. She passed her hand over her head wearily. "Have I been dreaming?" she muttered.

"Dreaming?" said the doctor to himself. Then he added in thought, "Yes, we must make it that. Her condition admits of that. She will look upon it all as a dreadful dream." Then he said, aloud:

"When I found you in the garden——"

"In the garden?" she repeated, sitting up.

"Yes," answered the doctor, boldly. "I warned you not to walk too much. Especially not alone. You are too weak as yet for that. You fainted in the garden. I carried you here, where you came to, fainted again, and afterwards went into a sound sleep."

"Sleep? Ah, yes! It must have been asleep, since it is only in sleep we dream. And I have dreamed so terribly."

"All of us have nightmares, you know," said the doctor soothingly, helping her into a chair.

"Was it a nightmare?" she exclaimed fixing one hand upon the doctor's wrist and gazing into his eyes as if she would pluck thence the truth they were endeavoring to conceal.

"Was what a nightmare?" asked the doctor, innocently, but before she could answer Robert re-entered, pale, indeed, but composed, and quite himself. At sight of him Elaine buried her face on the doctor's shoulder, uttering an inarticulate cry. The doctor gave Robert a warning look and gesture. The young man remained irresolute for a moment. Then he said, in a voice exceedingly gentle, "Elaine!"

At that word, so softly uttered, the girl raised her face and looked toward her lover, who opened wide his arms. A moment's hesitation, and she rushed within them, exclaiming wildly, "I dreamt—I dreamt"—then left the rest of her sentence to be guessed in the deep silence that followed. Suddenly she turned to the doctor and said:

"What must you think of me? This is Robert—Robert Vervay!"

"Robert Vervay!" exclaimed the doctor with well feigned amazement. Then, shaking hands with the young man, "Why have you played us this trick?"

"Do not ask him now," said Elaine. "I want to explain to him how I fainted in the garden. Go, dear doctor. Leave us a little while to ourselves." She raised the doctor's hand to her lips to soften her request. As she did so, he gave her one glance, pregnant with meaning, to Robert, as though to bid him exercise the utmost caution. Then he left the room without a word, thinking to himself: "How will it end?"

"Yes," said Elaine, the moment he was gone, "I fainted—so the doctor told me. When I recovered I fell into a sleep, and in that sleep I dreamed—I dreamed that I stood listening behind that curtain, and heard you and the doctor—I hardly know what—it is all so confused—it was horrible."

She hid herself against his heart. With great effort he controlled himself. With equal effort he stroked her hair with utmost gentleness, and commanded back an awful tide of tears that seemed ready to rush through his eyes, mingled with blood that had turned cold about his heart. "Tell me," she murmered, her face hidden in that piteous embrace, "tell me that I shall always be your little Elaine?"

"Always—forever darling," his trembling lips forced themselves to speak.

"I am tired now," she said. "I must sleep. You have made me better by those words. I must have a long sleep, and to-morrow morning, when you see me, I shall be your bright Elaine once more." She wound her arms around his neck. Her head lay on his shoulder. Her lips were close to his. The exquisite calamity which destroyed all possibility of marriage between them, and yet made it equally impossible for him to break away, overcame him with unspeakab'e compassion. He kissed her, not wildly and passionately, but with a sweet seriousness which contained a love that was all its own. And with those kisses on her lips, she went quickly away.

V.

All was agitation throughout the little household, except in Elaine's room. She had locked herself in, saying she wanted sleep. No sounds issued therefrom, and no one dared intrude. Mrs. Lawton, recovered from her headache, was aghast at what had occurred, and amid the general consternation the truth could no longer be withheld from Alice.

Hours passed. The afternoon deepened into evening. Dinner was provided, but scarcely touched. From time to time Alice or Mrs. Lawton tried Elaine's door. It remained locked, and all was silent inside. Drawn together by the anguish of this overwhelming calamity, the doctor and Robert (his identity now revealed to all) Alice and Mrs. Lawton, sat grouped around the lamp that stood upon the center-table, exchanging melancholy remarks in low tones.

Suddenly a light step was heard on the stairs outside. All started involuntarily. Through the open door a figure clothed in white could be seen slowly descending. It was Elaine. She had changed the gown she had worn during the day for a thin white trailing wrapper with flowing sleeves. She advanced slowly, dragging something behind her which could not be seen, hidden as it was by her full skirts, which the wind slightly agitated. She came slowly into the room, and as she came they saw that though her eyes were open they were fixed and lightless, and she was fast asleep. When well within the room she stood still, and pulling forward that which she had dragged behind her, passed it slowly between her fingers. It was the rope of roses from which the faded leaves fell beneath her touch.

After a moment's pause, she spoke. These were her words:

"Hidden so long! Found at last! Oh! you sweet red roses! You were so fresh! so bright! When I kissed you, you kissed me back again! Your dew fell on my lips. Where are your dew drops now?—And *she*—his mother—she lay so calm, so quiet, amid the dreams of morning, with the sun upon her, tranquil as the peace of God. I loved her—how I loved her! But the ground opened at my feet, and a terrible voice, deep from the pit, breathed, rather than shrieked 'Kill! Kill! Kill!'—The demon that has been waiting for me so far off, is drawing near again at last. He bids me do unto myself as I did to her—he bids me—"

She ceased and with a wild action threw the rope around her neck and pulled it tight. Involuntarily Robert rushed and snatched it from her, and in the struggle she awoke.

"Robert! Alice!" she cried. Then catching sight of the shriveled roses as they lay where Robert had thrown them, she uttered an appalling shriek, and subsided into hysterical laughter. In vain they moved toward her. She motioned them all away.

"Back! back!" she cried, "I comprehend it all at last! O, memory, memory! That Summer morning—the green waving boughs—the singing birds—the silent sleeper—and I myself, with steady step, and those accursed flowers! O deed without remorse—for 'twas no crime! Or if it were,—'twas heaven's!"

She broke into frightful sobs. Robert, down whose face the tears were streaming, took her gently in his arms.

"My darling! my little one! my own Elaine!" he murmured.

She clung to him for a few moments convulsively, and then grew calmer.

"The time has come for me to leave you," she murmured in a dreamy voice, and crossed over to Alice, whom she embraced tenderly, saying in low, soft accents. "You love him—you always loved him. When I am gone—you and he—you understand. It will be so. Good night. Good-bye." She kissed her passionately. Then going to Mrs. Lawton, she embraced her too, saying in the same heart-broken voice, "Good night. Good-bye."

"Where are you going, dearest?" asked the poor lady.

"To sleep, to dream. Ah! I shall sleep so soundly. You need not fear." She passed over to the doctor, lingering for a moment with her arms around his neck, and saying once again, "Good-night. Good-bye."

As she did so her eyes fell upon Robert, who, completely overcome, sat at the table, his chest heaving with convulsive sobs. She rushed toward him. He rose and received her, and they stood planted together in a speechless caress.

"You love me?" she asked. "For it was not I? You love me, in all, through all? You will love me after I am in the grave?"

"I love you in all, through all, after all! I shall love you forever, my own Elaine."

"Ah! how can I leave you," she exclaimed. "The way is so lonely, so cold, so dark. I am afraid. Kiss me. Love me—for I have so loved you—and it was not my fault you know! Good-night. Good-bye." She released her hold, he his. She took a few steps forward, her eyes glittering. Then the light faded. As she turned toward them once again, a quiet sunny smile stole over her features, and placing her hand gently on Robert's arm, she said:

"A moment ago I did not see my way clear. Now I do. I did not know how death would come. But now God gives me leave to die. My heart is broaden." Robert caught her as she fell.

"Remember me until we meet again," she whispered.

The kiss he placed upon her upturned lips almost detained her parting soul.—*Osric Elphingstone, in the Epoch.*

CHESTNUTS.

An Endless Argument.

"I thought you would get a sore throat staying out so late Saturday night," admonished Mrs. Brown.

"Come off," growled the old man in a husky voice. "You women can never reason. Haven't you sense enough to see I got this cold going to church with you on Sunday?"

Wasn't to Blame.

"That Barker is a very charming fellow, I admit," remarked Cobwigger, "but he is awfully close with his money."

"You shouldn't blame him for that" replied Merritt. "You see he used to be in the candy business, and so made his money a penny at a time."

Had to Face It.

"In which of his battles did Gen. Bluff get that scar on his face?" inquired Miss Snyder.

"He got that in a duel," replied Mr. Merritt, who thought she was taking an unusual interest in the old warrior. "You see that was the only one of his battles where he could not remain in shelter."

Had to Expect It.

"Oh, grandpop," said little Johnnie, "ain't you getting bald?"

"Yes, my little shaver," replied the old man, sadly rubbing his hand over his head, "such is life—hair to-day and gone to-morrow."

Alien English.

"Ach," said the candid Frenchman, "but ze Eenglish of me is ze vary crazy Eenglish, sans doute. It ees vhat you people call ze crracked Eenglish, I belief."

At the Ball.

"I beg y'r pard'n, shir, but 'r you th' floor manag(hic)er?"

"I have that honor. What may I do for you, sir?"

"Well, I wish you'd (hic) manage th' floor a litt' bit berrer. Itsh runin' roun' an' roun' like a t(hic)t-hic-op an' th' corner over there jush a minute ago t-flared-hic-up an' hit me in th' back-hic-er th' head."

A Terrible Warning.

Wife (witnessing the play of Ten Nights in a Barroom)—What a frightful curse rum is, John, ruining so many lives and wrecking the happiness of thousands of innocent people. What a moral this play should teach, and what a warning it should be!

Husband (reaching for his hat)—Yes, indeed, my dear.

Wife—Where are you going, John?

Husband—I just want to step out for a moment to see a man.—*N. Y. Sun.*

CURRENT NOTES.

Mistress (to employment agent)—"Have you any men of all work?" Honest agent—"No, madam, but we have plenty of women of no work."—*Philadelphia Record.*

A desperado who recently held up a coach in Texas informed the court on his trial that he was only trying to elevate the stage. He was given a sentence.—*Harper's Bazar.*

A prominent statesman says that "we do not appreciate the metal that is in the boy 21 years old nowadays." Yes, we do; but we don't care for that kind of brass.—*Harper's Bazar.*

At the cooking school: Lady in charge (to reporter)—"Have some lunch?" Reporter (politely)—"Thanks, I always try to please. Does a life insurance policy go with it?"—*Washington Post.*

Dumb youth (who got through college by a scratch)—"Is this diploma of any use, professor?" Professor (dryly)—"Yes, it will show you that you have received a college education."—*Philadelphia Record.*

Drummer (showing cuff button to hotel clerk)—I say, I found this button on the third floor this morning. If the owner should call—— Clerk—Thanks. Drummer—Tell him if it's gold to leave the other one at my room, 191, fourth floor.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Servant (to widow only recently bereaved)—There is an old-clothes man at the door, mum, what wants to know have you got any cast-off garments to sell. Widow (with a burst of grief)—Ah, no, Bridget, not now, not now. Tell him to call a few days later.—*Epoch.*

"Cable cars are quite a recent thing in transportation," remarked the casual caller. "Not at all," replied the snake editor. "We read about them in the Bible." "What!" "Yes, you will remember that Paul stood before a gripper.—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

A bachelor Congressman returned from a stumping tour was calling on a marriageable lady the other evening. "I had to come back," he said. "I must husband my voice." "O!" she twittered, with an innocent girlish twitter, "how I should like to be your voice.—*Washington Post.*

"I got such a shock yesterday," remarked Miss Montgomery, "I was confined to my bed all day." "Ah, yes," replied her friend, "you were at the races and you must have seen that little jockey killed in the steeplechase." "It wasn't that," she replied. "But when I got home the first thing I saw was a mouse. It completely upset me."—*New York Sun.*

He Wilted.

I have a young friend, a youthful but rising lawyer, who will, I think, hesitate before he again propounds conundrums to his employes. There are two of them—a bookkeeper and the inevitable typewriteress, and he went to them the other day just before leaving for home and osked them why he was like a Spring pig. They promptly gave it up. "Well," said he, "you think it out over night, and if you can't tell me the answer in the morning I'll reveal it to you." He then left, and after he had gone the two employes held a conference with the young lawyer's partner, with the result that when the latter came down the next morning he found on his desk a sheet of paper on which was written: "Why am I like a Spring pig? Answer No. 1—Always grunting about nothing; answer No. 2—Little, but every inch a hog." The real answer to the conundrum, if there is one, is still shrouded in mystery.—*Chicago Journal.*

An Enterprising Salesman.

"Jim Sellers, the hardware salesman, is one of the most enterprising traveling men on the road, isn't he?" remarked a commercial tourist to his companion in the train.

"Yes, very."

"What do you think would be the first thing Jim would do if he were to die?"

"I give it up."

"Of course I can't say for certain, but I'd be willing to bet that it wouldn't be five minutes before he was talking Saint Peter into buying a patent lock for the Golden Gates.—*Merchant Traveler.*

Of Immediate Interest.

Sunday-School Teacher—"Now, children, that lesson is ended, you may ask any questions you like, and I will try to answer them. Is there anything you want to know, Willie?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"What is it?"

"Which club do you think winned der game at der park ter-day?"—*Lincoln (Neb.) Journal.*

Cruel Mr. Barracks.

"I notice in the paper," said Mrs. Barracks, pouring out Mr. Barracks's coffee, "that a Brooklyn clergyman says that women should be permitted to whistle."

"Yes," retorted Mr. Barracks, agreeably. "He is right. We should surely not deny to women a privilege we accord to tugboats and locomotives."—*Harper's*

Steady Job for Satan.

Five-year-old Harold is about to enter school, and his mother has been giving him good advice how to behave and not answer back or get angry with his playmates, for it was Satan that tempted him to do wrong. "Well," said H., "I should just like to have the devil shut up in the barnyard with the old buck; I guess he would have all he could do to mind his own business, then."—*Boston Traveler.*

One Difference Noted.

"I wouldn't cry, little boy," said a kind old gentleman, consolingly, "you may be unhappy for the moment, but it will soon pass away. You wouldn't expect me to cry, would you, every time I'm a little unhappy?" "No, sir," responded the tearful little lad, "you'd prob'ly go and get drunk." —*Life.*

The Boom in Circulation.

Editor (newspaper)—Get any subscribers to-day?

Business manager—Got one.

Editor—Let's see. We had one subscriber to start with and this other one makes two. I'll announce that the paper has already doubled in circulation.—*Time.*

"Shall Auld Acquaintance be Forgot?"

Policeman (to tramp in front of an exchange office)—What yer bowin' an' scrapin' in front of that winder for?

Tramp (making another Chesterfieldian bow)—I'm saluting them bank notes. Old acquaintances that I haven't seen for years.—*Texas Siftings.*

One Exception.

Crimsonbeak—I don't see why they can't raise watermelons without seeds.

Yeast—Why, you idiot, you can't raise anything without seeds."

"Oh, say, they can."

"I'd like to know what."

"Umbrellas."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Here to Stay.

Fashionable wife (tugging at a string)—Mrs. Cleveland may succeed in doing away with the bustle, but there is one thing that has come to stay.

Husband (looking around from his shaving)—What is that?

Wife—The corset.—*Chicago Globe.*

It Would Seem So.

"Why do doctors always write their prescriptions in Latin?" asked little Johnny.

"My son," replied old Brown, "they do that in order to give the druggist a chance to add a dollar on the prescription for translating it."—*N. Y. Sun.*

A Case of Gratitude.

Curious Spectator (to lady lion-tamer)—And you are really fond of these beasts?

Lion Tamer—Oh, yes, indeed! Of this one particularly! (She adds, pensively(—He ate up my husband.—*Cartoon.*

Only Needs Time.

Emotional customer (to photographer)—Oh, dear! This picture makes me look too old.

Photographer—But, my dear madam, you will grow into it.—*Life.*

An Unrecognized Genius.

"There is no doubt that I am a great genius and yet not understood. Now, the only thing I don't know is whether my time is to come or whether it is past."—*Fliegende Blatter.*

Season's About Over.

First Baseball Player—Did you go to Shortstop's wedding to-day? Second Baseball Player—Of course I did. First Player—How did it come off? Second Player—Declared a tie.—*Once a Week.*

Our Serial Story.

THE TALISMAN.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

CHAPTER IV—CONTINUED.

Such were the rules of chivalry, and of the love which was its ruling principle.

But Sir Kenneth's attachment was rendered romantic by other and still more peculiar circumstances. He had never even heard the sound of his lady's voice, though he had often beheld her beauty with rapture. She moved in a circle which his rank of knighthood permitted him indeed to approach, but not to mingle with; and highly as he stood distinguished for warlike skill and enterprise, still the poor Scottish soldier was compelled to worship his divinity at a distance almost as great as divides the Persian from the sun which he adores.

But when was the pride of woman too lofty to overlook the passionate devotion of a lover, however inferior in degree? Her eye had seen him in the tournament her ear had heard his praises in the report of the battles which were daily fought; and while count, duke and lord contended for her grace, it flowed, unwillingly, perhaps at first, or even unconsciously, toward the poor Knight of the Leopard, who, to support his rank, had little beside his sword. When she looked and when she listened, the lady saw enough to encourage her in her partiality, which had at first crept on her unawares.

If a knight's personal beauty was praised even the most prudish dames of the military court of England would make an exception in favor of the Scottish knight; and it oftentimes happened, that notwithstanding the very considerable largesses which princess and peers bestowed on the minstrels, an impartial spirit of independence would seize the poet, and harp was swept to the heroism of one who had neither palfreys nor garments to bestow in guerdon of his applause.

The moments when she listened to the praises of her lover became gradually more and more dear to the high born Edith, relieving the flattery with which her ear was weary, and presenting to her a subject of secret contemplation, more worthy as he seemed by general report, than those who surpassed him in rank and in the gifts of fortune.

As her attention became constantly, though cautiously, fixed on Sir Kenneth, she grew more and more convinced of his personal devotion to herself, and more and more certain in her mind, that in Kenneth of Scotland she beheld the fated knight doomed to share with her through weal and woe—and the prospect looked gloomy and dangerous—the passionate attachment to which the poets of the age ascribed such universal dominion, and which its manners and morals placed nearly on the same rank with devotion itself.

Let us not disguise the truth for our readers. When Edith became aware of the state of her own sentiments, chivalrous as were her sentiments becoming a maiden not distant from the throne of England—gratified as her pride must have been with the mute though unceasing devotion rendered to her by the knight whom she had distinguished, there were moments when the feelings of the woman, loving and beloved, murmured against the restraints of state and form by which she was surrounded, and when she almost blamed the timidity of her lover, who seemed resolved not to infringe them.

The etiquette, to use a modern phrase of birth and rank, had drawn around her a magical circle, beyond which Sir Kenneth might indeed bow and gaze but within which he could no more pass, than an evoked spirit can transgress the boundaries prescribed by the rod of a powerful enchanter.

The thought involuntarily pressed on her that she herself must venture, were it but the point of her fairy foot, beyond the prescribed bounday, if she ever hoped to give a lover so reserved and bashful, an opportunity of so slight a favor, as but to salute a shoe tie.

There was an example—the noted precedent of the "King's daughter of Hungary," who thus generously encouraged a "Squire of low degree;" and Edith, though of kingly blood, was no king's daughter any more than her lover was of low degree—fortune had put no such extreme barrier to their affections.

Something, however within the maiden's bosom—that modest pride, which throws fetters even on love itself—forbade her, notwithstanding the superiority of her condition, to make those advances which in every case delicacy assigns to the other sex; above all, Sir Kenneth was a knight so gentle and honorable, so highly accomplished—as her imagination at least suggested, together with the strictest feelings of what was due to himself and to her—that however constrained her attitude might be while receiving his adorations, like the image of some deity, who is neither supposed to feel nor to reply to the homage of its votaries, still the idol feared that to step prematurely from her pedestal would be to degrade herself in the eyes of her devoted lover.

Yet the devout adorer of an actual idol can even discover sighs of approbation in the rigid and immovable features of a marble image, and it is no wonder that something, which could be as favorably interpreted, glanced from the bright eye of the lovely Edith, whose beauty, indeed, consisted rather more in that very power of expression, than on absolute regularity of coutour or brilliancy of complexion.

Some light marks of distinction had escaped from her, notwithstanding her own jealous vigilance, else how could Kenneth so readily have recognized the lovely hand of which scarce two fingers were visible from under the veil, or how could he have rested so thoroughly assured that two flowers, successively dropped on the spot, were intended as a recognition on the part of his lady love?

By what train of observation—by what secret signs, looks or gestures—by what distinctive free masonry of love, this degree of intelligence came to subsist between Edith and her lover, we cannot attempt to trace; for we are old, and such slight vestiges of affection quickly discovered by younger eyes, defy the power of ours.

Enough, that such affection did subsist between parties who had never even spoken to one another, though, on the side of Edith, it was checked by a deep sense of the difficulties and dangers which must necessarily attend the further progress of their attachment, and upon that of the knight by a thousand doubts and fears, lest he had overestimated the slight tokens of the lady's notice, varied, as they necessarily were, by long intervals of apparent coldness, during which, either for fear of exciting the observation of others, and thus drawing danger upon her lover, or sinking in his esteem by seeming too willing to be won, made her behave with indifference, as if unobservant of his presence.

This narrative, tedious perhaps, but which the story renders necessary, may serve to explain the state of intelligence, if it deserves so strong a name betwixt the lovers, when Edith's unexpected appearance in the chapel produced so powerful an effect on the feelings of her knight.

CHAPTER V.

Their necromantic forms in vain
Haunt us on the tented plain;
We bid these spectre shapes avaunt,
Ashtaroth and Temagaunt.
WARTON.

The most profound silence, the deepest darkness continued to brood for more than an hour over the chapel in which we left the Knight of the Leopard still kneeling alternately expressing thanks to heaven, and gratitude to his lady, for the boon that had been vouchsafed to him. His own safety, his own destiny, for which he was at all times little anxious, had not now the weight of a grain of dust in his reflections. He was in the neighborhood of lady Edith, he had received tokens of her grace, he was in a place hallowed by relics of the most awful sanctity.

A Christian soldier, a devoted lover, could fear nothing, think of nothing but his duty to heaven and his devotion to his lady.

At the lapse of the space of time which we have noticed, a shrill whistle, like that which a falconer calls his hawk, was heard to ring out sharply through the vaulted chapel.

It was a sound ill suited to the place, and reminded Sir Kenneth how necessary it was that he should be upon his guard.

He started from his knee, and laid his hand upon his poinard.

A creaking sound, as of a screw or pully, succeeded, and light streaming upward as from an opening in the floor, showed that a trap door had been raised or depressed.

In less than a minute, a long, skinny arm, partly naked, partly clothed in a loose sleeve of red samite, arose out of the aperture, holding a lamp as high as it could stretch upward, and the figure to which the arm belonged ascended step by step to the level of the chapel floor.

The form and face of the being who thus presented himself were those of a frightful dwarf with a large head, a cap fantastically adorned with three peacock feathers, a dress of red samite, the richness of which rendered his ugliness more conspicuous, distinguished by gold bracelets and armlets, and a white silk sash, in which he wore a gold-hilted dagger.

This singular figure had in his left hand a kind of broom.

So soon as he had stepped from the aperture through which he arose, he stood still, and, as if to show himself more distinctly, moved the lamp which he held slowly over his face and person, successively illuminating his wild and fantastic features, and his mis-shapen but nervous limbs.

Though disproportioned in person, the dwarf was not so distorted as to argue any want of strength or activity.

While Sir Kenneth gazed on this disagreeable object, the popular creed occurred to his remembrance concerning gnomes or earthly spirits, which made their abode in the caverns of the earth, and so much did this figure correspond with the idea he had formed of their appearance, that he looked on it with disgust, mingled not indeed with fear, but that sort of awe which the presence of a supernatural creature may infuse into the most steady bosom.

The dwarf again whistled, and summoned from beneath a companion.

This second figure ascended in the same manner as the first; but it was a female arm, in this second instance, which upheld the lamp from the subterranean vault out of which these presentments arose, and it was a female form, much resembling the first in shape and proportions, which slowly emerged from the door. Her dress was also of red samite, fantastically cut and flounced, as if she had been dressed for some exhibition of mimics or jugglers; and with the same minuteness which her predecessor had exhibited, she also passed the lamp over her face and person, which appeared to rival the male in ugliness. But with all this most unfavorable exterior, there was one trait in the features of both which argued alertness and intelligence in the most uncommon degree.

This arose from the brilliancy of their eyes, which, deep set beneath black and shaggy brows, gleamed with a luster which like that in the eye of the toad, seemed to make some amends for the extreme ugliness of countenance and person.

Sir Kenneth remained as if spell bound, while this unlovely pair, moving around the chapel close to each other, appeared to perform the duty of sweeping it, like menials; but, as they used only one hand, the floor was not much benefited by the exercise, which they plied with such oddity of gestures and manner, as befitted their bizarre and fantastic appearance.

When they approached near to the knight in the course of their occupation, they ceased to use their brooms, and, placing themselves side by side, directly opposite to Sir Kenneth, they again slowly shifted the lights which they held, so as to allow him distinctly to survey features which were not rendered more agreeable by being brought nearer, and to observe the quickness and keenness with which their black and glittering eyes flashed back the light of the lamps.

They then turned the gleam of both the lights upon the knight, and accurately surveying him turned their faces toward each other, and set up a loud yelling laugh, which resounded in his ears. The sound was so ghastly, that Sir Kenneth started at hearing it, and demanded, in the name of God, who they were who profaned that holy place with such antic gestures and elritch exclamations.

"I am the dwarf Nectabanus," said the abortion-seeming male, in a voice corresponding to his figure, and resembling that of the knight crow more than any sound which is heard by day light.

"And I am Guenevra, his lady and his love," replied the female in tones which, being shriller, were yet wilder than those of her companion.

"Why are you here?" again demanded the knight, scarcely yet assured that they were human beings that he saw before him.

"I am," replied the male dwarf, with much assumed gravity and dignity, "the twelfth Imaum—I am Mahommed Mohadi, the guide and the conductor of the faithful. An hundred horses stand ready saddled for me and my train at the Holy City, and as many at the City of Refuge. I am he who shall bear witness, and this is one of my houris."

"Thou liest!" answered the female, interrupting her companion, in tones yet shriller than his own; "I am none of thy houris, and thou art no such infidel trash as the Mahommed of whom thou speakest. May curses rest upon his coffin!—I tell thee thou ass of Issachar, thou art King Arthur of Britain, whom the fairies stole away from the field of Avalon; and I am Dame Guenevra, famed for her beauty."

"But in truth, noble sir," said the male, "we are distressed princes, dwelling under the wing of King Guy, of Jerusalem, until he was driven out from his own nest by the foul infidels—heaven's bolts consume them."

"Hush," said a voice from the side upon which the knight had entered—"Hush, fools, and begone, your ministry is now ended."

The dwarfs had no sooner heard the command, than, gibbering in discordant whispers to each other, they blew out their lights at once, and left the knight in utter darkness, which, when the pattering of their retiring feet had died away, was soon accompanied by its fittest companion—total darkness.

The knight felt the departure of these unfortunate creatures a relief. He could not, from their language, manners, and appearance, doubt that they belonged to the degraded class of beings, whom deformity of person and weakness of intellect, recommended to the painful appendages to great families, where their personal appearance and imbecility were food for merriment to the household.

A few minutes after they had retired, the door at which he had entered opened slowly, and, remaining ajar, discovered a faint light arising from a lantern placed upon the threshold. Its doubtful and wavering gleam showed a dark form reclining beside the entrance, but without its precincts, which, on approaching it more closely, he recognized to be the hermit, crouching in the same humble posture in which he had at first laid himself down, and which doubtless, he had retained during the whole time of his guest's continuing in the chapel.

"All is over," said the hermit, as he heard the knight approaching—"and the most wretched of earthly sinners, with him, who should think himself most honored and most happy among the race of humanity, must retire from this place. Take the light and guide me down the descent, for I may not uncover my eyes until I am far from this hallowed spot."

The Scottish knight obeyed in silence, for a solemn and yet ecstatic sense of what he had seen had silenced even the eager workings of curiosity. He led the way with considerable accuracy through the various secret passages and stairs by which they had ascended, until at length they found themselves in the outward cell of the hermit's cavern.

"The condemned criminal is restored to his dungeon, reprieved from one miserable day to another, until his awful judge shall at length appoint the well-deserved sentence to be carried into execution."

As the hermit spoke these words, he laid aside the veil with which his eyes had been bound, and looked at it with a suppressed and hollow sigh. No sooner had he restored it to the crypt from which he had caused the Scot to bring it, then he said hastily and sternly to his companion—"Begone, begone—to rest, to rest. You may sleep—you can sleep—I neither can nor may."

Respecting the profound agitation with which this was spoken, the knight retired into the inner cell; but casting back his eye as he left the exterior grotto, he beheld the anchorite stripping his shoulders with frantic haste of their shaggy mantle, and ere he could shut the frail door which separated the two compartments of the cavern, he heard the clang of the scourge, and the groans of the penitent under the self-inflicted penance.

A cold shudder came over the knight as he reflected what could be the foulness of the sin, what the depth of the remorse, which, apparently, such severe penance could neither cleanse nor assuage. He told his beads devoutly, and flung himself on his rude couch, after a glance at the still sleeping Moslem, and wearied by the various scenes of the day and the night, soon slept as sound as an infant.

Upon awakening in the morning he held certain conferences with the hermit upon matters of importance, and the result of the intercourse induced him to stay for two days longer in the grotto. He was regular, as became a pilgrim in his devotional exercises, but was not again admitted to the chapel in which he had seen such great wonders.

CHAPTER VI.

Now change the scene—and let the trumpets sound,
For we must rouse the lion from his lair.
OLD PLAY.

The scene must now change, as our programme has announced, from the mountain wilderness of Jordan to the camp of King Richard of England, then stationed betwixt Jean d'Acre and Ascalon; and containing that army with which he of the Lion Heart had promised himself a triumphant march to Jerusalem, and in which he probably would have succeeded, if not hindered by the jealousies of the Christian princes engaged in the same enterprise, and the offence taken by them in the uncurbed haughtiness of the English monarch, and Richard's unveiled contempt for his brother sovereigns, who, his equals in rank, were yet far his inferiors in courage, hardihood and military talents.

Such discords, and particularly those betwixt Richard and Philip of France, created disputes and obstacles which impeded every active measure proposed by the heroic though impetuous Richard, while the ranks of the Crusaders were daily thinned, not only by the desertion of individuals, but of entire bands headed by their respective leaders, who withdrew from a contest in which they had ceased to hope for success.

The effects of the climate became, as usual, fatal to soldiers from the north, and the more so, that the dissolute license of the Crusaders, forming a singular contrast to the principles and purpose of their taking up arms, rendered them more easy victims to the insalubrious influence of burning heat and chilling dews. To these discouraging causes of loss was to be added the sword of the enemy.

Saladin, than whom no greater name is recorded in Eastern history, had learned, to his fatal experience, that his light-armed followers were little able to meet in close encounter with the iron-clad Franks, and had been taught at the same time, to apprehend and dread the adventurous character of his antagonist Richard. But if his armies were more than once routed with great slaughter, his numbers gave the Saracen the advantage in those lighter skirmishes, of which many were inevitable.

As the army of his assailants decreased, the enterprises of the Sultan became more numerous and more bold in this species of petty warfare.

The camp of the crusaders was surrounded, and almost besieged by crowds of light cavalry, resembling swarms of wasps, easily crushed when they are once grasped, but furnished with wings to elude superior strength, and stings to inflict harm and mischief.

There was perpetual warfare of posts and foragers, in which many valuable lives were lost, without any corresponding object being gained; convoys were intercepted and communications were cut off. The Crusaders had to purchase the means of sustaining life by life itself; and water, like that of the well of Bethlehem longed for by King David, one of its ancient monarchs, was then, as before, only obtained by the expenditure of blood.

These evils were, in a great measure, counterbalanced by the stern resolution and restless activity of King Richard who, with some of the best knights, was ever on horseback ready to repair to any point where danger occurred, and often not only bringing unexpected succor to the Christians, but discomforting the infidels when they seemed most secure of victory.

But even the iron frame of Cœur de Lion could not support, without injury, the alternations of the unwholesome climate, joined to ceaseless exertions of body and mind. He became afflicted with one of those slow and wasting fevers peculiar to Asia, and, despite his great strength, and still greater courage, grew, first unfit to mount on horseback, and then unable to attend the councils of war which were, from time to time, held by the Crusaders.

It was difficult to say whether this state of personal inactivity was rendered more galling and more endurable to the English monarch, by the resolution of the council to engage in a truce of thirty days with the Sultan Saladin; for, on the one hand, if he was incensed at the delay which this interposed to the progress of the great enterprise, he was, on the other, somewhat consoled by knowing that others were not acquiring laurels while he remained inactive upon a sick bed.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A KISS.

Something made of nothing, tasting very sweet,
A most delicious compound, with ingredients complete;
But if, as on occasion, the heart and mind are sour,
It has no great significance; it loses half its power.

Something made of nothing, and never twice the same,
Though 'tis known in every country where love has had a name,
It is clearly meant for giving, though 'tis sometimes bought and sold,
And, like coffee and potatoes, is not so good when cold.

It oft appeases discords, when words have failed to please,
Whether bestowed caressingly or given just to tease;
For a laugh will often save one from doing something worse,
And the lips that taste this sweetness are seldom heard to curse.

'Tis the strangest, oddest mixture, this something made of naught,
Which is never seen nor handled, although 'tis often caught;
Which will not spoil in keeping whatever be the clime,
For this something made of nothing will stand the test of time.
—*Mary E. Buell.*

The Curse of Speculation.

It was in a doubtful state. On a lonely road a traveler met a highwayman.

"Hold up your hands," said the robber, bringing a big revolver into view.

The traveler obligingly held up his hands.

"Have you any valuables?" inquired the highwayman.

"Yes," faltered the traveler. "I have a vote which I am taking to the political headquarters to sell."

"Ah, you haven't sold it then," exclaimed the robber, bitterly. "The voters all appear to be waiting for a rise in the market. This curse of speculation is ruining my business."—*Chicago News.*

A Fair Proposition.

"Will you do your share toward supporting me at the polls?" asked the candidate of the impecunious voter, and the impecunious voter replied, without the slightest hesitation:

"Why, certainly, if you only do your share toward supporting me at home."—*Somerville Journal.*

Recent Literature.

VARIED AND INTERESTING

Under French Skies—Taken by the Enemy—The Boy Broker—The Veteran and His Pipe—Religious Books—Animal Memoirs—Marching to Victory—Boy Travelers in Australasia—Queer People with Wings and Stings—Beautiful Holiday Books—November Magazines—Literary Notes.

"Under French Skies in Sunny Fields and Shady Woods," is a volume made up of bright, breezy stories of French life, by Madame de Gasparin. One sees the blue skies, the fields and woods that are described, and enjoys the simple living of the characters of whom the incidents are related. The stories are some of them as follows: "By the Windmill;" "The Bees' Close;" "A Little Heat;" "A Christmas Carol;" "The Woodman;" "Such Happiness is Rain;" "Marjolaine;" "The Slippers of Venus" and others. The book is very enjoyable to those who do not desire the sensational in stories.

"Taken by the Enemy," by Oliver Optic introduces "The Blue and the Gray Series," which it is his intention to write on war topics. There will always be a difference of opinion regarding the advisability of this course, and the author was at one time inclined to think that his "Army and Navy Series" might be the last of his war stories, but he finds that series as greatly in demand as it was twenty years ago, and has been obliged to change his mind. But Oliver Optic's readers will have their own views regarding the popularity of his works. A great deal depends upon the manner in which these stories are written. Though his stories are from the Union standpoint, they contain nothing that can offend the other side. The scene of this tale is on shipboard, and the boys will find it as interesting as anything he has produced. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

"The Boy Broker; or, Among the Kings of Wall Street," by Frank A. Munsey, New York; F. A. Munsey & Co., New York. This is a well-written and capitally illustrated story, which is designed to give boys from the country who are hungry for city life an inkling of the hardships and trials and dangers attending it. Every large city annually receives an army of boys and young men fresh from the rural districts. They are in the main honest, courageous, and determined to better their condition. Some of them doubtless hope to lead an easier life than upon the farm, and others only anxious for the change and excitement of a great city. The query, What becomes of all these young men and boys? has been often asked and answered. They can be found at the heads of great business houses and in places of trust, it can be answered with truth. But the great majority drop out of sight and are swallowed up by the seething tide which never renders an account to the public. Mr. Munsey's hero made a success of it, and boys will be fully entertained with the story full of vivid pictures of a great city.

"The Veteran and His Pipe" is the series of articles which once created such widespread interest among all readers, and is still in such demand that Messrs. Belford, Clarke & Co., New York, have just sent out a second edition. The author, Judge Tourgee, in his preface says: "The essays were written week by week during 1885, their character being determined by contemporaneous events, and the author finds no reason to desire any substantial change." Some of the articles are as follows: "A Double Anniversary," "High Water Mark," "Our May Days," "Memorial Day," "Puritan or Cavalier," etc.

Parts 25 and 26 of the "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," published by the *Century* company, New York, open volume IV of that valuable work. The operations about Charleston and the Wilderness campaign are the principal subjects treated.

From Hubbard Brothers, Philadelphia, comes another of those beautiful illustrated volumes for children, which the author has quaintly termed "Queer People." This one talks about goblins, giants, merry men and monarchs and "their queer papers," by Palmer Cox, author of the well-known and favorite book entitled "The Brownies."

Among the books upon religious subjects which have been recently published, are several from the house of Baker, Taylor & Co., New York, all of them upon vital subjects and worth the reading by anxious inquirers. They are as follows: "The Working Church," by Charles F. Thwing, author of "American Colleges: Their Students and Works," and other popular works. Another volume is "Co-operation in Christian Work," which is made up of discussions upon this very important subject by some of the leading ministers who were in attendance upon the general Christian Conference held at Washington, D. C., in 1887. A volume uniform with this one, the contents of which are from the same source is "Problems of American Civilization" considered in reference to Christian duty. It takes up "Immigration," "Misuse of Wealth," "Estrangement from the Church," "Ultramontanism," etc.

The same publishers give us "Keystones of Faith, or What and Why We Believe," by Wolcott Calkins, D. D.

"Animal Memoirs," by Samuel Lockwood, Ph. D. is published by Ivison, Blakeman & Co., New York and Chicago. The name and writings of Dr. Lockwood are familiar to the readers of *Popular Science Monthly*, to whose pages he has made many contributions of value. The volume before us, "Animal Memoirs," is not intended as a text book on natural history, not a simple book of entertaining stories, for it is in the best sense of the term an educator of young readers, inspiring them with just views of the rights of inferior brute creation. Some of the chapters treat of "Animal Humor," including "Monkey Didos," "Canine Cunning," "Canine Cranks," "Sledge-dog Antics," "A Medley on Seals and Porpoises," and general animal craftiness. The book fitting concludes with a chapter devoted to the charming story of Penelope Darling, the bird-tamer, a young woman in a Southern state whose influence over birds was as extraordinary as it is fascinating.

From the same publishers comes another handsome volume for the young people entitled "The Boy Travellers in Australasia," by Thomas W. Knox. Those who have read the author's former works know what to expect in this one. He sent the youthful veterans of travel, Frank Bassett and Fred Bronson over the route indicated by the title page with instructions to make careful note of what they saw and learned. The results of their observations will be found in these pages. Beside their experiences the author consulted the best authorities to be found and also consulted books, maps, newspapers, etc., whatever would assist in his work. The result is a superb volume of interesting information.

Mrs. Lucy C. Lillie is a prime favorite among the young folks. Her half dozen or more volumes belonging in the juvenile library are all good. Her latest story just issued in a handsome little volume by the Harpers is "The Household of Glen Holly." It has appeared as a serial in *Harper's Young People* and deserves its fine setting in the neat volume. It is a pure, healthful, vigorous writing which educates while it interests young readers.

"Marching to Victory," is the second volume of a series relating to the war of the Rebellion, by Charles Carleton Coffin, published by Harper Brothers, New York. It covers the middle period of the struggle, treating of the events of the year 1863, which was distinguished by a series of victories to the armies of the Union, and of discomfiture to the Confederates. The author has, he says, endeavored to set forth impartially and truly, the cause, scope and meaning of the war. He has fittingly dedicated the volume to the veterans of the armies of the Union. It is handsomely illustrated andwell bound, and is a fine addition to the literature of that momentous struggle.

"Queer People with Wings and Stings" is the title of a holiday book for little ones, the illustrations and text of which are both by Palmer Cox. Mr. Cox has a keen sense of humor when he uses his pencil, but when he exchanges it for the pen, and attempts to explain his pictures by his rhymes, he is not altogether at home. In other words, he does not always adapt his verse to his readers. Nevertheless his books are attractive, even without the text, and will furnish a good deal of pleasure to the smaller children of the household. Published by Hubbard Brothers, Philadelphia.

From D. Lothrop Company, Boston, comes the bound volume of "Babyland." This beautiful magazine for the very little folks, edited by the editors of *Wide Awake*, makes a handsome illustrated book. Its illustrations are designed to please young eyes, and while it is entertaining and amusing it does not lack in instruction. The illustrations are as artistic as if made for older and more critical readers as they should be.

The same publishers give us "Old Concord—Its Highways and Byways," by Margaret Sydney. The book is handsome and the pages interesting. Old Concord is a name enshrouded in a history that stirs the blood in American veins. It is as near a classic spot as any in American history. In addition to its Revolutionary history and associations, it is upon this sacred ground where the children's loved friend, Louise Alcott, lived and wrote, and the home of her honored father. Here, too, is the old home of Emerson Hawthorne, and Thoreau. So these well-written sketches and beautiful pictures of the picturesque region about old Concord assume deeper and larger interest.

"Pansies for Thoughts," is taken from the writings of "Pansy" (Mrs. G. R. Alden). It was compiled and arranged with an appropriate text for each day by Grace Livingston, author of "A Chautauqua Idyl." This volume, compiled under "Pansy's" own eye, will prove a treasure to all who have loved and admired the work of the author. The exquisite cover with its golden pansies is fitly symbolical of the contents, and the book will make a charming gift book for all times. It is published by D. Lothrop Company.

A new edition of Jules Verne's "The Adventures of a Chinaman in China" has been brought out by Lee & Shepard, Boston, and appeals strongly to the generation of readers which has come up within the past ten years. Jules Verne fifteen years ago was far more popular among novel readers than Rider Haggard is to-day, and his books, sensational as they were, were far better and more wholesome reading. No one could read them without learning something from them, either in the way of natural history, physics or natural science. Fact and fiction, wild imagination and strong common-sense were inextricably interwoven in them, and they possessed a fascination which few, even among the most conservative of readers, could withstand. The present volume, though not so well known, perhaps, as some of the author's earlier works, is yet full of charm. The plot is original, and some of the incidents quite exciting.

Some of the most beautiful holiday books always come from Lee & Shepard, books which excel in variety and beauty of conception so far as art is concerned, and also in execution. They are always veritable treasures. Some exquisite ones have recently been received by the BLADE, one entitled "A Christmas Carol," by Dinah Maria Mulock, which is a poem of that name finely illustrated by J. Pauline Sunter, and printed upon fine card board, then tied together tastefully with blue satin ribbon. The designs are all exceedingly good.

A companion book to the above is "A Psalm for New Year's Eve" or "A Friend Stands at Your Door," also by Dinah Maria Mulock, and issued by the same publishers. They send, too, a calendar for 1889, gotten up on the same general plan, although much smaller. The illustrations are from the same hand and very beautiful. A silver chain is attached to the back of the calendar to hang it up by. The price of the first two books mentioned was $1 each and the latter 50 cents.

"Days Serene" is another beautiful art book from Lee & Shepard, illustrated from the original designs of Margaret MacDonald Pullman. These illustrations are engraved on wood and printed under the direction of George T. Andrew, all of them so full of grace and beauty that one is scarcely able to hit upon any preference or say that one is better than its mate. Each is set in lines from some popular poem, the sentiment of which it pictures. The whole execution is superb, and a delight to art lovers.

Twelve essays by Alexander Smith are out in a new edition, entitled "Dreamthorp." The subjects are: "On the Writing of Essays," "Of Death and the Fear of Dying," "William Dunbar," "A Lark's Flight," "Christmas," "Men of Letters," "On the Importance of a Man to Himself," "A Shelf in My Book-Case," "Geoffrey Chaucer," "Books and Gardens," and "On Vagabonds." The articles are marked by learning and insight, and abound in anecdote, epigram and poetic thought. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

In the same series, "Good Company," and of course from the same publishers, comes "The Lover and Selected Papers from 'The Englishman,' 'Town Talks,' 'The Reader,' and 'The Spinster,'" by Richard Steele. The lovers of the old English writers will find in this volume great entertainment.

A pretty little book for children from Lee & Shepard is "Little Miss Wheezy's Brother," by Penn Shirley, a fascinating little juvenile which will delight the small people, and do them good in the reading.

"Sparrow, the Tramp," is a graceful fable for children, by Lily F. Wesselhoeft, which was read, in manuscript, to Miss Alcott, who approved it warmly. It will be found one of the purest and brightest of children's books. It is prettily illustrated by Jessie McDermott. Published by Roberts Bros., Boston.

Literary Notes.

Mrs. Burnett's "Little Lord Fauntleroy" has reached its sixtieth thousand.

"The Life and Letters of Mary Hewitt," as edited by her daughter, is now in press.

Michael Davitt will complete during the winter his "History of the Land League in Ireland and America."

Table Talk for November, another seasonably fitted number, full of Thanksgiving sentiment and pabulum.

A new novel by Walter Hubbell, author of "The Great Amherst Mystery," is out. It is entitled "The Curse of Marriage."

Not only is Mrs. Burnett going to write a novel for the New York *Ledger*, Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson has engaged to do the same thing.

The Marquis of Lorne is about to publish a new poem entitled "Rome." It is a composition after the style of Gray's "Elegy."

The Christmas *Harper* will have stories by Walter Besant, Grace King, Miss Woolson, and others, a farce by Howells, and a poem by Stedman.

Thomas Whittaker will issue immediately "Our New Mistress," by Miss Young, and "Musgrove Ranch, a Tale of Southern California," by T. M. Browne.

Mr. W. P. Frith, the English artist, has in press "Further Reminiscences," forming the third volume of "My Life and Reminiscences."

An early number of *Harper's* will contain a description of "Abbotsford," by Sir Walter Scott, which has never before been published. It will be accompanied by illustrations.

Sir Morell Mackenzie's "Frederick the Noble" is selling in London as fast as it can be turned off the press. Two booksellers are said to have sold 400 copies within an hour.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s new catalogue contains portraits of 39 authors, including James Freeman Clarke, Mrs. Deland, A. S. Hardy, and T. T. Munger. It is the kind of catalogue which book lovers like to receive.

An imperial mandate has been executed in China directing the president of the academy to translate Shakspeare into Chinese for the benefit of the young princes.

The Query Publishing Company of Hartford, Ct., issue a new edition of "Why I Am a Republican." It is an excellent volume for young voters, and is appropriately dressed in the colors of the Star-Spangled Banner.

Among the forthcoming works of Richard Bentley & Son is "The Life and Letters of Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley," which have been edited from family papers in the possession of Sir Percey Shelley by Mrs. Julian Marshall.

Truth, of London, says the forthcoming memoirs of Grenville Murray ought to be the most lively and interesting reminiscences "which have ever appeared."

Mr. F. Marion Crawford's new novel, "Sant' Ilario," begun in the October number of the *English Illustrated Magazine*, brings back to us some old friends—the Saracinescas.

The Russian censor has recently made some concessions to popular demand, and among other works now allowed entrance into the country are Heine's complete works, Wallace's "Free Russia," Carlyle's "History of the French Revolution" and "Frederick the Great," and Zola's "Theresa Raquin."

"Chapters from Jane Austen" is, as the name implies, a volume of chapters selected from the six novels of Miss Austen. Some half dozen chapters are taken from each novel, and the substance of the omitted ones is included in parenthetical links of explanation. Published by Lee & Shepard.

Estees & Lauriat, of Boston, and Mr. W. R. Jenkins, of New York, announces a magnificent illustrated edition of Victor Hugo's "Notre Dame de Paris." The Boston house presents the work in English, a new translation by A. L. Alger, while Mr. Jenkins retains the original French, making his the first French edition de luxe published in America. Each edition is limited to 500 copies.

Among the contributors of the *Youth's Companion* for 1888 will be Gens. Lord Wolseley, Nelson A. Miles, and A. W. Greely, and Profs. Tyndall and Huxley Archdeacon Farrar, the Marquis of Lorne, Admiral S. B. Luce, Justin McCarthy, Frederick Schwatka, and James Parton. These are famous names, and there is a long list of others, equally noted, that will be found among the writers for this favorite juvenile paper next year.

CHILDRENS' FASHIONS.

Sensible and Picturesque Styles for Laddies and Lasses.

Picturesque English styles of dress for little children prevail this season in spite of the many ornate elaborate French fashions. The overdressed child is out of fashion. The much beruffed, silk-clad little one exhibits not only a mother's vulgarity of taste, but her gaucherie also. Soft wool with trimmings of velvet, silk or ribbons for gala occasions is the choice of refined women for their children. Older girls in their teens are allowed more latitude of material and more ornate fabrics than are deemed proper for those under ten. Dull greens, in yellow tones, bluish-green reed colors, mahogany reds, Gobelin blues and golden browns are all fashionable colors for the quaint woollen frocks which are fashioned so picturesquely that they might have stepped forth from one of Walter Crane's illustrations of old nursery rhymes.

Children of six and under still wear a white muslin guimp with their wool frocks. For dressy wear, fine Henrietta cloths and cashmeres are chosen. A little Henrietta cloth in dark terra cotta red will serve as a good model for these guimp frocks. Three rows of feather-stitching surround the hem of the full straight skirt. The little round waist is embroidered in feather-stitching and finished with short, straight sleeves, slashed on top to the shoulder. The muslin guimp of fine tucking is worn with this dress, which is carried up as high as possible in the neck by an insertion of embroidery and narrow frill. The ribbon dress is an exceedingly pretty style for children who are too old for guimps.

Such a dress recently shown was of a rather pale green cashmere, the straight plain skirt was edged an inch from the bottom with three rows of moire ribbon, in copper color and about half an inch in width. Half-inch spaces separated the rows. This skirt was then box-pleated on to the full belted waist. The fullness of the waist was gathered into little clusters of shirring, forming a yoke under which rows of ribbon were run, giving the effect of a yoke made of clusters of shirring and ribbon. A little pointed bodice belt striped with ribbon finished the dress at the waist, and the full sleeves were drawn down into a narrow cuff of shirring and ribbon.

Smock dresses are among the prettiest styles exhibited for children. A charming dress of red cashmere has the entire yoke drawn in diamond patterns in the close fine smocking now considered in the best taste. The yoke of smocking extends in three sharp points, back and front. The fulness of the waist is drawn into a belt, making a waist but a trifle longer than those that have been worn during the summer with English frock. The full sleeves of this dress are drawn into the cuff by several rows of smocking and the straight, round, full skirt is simply finished with a plain hem.

A stylish little dress of copper brown cashmere in Directoire fashion is straight at the sides and back, finished with a trimming of copper and white passementerie down the side of the skirt, and draped from the shoulder diagonally across the front to the waist line.

Children in one-piece dresses frequently wear little Empress frocks of red wool which have a full vest of black surah inserted in front. A pointed bodice belt striped with black braid is worn around the waist. Trimmings of black which were formerly considered unsuitable for childhood are a fancy of the season. Black and red and black and green are contrasts often used, although the latter is old and not suitable for children under ten. Navy blue and red are exceedingly pretty together, and copper brown and green.

For school wear there is no better choice than the mixed cheviots which have lines of bright color shot through them. Thus a dark blue cheviot shot with red is made up with a straight full vest of red wool caught down in pleats at the upper part with blue braid, finished with a slight puff at the top of the coat sleeve, a cuff of red braided with straight lines of blue and a full plain skirt. Jersey dresses with striped skirts in shades of brown and white, or navy blue and white, and pretty Jersey bodices with vests inserted made stylishly and yet so simply that they may be washed, are sold in the shops. Children over twelve wear a slight pad at the backs of their dresses. It is not considered in good taste to make such an addition to a younger child's dress, although it is sometimes done. Sufficient fullness is given to the back of the child's dress by stiffly starched skirts of muslin with ruffles at the back. All children's wraps have a slight pad at the tournure.

Coats for little children are especially bewitching this season. They are made of shaggy King Charles beavers, with a fleece as warm as a spaniel's winter coat; of smooth-faced beavers, in dull æsthetic colors, and of plain-figured cloths. The shaggy beaver cloths are made up for toddling babies and children of five and six years of age in gray, suede color and white, with trimmings of golden brown plush. The favorite shape is a double-breasted coat, reaching nearly down to the ankle, with a little shoulder-cape trimmed with narrow pyramidal stripes of plush and bordered with plush. Smooth plain beaver cloths are made up into coachman coats, a variation of the popular Gretchen style and long straight Directoire coats. The coachman shape is a long coat, plain at the back, with a skirt front, finished with a large cape and rolling collar. Directoire coats have the fullness of the back skirts shirred on to the middle forms and full straight fronts with rolling collar to the waist, displaying a vest.

Some exceedingly pretty terra cotta beaver cloaks are made single-breasted in front with a narrow inch trimming of black Astrakhan up the front, up the side seams of the back to the waist, and around the flowing bell sleeves, inside of which is set a second or storm sleeve of black Astrakhan.

The little read peasant cloaks made for babies of six and eight, are exact models of the simple red circular worn by Red Riding Hood in her dolorous adventures with the wolf.

Children's hats are French felts, soft flexible felts, clipped beavers and various fancy turbans and bonnets made to match their gowns and coats. The most popular shape for general wear is a felt with a straight, stiff brim, wide in front and short at the back, bound with a wide hatter's binding of corded ribbon and simply trimmed with clusters of ribbon and a wing or bunch of tips. Green felt hats are trimmed with clusters of black ribbon and a bunch of black and green tips; navy blue hats with bunches of blue ribbon striped with red; red hats of clipped beaver, which are in special demand this season, are trimmed with bunches of black velvet ribbon and black tips. A little face trimming of knotted ribbon usually finishes the under brim of these hats.

Hats with stiff Alpine crown and narrow brim are worn by girls of fourteen and upward. White felt hats are simply trimmed with a band of white ribbon, and dark felt hats with wreaths of tiny wings or high loops of ribbon. Mothers choose the wide, flexible felt hat for babies under five. The brim of these hats is as soft and easily caught in picturesque shape as the Leghorn hat so popular during the summer. Such hats are shown in natural gray and brown and dark colors. Tam O'Shanter caps and turbans for school children are made of cloth and are frequently shirred or caught in some irregular fanciful way over the crown and finished with plain rims, or rims of Astrakhan or fur to match the trimming of the cloak. Strings of ribbon wide enough to protect the ears from the cold are tied under the chin.

The most serviceable hand wear for children are lined mittens and gloves of kid or dogskin which come up far over the wrist. The best dogskin gloves are the imported English gloves, which sell at $1.25 in this market. The American gloves and mittens, which begin at 50 cents, are inferior in quality, and those with spring fastenings at the wrists usually wear out in a short time. The English glove has a spring fastener which will last as long as the glove. A novelty in children's gloves has an Astrakhan back. Cashmere gloves with Jersey wrists are imported in all colors. They are excellent before the cold weather sets in, but are hardly warm enough unless the child uses a muff. These gloves range from 25 to 75 cents a pair. They are more expensive at that price than a good dogskin glove, for a good dogskin glove will outwear half a dozen gloves of cashmere. Practical mothers often choose the knitted mittens of wool for school gloves. These are found in domestic, French and English make. The domestic mittens are well made and durable. The French are the finest in quality and shape that come to the market.

Children's aprons are usually low in the neck without sleeves. Some of the dainty Mother Hubbard shapes are pointed in the neck with full skirts, simply trimmed around the armhole. Some of the prettiest aprons are simply finished with hemstitched tucks and hems around the skirt, and are sleeveless and low in the neck, with the narrowest possible edging trimming them. Gretchen aprons low in the neck with full short waists and gathered skirts without sleeves are a fancy of the season. A narrow sash ties at the back. Nearly all aprons are finished with this sash. The popular materials are nainsook, lawn and fine striped cambric.

Girls of 14 or 16 wear short tailor jackets for neglige, of dark-colored beaver with vests ornamented with black braid, with revers and plain bell-sleeves faced with black corded silk. There are many long ulsters and stylish black Astrakhan coats shown for girls in their teens which do not differ essentially in style from those worn by their grown-up sisters.

Children's hair is still cut in a Puritan bang across the forehead without the Russian curve. It is left long on the temples in a fashion which requires the art of a thorough expert. Young girls over 14 still wear a single braid at the back, with the hair brushed off the forehead or in a plain or curled bang as best suits their face.

CA IRA, CA IRA.

How the Great French Song Came to be Written.

The galleries of the museum contain the remarkably complete collection of revolutionary relics formed by the late M. de Liesville. We will merely glance *en passant* at the picture gallery, where we shall notice a curious painting by Raguenet, representing the famous Place de Greve, the scene of the beginning of all the revolutions of Paris. Opposite the Hotel de Ville, at the corner of the Rue de la Vanneire, was the first *lanterne*, or lamp-iron, and over it stood a bust of Louis XIV, the sign of a loyal grocery store. It was on this Place de Greve that the old regime executed its criminals; it was on this Place de Greve that the revolution summarily executed its victims by stringing them up on the *lanterne*. In 1789 the lamp-iron like the *ci-devant* Virgin, and its poet like Anne of Navarre, while that Athenian wit, Camille Desmoulis, styled himself its attorney-general (*procurer general de la lanterne*.)

So great did the popularity of the lamp-iron become that the public headsman renounced his rights and dues, "notably his exclusive privilege of quartering, breaking on the wheel, burning, hanging and beheading," and exhorted "honorable amateurs" to preserve and propagate the use of the lamp-iron. The accompaniment of these summary executions is the song of "Ca ira," just as the "Carmagnole" became the song of the guillotine, while both were chanted round the Liberty trees. These two airs and their refrains were the highest expression of patriotism. Here is a verse of the famous "Carillon national:"

"Ah! ca ira, ca ira, ca ira,
Les aristocrates a la lanterne,
Ah! ca ira, ca ira, ca ira,
Les aristocrates on les pendra.
Le despotisme expirera,
L'egalite triomphera."

The French owe this refrain to no less a celebrity than Benjamin Franklin. Every day Franklin used to be asked, out of real interest or merely out of politeness, how the American revolution was getting on, and Benjamin smiled through his spectacles and replied, invariably, "Ca ira! ca ira!" (It will go). The revolution caught the phrase, and made it into a hymn which gradually became the Alleluia of bloodshed.—*Theodore Child, in Harper's Magazine for November.*

Dr. Mary Walker's Predicament.

A young woman from the country became bewildered in the capitol corridors and in her endeavors to find her way out met Dr. Mary Walker.

"Mister," she said, in the most innocent manner possible, "will you show me how to get out of here?"

The Doctor drew herself back indignantly.

"You are addressing a lady, madam," she replied, serenely.

The young lady gazed at the Doctor in stupid amazement and said never a word. Then she turned to fly.

"However, I will show you out," continued the Doctor.

But the girl didn't wait. She was sure some horrid dude was attempting to make a mash. And she fled away down the hall and through the first door she saw, with the Doctor after her.—*Washington Critic.*

Anxious for the Bitter End.

A little Minersville tot was found by her papa at the window calling "Nigger, nigger!" to a colored man on the street. The gentleman reproved her and said he would have to chastise her if she repeated the offence. He then went into an adjoining room, but presently he heard the little girl saying, "Nigger, nigger?" softly to herself.

"You musn't say that," said the nurse; "your papa will whip you."

"Will he whip me real hard?"

"Yes, real hard."

The tot then went to the window again and called out as loud as her little lungs would permit, "Nigger, nigger." Then, turning to the nurse, she said—

"Now call papa in and let's have this thing over."—*Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.*

Prayers of Domestic Bliss.

DeSmith—Have you seen the beautiful mottoes that Porkins has hung up in his house?

Miss Travis—No; what are they?

DeSmith—Well, the first one—hung up about three months after his marriage—is "God Bless Our Home."

Miss Travis—How charming! and so original, too.

DeSmith—The second, hung up some time later, is "Love Endures All Things."

Miss Travis—So beautiful!

DeSmith—And the third, hung up about a week ago, is "Look Out for the Rolling Pin!"

Miss Travis—Oh! Shocking!—*Burlington Free Press.*

Confused by the Darkness.

Little Pat was in the habit of falling out of bed during the night, and his father, to break him of the habit, would remind him of it the next morning. One day, as usual, his father said to him:—"Here, Pat, you fell out of bed again."

"Oh, no, papa," said Pat; "it was the pillow, for I went up to see, and the pillow was on the floor by the side of the bed."

"What made you cry, then?" asked his father.

"Well, you see," said Pat, in his most sober manner, "it was dark, and I couldn't tell whether it was me or the pillow."—*Troy Times.*

Appearances are Deceitful.

Stranger (to rather seedy-looking old German)—"I would like to see the proprietor of this establishment."

Old Man—"Vell, sir, I vos dot proprietor.

Stranger (dubiously)—"You don't tell me so?"

Old Man—"Ya, dot vas so. D'ye think dose tam fool clerks mit dere cigarette smokin' vas dere boss of dis place?"—*Epoch.*

Exactness Before All Things.

"Now, Georgie, take the message and be sure to get the answer. You'll hurry, won't you?"

"Yes'm."

Georgie went off. At the end of two hours he came back to mamma.

"Georgie, where on earth have you been all this time? I told you to hurry!"

"So I did. But you didn't say to hurry back."—*Time.*

Mormonism to be Discussed.

Mormon missionaries are making such progress in the rear townships that the Rev. A. E. Whatham, the Church of England clergyman in Cardiff and Monmouth, has found it necessary to meet them on the platform and to challenge them to a discussion of their doctrines in print.—*Toronto Mail.*

STOPPING THE SPIGOT HOLE.

Practical joking has always had its charm, and probably no class of people enjoy it more keenly, or better understand the *modus operandi* than clergymen. Whenever a synod or a conference is held there are sure to be spicy times. No merrier or more companionable a set of men can be imagined than a party of ministers, especially when assembled around a well-spread table on such occasions. Hailing from widely separated points, they bring with them the combined wit and humor of their respective sections, and vie with each other in recounting mirth-provoking anecdotes.

The Rev. W——, a member of the South Carolina conference was a noted wag, and his fellow ministers stood in mortal terror of him because of his predilection for practical jokes. At every meeting of the conference some one was sure to fall a victim to his humor. Whenever the body met it was customary to pass the word around to look out for Brother W., so that the new members might have a warning and be on their guard.

At a recent meeting of his conference the assembled clergyman watched him with their usual care, but the entire session passed without a single practical joke. Some thought he had forgotten his cunning, or that as he grew older he had given up joking; but those who knew him best smiled incredulously and awaited developments.

At last conference adjourned; the ministers took their different ways and journeyed homeward. Brother C. had come a long way on horseback. It would require a couple of days to make the return trip, and he started out briskly alone. After riding a few miles he overtook Brother W. also on horseback. They had never met, but finding that each had been in attendance at the convention, they rode along very pleasantly together, chatting as they went. It did not seem to occur to either to inquire his companion's name, and when they stopped at a wayside inn for the night, they were still in ignorance of each other's identity.

After supper mine host brought out a pitcher of cider, and a couple of hours passed swiftly in pleasant conversation. Then both ministers expressed a desire to retire, as they had a long journey before them the next day. They were shown to the same room. It was a bright moonlight night, and they lay awake some time talking. Finally Brother C. incidentally remarked that the cider they had just had was remarkably good.

"Yes," said Brother W., "I wouldn't mind having another glass of it now."

A pause of a moment and then Brother C. said: "Well, what's to prevent us from having another taste?"

"Oh, everybody's in bed now," replied Brother W.

"That doesn't matter," returned Brother C., who had a liking for cider and was determined to have another drink at all hazards. "I saw the landlord bring the pitcher in through the door beneath the stairs, which, I think, leads into the cellar. We can just slip down and get another glass without disturbing anybody. We need not bother about dressing—it's too dark for anybody to see us."

Brother W. was perfectly willing and a few moments later two white-robed figures might have been seen cautiously tiptoeing their way down stairs. Brother C. led the way. They found the cellar without difficulty and by the aid of a match soon located the cider barrel. They had forgotten to bring a glass along, and none was to be found in the cellar; so Brother W. removed the spigot and applied his lips to the hole. For a moment nothing was heard save the gurgle of the cider as it rapidly filled the vacancy beneath the clergyman's night shirt. Then Brother C. took his turn. When his storage capacity had been completely exhausted, Brother W. endeavored to insert the spigot. But an idea occurred to the waggish gentleman, and the cider was allowed to splash musically on the floor, while he carefully deposited the spigot on the top of the barrel.

"What is the matter?" whispered Brother C., "can't you find the hole?"

"Yes; I can find the hole, but I've lost the spigot."

"Great Cæsar!" ejaculated Brother C. "Where did you drop it?"

"That's what I'm trying to find out. Here—hold your finger over the hole or all the cider will run out. I'll light another match."

But the match burned away and no spigot was found.

"Light another," said Brother C.

"That was the last one."

"Then what is to be done? My feet are getting cold standing here on this damp floor."

"I'll have to go up stairs and get some more matches. You keep your finger over the hole till I come back," said Brother W.; and poor; Brother C., little dreaming of the duplicity of his companion, patiently keeping his finger on the spigot-hole, refreshing himself with occasional draughts of cider.

Brother W. hastily returned to his room, and, partially dressing himself, he aroused the landlord, telling him there was a burglar in the house, and that he thought he had taken refuge in the cellar. The landlord summoned several of the servants, lighted a lantern, and, armed with clubs and broomsticks, they proceeded to the cellar, Brother W. well in the rear.

Poor Brother C. was soon found, heroically stopping the spigot-hole. The landlord's astonishment knew no bounds. Explanations followed, and when Brother C. learned that he had fallen into the hands of Brother W., his chagrin may be imagined. It is needles to say that he never played spigot again.—*Max Scudder.*

OLD-TIME CUSTOMS.

A Fine Coat Two Hundred Years Ago a Passport Into Society.

In the Paris of 1700 a man in a fine laced coat, well dressed enough to be taken for a military officer, could pass into any kind of assembly without asking or being asked. No Swiss or King's Guard would take it upon him to turn him back. The chief terror of those clothed in fine raiment was the mud to the streets, and it was especially fatal to the fashionable scarlet cloth which has since descended to our "thin red lines." Crowds of loafers made a good livelihood as decotteurs by cleaning off the spatters and splashes.

The town watch, or mounted guard of 200 men, patrolled the streets after nightfall, and they were pretty safe until 10 or 11 o'clock, when the cafes, the rotisseurs and the cabarets shut and all coaches and chairs went home. When out after dark it was well to be accompanied by friends, and to have all your valets walking in front with torches; but about 1720 the Duke of Richmond was attacked in his carriage crossing the Pont Neuf, at midnight, and run through the body. Even in the daytime catpurses were active, and one went in peril of his life in a crowd, for nothing was commoner than for some bully to fix an instant quarrel on a stranger for some inoffensive touch in the press of passing. There was no saluting in the streets, chiefly, no doubt, because all the difficulties of getting along were quite sufficient occupation for every one; and, in fact, the best thing to do to save your shoes, stockings, clothes and wig—to say nothing of your money or your life—was to ride in a coach.

He Didn't Get What He Asked For.

A parsimonious individual went into a chemist's the other day to have a prescription made up.

"Be sure that you give me generous measure," said he, fearful lest he might not get his money's worth.

Said the chemist: "If I should give you one-sixteenth of a grain more than his prescription calls for you would be dead in five minutes after taking a dose."

The mean man turned pale and said no more about generous measure.

Cleverer than He Thought.

He was young and inexperienced, and as he struggled to tell his love, his tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth. It was hopeless. Drawing a beautiful solitaire diamond engagement ring from his pocket, he tremblingly placed it upon her tapering finger.

"Is it too large, Miss Lulu?" was all that he could utter.

"A trifle too large, Mr. Sampson," Miss Lulu slyly replied, "but I can have it fitted the first thing in the morning."—*Epoch.*

Still Hopeful.

Stranger in Washington City—What place is this?

Policeman—This is the United States Post Office Department building.

Stranger—Why are all these men standing about here?

Policeman—They are awaiting appointment as pallbearers in the dead letter office.—*Cincinnati Telegram.*

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

Veritable Hero.

T. B. McDONALD.

[Supposed conversation between Mr. Cleveland and Daniel Lamont, his private secretary.]

DAN.

When on the air the rebel yell
Rang loud and clear as Sumpter fell,
When from the south that message came
Which set the northern heart aflame;
Oh, chieftain, did your stately form,
A meteor in the battle storm,
Dash on the rebel grenadier,
In splendor through the atmosphere?
Reveal this secret unto me,
Oh wondrous man of destiny!

GROVER.

When through the Union's broad domain
The war drum throbbed on hill and plain,
And nearly every man I met
Was hunting for a bayonet,
I served my country's sinking cause,
Upheld her honor and her laws,
Without obtaining much applause,
By hiding from her southern foe,
Within the town of Buffalo.

DAN.

When Lincoln called for volunteers,
How fell that summons on your ears?
And did you to his call reply
By marching South to do or die?
Then did you win a deathless name,
Or rival Logan's splendid fame,
Or place that massive form of thine
A tower of strength in battle line?
Reveal this secret unto me,
Oh wondrous man of destiny!

GROVER.

No, Dan, I stayed in Buffalo.
I heard the martial bugle blow,
Saw charging men "Like whirlwinds go."
I saw the camp fire redder glow
Midst summer flowers and winter snow,
But still I didn't care to go,
And so I kept on laying low
Within the town of Buffalo.

DAN.

When Fitz John Porter, name revered,
Was first insulted, then cashiered;
When like a fast receding star
Vallandingham was seen afar,
'Till into dreary exile sent,
He vanished from our firmament;
Oh did you raise in anger then
To vindicate those noble men?
Reveal this secret unto me,
Oh wondrous man of destiny!

GROVER.

Oh, Dan! my patriotic soul
Was for a time beyond control.
I'd seen Rebellion's figure rise
With less of anger than surprise;
I'd seen our flag from Sumpter swept,
And still my haughty spirit slept;
I'd read the story of Bull-run,
And graced the reading with a pun;
But when the hand of Lincoln fell
Upon the men I loved so well,
To right their wrongs a fierce desire
Turned all my blood to raging fire.
But then a voice—I knew it well
And heard it first when Sumpter fell,
'Twas sweeter than a silver bell—
Upon my ear in music fell,
Advising me to still lay low
Within the town of Buffalo.

DAN.

Through all those long and bitter years
While roar of battle filled our ears,
And woman's eyes were wet with tears;
When all our southern fields were red
With brother's blood, by brother shed,
And all the south was filled with dead
Oh where were you?
Reveal this secret unto me,
Oh wondrous man of destiny!

GROVER.

While all these things were on the go,
And patriot blood kept up its flow,
You bet I stayed in Buffalo,
Where I could take my lager beer,
And watch the Canada frontier.
A draft soon swept the Northern air.
It found me gay and debonair,
To saturate me with despair.
But then a substitute I paid
To bear my gun and wield my blade,
And though his first demand was steep,
By beating down I hired him cheap;
And then remained in Buffalo.
And there I drank my foaming beer
While flirting with each pretty dear
Who fluttered through the atmosphere,
Until the rebel banner fell,
Together with the rebel yell,
When I emerged from Buffalo,
And strutted proudly to and fro.

An Honest Rejoinder.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—Seeing W. H. Bizzell's letter and reference to the Union soldier's hate to the South as he believes and takes his evidence, which he thinks conclusive from the old soldiers' letters who say, "Vote as you shot." I wish, if possible, to disabuse the mind of this man and of all Southern soldiers and citizens as well. I am not writing now for votes of Southern soldiers or citizens, but, as stated above, to disabuse the minds of Southern soldiers. I will admit Mr. Bizzell's interpretation is perhaps to them the only reasonable interpretation. I am very sure it is not the correct interpretation for a very large majority of those who use that expression, which may be true in some isolated cases, I don't doubt. As is also true, as Mr. Bizzell himself well knows, on his own side, there are some willing to keep up the strife; but now, to show Mr. Bizzell and all others South, another cause than hate of the South or of Southern soldiers, I will just state a fact well known among Northern people that when we were engaged in the most herculean effort to preserve our government, there were a set among us called copperheads. They were not Confederate soldiers. They did not and do not deserve so much respect. They would not enlist in their country's service. They did all they could to discourage others from enlisting, and, in some places, organized secret bands of men who drilled in night time to resist the government draft of men to fill up the army. These same men sent their delegates to the Chicago convention in September, 1864, and there they passed their famous treasonable resolutions, declaring the war a failure and proposed to abandon the cause of the union of our States; to surrender and let sink the cause in behalf of oppressed mankind. For these treasonable acts the old soldiers and honest men generally who know of these acts detest them. How often have I heard the expression that the confederate soldier was a gentleman compared to these traitorous miscreants. Hence the vote as you shot is vote against them and the Democratic party. That is not against the South as a section. The Republican party is the national party, that is just this: They fought for national unity. An evidence that ought to satisfy the South as soon as they ceased to fight, they were treated as citizens and are now on equal terms with other sections of our common country. Mr. Bizzell, which do you prefer, a treacherous friend who will deceive you and get you into trouble and then dare not or will not help you, or an honest, open enemy as you were. We Republicans like the open out-spoken enemy the better. We know where to find him and what to depend on. Now will Mr. Big-yell please tell us why they keep up a solid South with all their rights restored and treated just as other citizens? This, to us, is as unreasonable and as unpleasant as "Vote as you shot" can be to you.—AN OLD LINE REPUBLICAN SOLDIER, Wasco, Oregon.

Tennessee All Right.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—The fire is getting low, I can hardly see how to read, so by permission, I will bring a few Tennessee pine knots, and that will burn bright, and then we can all see. I enlisted in the spring of 1861, and did duty for Uncle Sam for three years at the front. Commencing with Gen. Geo. W. Morgan in the capture of Cumberland Gap, and the winding up of Hood in the Nashville campaign. We were not coffee coolers, bummers, etc., as Grover & Co. says, but were at the front from first to last, putting in the greater part of our time in the old army of the Cumberland. Now boys, this is the year when we want every shot to count. We want to touch elbows again. We have the same enemy in our front that we had in '61 and '65. You cannot fool us loyal Tennesseans on that. The rebel brigadiers have no use for us, and we are not sorry, either. We speak our sentiments here in old East Tennessee, and expect to continue. You just watch for something to drop from the Solid South. You watch for 25,000 majority for the state and national ticket in the 31 counties in East Tennessee. We hope to carry the State. Boys of the North, when you can do something, vote right. Keep the North solid; we will meet you by and by. Hold the fort for we are coming, and coming to stay. The old bourbon grip is almost broken. Tennessee is just as sure to be a Republican state as time lasts. Boys, stand by Gen. Harrison, the gallant soldier from Indiana, who served his country, when in great peril, while Grover served by proxy. Oh! how they like the "coffee coolers," "bummers," etc., just now. They say they were always our friends. I know every old soldier has had more or less picket experience. Don't you boys know how the enemy tried to slip upon us. The same thing is being done to-day. I will retire at present, for I see the reserves from the main line coming with all the top rails.—W. R. CARTER, Late Sergt. Co. O, 1st Tenn. Cav., Knoxville, Tenn.

From the Sunny South.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—I take the BLADE and always read the CAMP FIRE column first. With your permission, I will add some cotton seed oil to the fire to keep a bright light while I talk with the boys in blue. I wore the gray, saw the opening and the closing scenes of the war (via) the bombardment of Fort Sumter and the great explosion at Mobile. I participated in many of the noted battles of Virginia, and a few around Atlanta; also the capture of Gen. Stoneman at Macon, Ga., and when the surrender came, I accepted it in good faith (I have kept that faith). If this should be accepted, I will, in the near future, tell the boys in blue some amusing incidents in camps and on the field, but not at present. The great question that agitates the public mind now is whether we shall have peace, prosperity and progress, or whether contraction, speculation and oppression, and that is the way the questions are presented to us. Now take the history of both parties and you will find the one non-protective, non-progressive, non-pensioners, non-prohibitionist, and, in fact, it is the party of obstruction to the advancement of civilization. It is non-educational, except on partisan basis it is non-union except on partisan basis. In fact, it is the original rule or ruin party that is the party that presents Mr. Cleveland. Mr. Harrison who has a record, a history and antecedents he represents the other party. Its principles are progressive and protective. It is non-contractive and non-oppressive and non-speculative. It has always declared for American labor and American industries. Friends, our duty lies before us—a duty to ourselves, our country and our God and our fellow-men. Let us unite in one solid column and make the last grand charge to save the Union from bankruptcy and the party from defeat; let Grover realize the fears of the allurements of power which he once warned the American people against a second term in office, but who has been using that power ever since he was inaugurated to secure his own re-nomination. The people think now as he did four years ago, that one term is quite enough, especially for Grover. He has vetoed more bills, set more precedents than all the Presidents from Washington down to Arthur.—B. F. HARRISON, late of company E, 2d regiment, S. C. Vol., Aberdeen, Miss.

A Loyal Tennessean.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—Please allow an old soldier space in your columns to say a few words to the old soldiers. I will throw on some rails from Tennessee to make a hot fire while we talk awhile on the pension. Well, old comrades, I am a reader of the BLADE, and like it very much. I like the CAMP FIRE. There have been a great many different opinions in regard to pensions, and I believe it proper and right to pay all Union soldiers a pension, all who were honorably discharged from the service of the United States. I can't see why it is that men who went through the war and endured all the hardships of the war, and now are so foolish as to vote with the same party that tried to take their lives. Well, my good comrades, we all had hard times during the war; but I do think that we Southern soldiers had the hardest times in some respects. Here we were shut up in the Confederacy, and a poor chance to get to the army of our choice. As for my own part, I was badly treated by the rebs, and as a conscript was forced into their army, but did not stay there. In twenty-four hours I deserted them, aiming to go to the Federal army, but was taken prisoner near Murfreesboro, Tenn., and put in prison where they kept me 35 days and nearly starved me, but I broke prison and got away, and after some time scouting and hiding, I succeeded in getting to the Federal army, and I at once enlisted in Co. A, 12th Tennessee cavalry as sergeant, where I did soldier duty until the war closed. So I can truthfully say that I am a true Republican and always have been ever since it has been a party; because I think its principles are sound and because it is the party that saved the Union, because it is the party that held the Stars and Stripes in their proper place, and one other cause is that the rebs treated me too badly to ever vote for them. I hope you will to the Union cause be true, and vote for Harrison and Morton, so we can say when the election is over, that the President is not Grover.—GEORGE JONES, Co. A, 12th Tenn. Cav., Mousbreek, Tenn.

Comrade A. Lacock, Co. C, 26th Ia. Vol. Inf., of Lecompton, Kas., desires his old comrades to come to the front that he may communicate with them through the CAMP FIRE.

PEAFOWLS AT HOME.

A Sacred Bird in Hindoo Estimation—Shooting Them Forbidden.

These birds of brilliant plumage run wild in the Indian jungles, strut freely about the rice fields and frequent the sacred trees along the Grand Trunk road. Those that frequent the Grand Trunk road and stroll about in the vicinity of the villages are almost as tame and fearless in the presence of man as the domesticated ones that so proudly strut about the lawn of an American country house.

The reason for their tameness is found in the fact that they also, in common with many things in both the animal and vegetable kingdoms, are held sacred by the Hindoos. The natives never hunt, frighten nor molest the peacocks in any way, because they are held sacred to their war god, Kartikeya. In mythological times, when the gods made war upon each other, this deity, the "God of War and Generalissimo of the Armies of the Gods," was believed to ride to battle upon a peacock. In consequence of this tradition the pious Hindoo thinks it sacrilege to harm the martial fowl or in any way to show it disrespect.

The Rajput warriors to go to war wearing peacock feathers in their turbans, and even now they believe that these fowls scream when they hear thunder, because the noise is mistaken for the din of battle. It was to me a pretty sight to see these brilliant plumaged birds stalking about on the Grand Trunk road, half tame in their sacred security from molestation. As they strutted proudly about, or stood still and spread their gorgeous tails, it seemed to me fit and proper that such bright ornaments of the jungle should be protected from wanton violence at the hands of man.

In certain districts the British Government has made laws forbidding the shooting of pea fowls by English hunting parties, or by soldiers from the garrisons. This is done from the respect that the government always desires to show to the religious prejudices of the natives. In other provinces, however, the natives, while they refrain from molesting the sacred fowls themselves, offer no objections to the shooting of them by English sportsmen.

Where there are no native prejudices to be consulted, the government rather encourages the sport than otherwise. The officers and soldiers of the garrisons are usually keen sportsmen, and every facility is granted them for peafowl hunting, because the sport is considered excellent training in the use of fire-arms. The true Anglo-Indian sportsman scorns to shoot pea fowls with anything but a rifle, because, with a shotgun, sport is little else than mere slaughter. With a rifle, however, the killing becomes a matter of skill, and soldiers who spend a good share of their time in shooting at flying peacocks with their rifles, would be sure to acquit themselves all the more creditably as sharpshooters on the field of battle.—From "Wild Pea-Fowls in British India," by Thomas Stevens, in *St. Nicholas* for September.

Mamma Suspicious.

Bessie (just home from boarding school)—I'm delighted to see you, mamma. (Kisses her.)

Mamma (regarding her suspiciously)—Bessie, you didn't kiss with a burrowing motion when you went away from home. You've learned that from somebody with a long mustache!

Symbols of Trade.

Dealer—I say, Jake, put out a sign: "Our great G. X. P. Q. sale begins to-day."

Jake—G. H. P. Q. sale! Why, sir, nobody knows what that is!

Dealer—Of course they don't, neither do I, but it'll draw like a mustard plaster. Don't forget to make the letters large and plain.—*Detroit Free Press.*

ST. JACOBS OIL
FOR UNIVERSAL USE.
Late Asst. Sec'y U. S. Treasury: "I cordially indorse St. Jacobs Oil."
Men of high standing testify to its virtues.
At Druggists and Dealers
The Chas. A. Vogeler Co.,
BALTIMORE, MD.

$93 Sewing-Machine FREE
To at once establish trade in all parts, by placing our machines and goods where the people can see them, we will send free to one person in each locality the very best sewing-machine made in the world, with all the attachments. We will also send free a complete line of our costly and valuable art samples. In return we ask that you show what we send, to those who may call at your home, and after 2 months all shall become your own property. This grand machine is made after the Singer patents, which have run out; before patents run out it sold for $93, with the attachments, and now sells for $50. Best, strongest, most useful machine in the world. All is free. No capital required. Plain, brief instructions given. Those who write to us at once can secure free the best sewing-machine in the world, and the finest line of works of high art ever shown together in America.
TRUE & CO., Box 113, Augusta, Maine.

UMBRELLAS GOING.

Not Into Other Hands, but Out of Style.

"Is the umbrella on the decline?" a well-known dealer in that useful article was asked on a recent rainy day. The question was inspired by the sight of so many men and women who passed by wearing gossamers and mackintoshes to keep off the rain, and walked unincumbered, seemingly oblivious to wet heads and water-soaked head-gear.

"Well, considering the increase in population and rainy days, I should say it was," remarked the dealer, "but if we don't sell any more umbrellas than we used to, we don't lose any trade by the operation, for there are so many good substitutes for that combination of stick and wire which bring good prices, that we are satisfied if the old-fashioned umbrella holds its own, and this it does, for there are just as many sold as ever, but the general quality is not as good. So many cheap imitations of silk goods flood the market that the call for fine goods is comparatively light.

"You see," continued the umbrella maker, growing interested, "there are so many articles which supply the place of an umbrella that are both fashionable and modern, and allow the wearer a free use of his hands, that the relative demand for umbrellas in a big city where such conveniences first appear is not very large, but the out of town trade use a lot of umbrellas, and the increased demand in that direction often more than covers the deficiency in city sales. Gossamers and other varieties of waterproof cloths are now important factors in the rainy-day trade, and our inventive American women, always with an eye to effect, have concluded that they look quite charming in a pouring rain clad in a pretty waterproof. Then the men are so apt to say: 'What a brave girl; she doesn't seem to mind the storm.'

"While the women are flattering their vanity and pleasing the men, they are combining appearances with comfort, for the modern gossamer is very successful in keeping their garments dry, and a pretty girl with bright eyes can travel around the city all day in the rain, improving her complexion, and come home at night as dry and comfortable as if she had passed the whole day by the fireside, whereas, if she carried an umbrella she would be wet from the waist down."

The gossamer affords many advantages which the umbrella does not possess and which is of no use at all in a heavy storm. But if the recent departure in rain protectors has affected the sale of umbrellas, the rage for fine and costly sunshades has more than compensated the dealer. A study of the exquisite dreams in lace and silk to be seen on any prominent street on a bright summer day reveals the progress modern fashion has made in putting the final touches to a woman's toilet. Some of the sunshades are real poems in silk and lace, and form a delightful background for the faces of Philadelphia beauties.

As a general thing dealers get big prices for parasols, and they furnish such a wide field for tasteful decoration that the decline of the umbrella has been a real benefit to the trade. The finest silk umbrella can be bought for $10, while a new conceit in a fancy parasol often brings from $50 to $100. They are made principally for style, and the handles are generally as costly as the silks and laces, and present some pretty and unique figures. From $5 to $7 is a fair average price for parasols, while a presentable umbrella may be purchased for $2. The manufacturer's gain through the new mandate of fashion is considerable, and the manufacture of fancy parasols and sunshades furnishes employment for a small army of people, such as drapers, decorators and artistic workmen, who would not be needed in an umbrella factory.

Gossamers are now made in every conceivable color, from a dark blue to the pretty combinations in red and purple. Some of the newest patterns in waterproof colors are close imitations of velvet, and the fertile brains of artistic designers are continually turning out new and attractive patterns and varieties of such garments.—*Philadelphia Record.*

THE FIVE-LEAF CLOVER.

Gamblers May Think it Means Good Luck But Everybody Doesn't Think So.

This curious advertisement appeared in a morning paper recently:

GAMBLERS, Speculators and Betting Men—For sale—Talisman, two five-leaved clovers; price, $100 each. Address CLOVER.

It discloses one of the weaknesses of some gamblers, who are notoriously addicted to hoodoos, talismans, lucky trinkets, and the like. It is impossible to get these superstitious players to sit at a game of cards without a lucky piece on the table, a knife blade turned toward the jack pot, a handkerchief tied around their left leg, a bent toothpick alongside their pile of chips, or some of the other multitudinous "lucky" devices for wooing the smiles of fortune brought into play on the cards. It is something decidedly new, however, for any one to place so high a value as $100 on a talisman, and a *Sun* reporter strove to find out whether the alleged "hoodoo" was worth as much as that, and whether there was anything substantial about its alleged lucky influence.

The advertisement was shown to Al Smith, who has sat at games at which all sorts of talismans have been brought to bear on the game.

"I don't believe in bugs myself," said he, casually coining a new name for the supposed lucky gambling charms, "but I've heard of five-leaf clovers being used, and I suppose there are some queer people who might think it worth more than $100 to get hold of one. But an eye on the dealer and keeping your wits about you are better security against ill fortune than any amount of bugs."

Police Captain Reilly shook his head when asked about the clover.

"Never heard of a five-leaf clover," he said, "but I do know that four-leaf clovers are lucky. They're called shamrocks in Ireland, and the shamrock is always lucky. But when it comes to gambling, I don't believe a five-leaf or a four-leaf or any other kind of a clover would influence a game. Everything depends upon the play there."

The reporter went out into the country where clover is abundant, and asked about the talisman clover. These inquiries revealed that where the clover grows the five-leaf variety is looked upon as being as unlucky to the finder as an opal is regarded among city gamblers.

"We never pick five-leaf clover," a Key East farmer said. "They're bad luck. But the four-leaf clovers are a treasure, especially to the girls. They think it means winning a husband inside a year to find a four-leaf clover."—*N. Y. Sun.*

A Long Term.

Irish guide to American tourist: "And there is no king nor quane nayther in America, they're tellin' me, sur?"

Indifferent tourist: "No; we've a President there."

"And how long have you bin havin' a President, meight I ax, sur?"

I. T.: "Oh, something over a hundred years!"

Irishman, stopping, paralyzed with astonishment. "Howly saints! And do they live that long beyant there?"—*Harper's Magazine.*

An Ingenious Explanation.

A Pittsburg lady, whose nurse received attentions from a young light-colored mulatto, objected.

"The neighbors will begin to talk about it," she said.

"Indeed, ma'am, he's not colored at all," protested the girl. "He's white."

"Oh, no; he's a mulatto."

"Indeed he isn't. I'll tell you how he happens to look that way. His parents died when he was a baby, and a colored family took him to raise."—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

Resented the Insult.

Robinson—Jackson, I hear that Brown called you a liar last night.

Jackson (bitterly)—Yes, he called me a liar.

Robinson—And didn't you resent it?

Jackson (warmly)—Resent it, you bet I did! I told him that it was simply a matter of opinion and not of fact. No man can call me a liar and get away with it.—*Life.*

Rheumatism
Is undoubtedly caused by lactid acid in the blood. This acid attacks the fibrous tissues, and causes the pains and aches in the back, shoulders, knees, ankles, hips and wrists. Thousands of people have found in Hood's Sarsaparilla a positive cure for rheumatism. This medicine, by its purifying action, neutralizes the acidity of the blood, and also builds up and strengthens the whole body.

Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases, but, when specially requested, they will not be published.

2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammatical construction, or inquiries regarding the reliability of individuals, firms or corporations.

3. Communications for this department MUST be written on a separate sheet, directed to the "Question Bureau," and contain not more than three questions. Do not ask a question and then proceed to argue it. If we can answer it and it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to request an answer in the "next issue." The Question Bureau is always full, and we are usually two or three weeks behind.

4. This department is not intended to settle party disputes or decide bets. Replies to questions are intended to be of general interest, and no one has the right to DEMAND a reply. Do not request an answer by mail.

5. No question will receive the SLIGHTEST attention unless the first and third rules above are STRICTLY complied with.

Solar and Mean Time.

A. G., Hatfield, Kansas:

In setting our clocks by the rising or setting of the sun as shown by the almanac, should we add the number of minutes that the sun is slow and subtract when it is fast, or set the clock regardless of these calculations? What causes the sun to get fast or slow? How can farmers most accurately and most conveniently arrange a noon mark?

So long as clocks could not be made to keep time within 30 seconds of a day, the variations in the course of the sun were not found to cause any serious inconvenience. But when clocks began to keep time better than the sun, it became necessary to either keep putting them ahead when the sun went too fast, and behind when he went too slow, or to give up the attempt to make them correspond. The latter course is now universally adopted, where accurate time is required; the standard sun for time being, not the real sun, but a "mean sun," which is sometimes ahead of the real one, and sometimes behind it. The irregular time depending on the motion of the true sun, or that given by a sundial, is called apparent time, while that given by the mean sun, or by a clock going at a uniform rate is called mean time. During the interval between November 2 and February 12, the sun is constantly falling behind the clock at an average rate of 18 or 19 seconds a day, which continued through 100 days, brings it from 16 minutes fast to 15 minutes slow. This often leads to the inquiry whether the forenoons can be longer or shorter than the afternoons. If by noon we meant the passage of the real sun across the meridian, they could not; but the noon of our clocks being sometimes 15 minutes before or after noon by the sun, the former may be half an hour nearer to sunrise than to sunset, or *vice versa*. The principal source of the inequality is the obliquity of the ecliptic. In consequence of this the angular motion of the earth round the sun is more rapid in December, when the earth is nearest the sun, than in June, when it is farthest. The average, or mean motion, is such that the sun is 3 minutes, 56 seconds longer in returning to the meridian than a star is. But owing to the eccentricity, this motion is actually one-thirtieth greater in December and the same amount less in June; so that it varies from 3 minutes, 48 seconds to 4 minutes 4 seconds. At the time of the equinoxes the solar days are about 20 seconds shorter than the average. At the solstices the opposite effect is produced. To arrange a noon mark, solar time, farmers can easily construct a small sun dial to carry with them in the field.

The X. Y. Z. Mission.

Mrs. K. S. P., Sigourney, Iowa:

Please tell me in your valuable paper what is meant by the X. Y. Z. mission in Jefferson's administration.

During the revolution the United States secured the valuable aid of France by treaties in 1778, and in 1789 monarchy was overthrown in France, and that nation soon found herself at war with England and other European nations. She desired the United States as an ally, and Genet was sent to accomplish her purpose. His mission failed. Washington persisted firmly in preserving our neutrality, and Jay's treaty was concluded with England. The course of our government angered France. In 1797 the directory which then governed that country, gave permission to the French navy to assail our vessels. Following a policy of conciliation in spite of French insults to our minister and the threat to our commerce, President Adams called a special session of Congress in May, 1797, and Charles Coatsworth Pickney, John Marshall and Eldridge Gerry were sent to France to arrange matters. In the spring of the next year the President submitted to Congress dispatches that had been received from these commissioners. They had been kept waiting by Talleyrand, the minister of foreign affairs, and had been approached by three unofficial persons with what was, in effect, a demand for a bribe and a loan before any arrangement could be concluded with the United States. In the dispatches the names of these three persons were indicated merely by the letters X. Y. and Z., hence the whole affair came to be termed the X. Y. Z. mission.

Religious Denominations.

J. C. R., Milwaukee, Wis.:

Please give the membership, number of churches and number of ministers of the various religious denominations in the United States.

The following statistics will be found about correct, being compiled mostly from official figures:

	Churches.	Ministers.	Communicants.
Adventists	1,563	835	100,441
Baptists	45,434	30,998	3,971,685
Christian Union	1,500	500	120,000
Congregationalists	4,404	4,090	457,584
Friends	700	500	107,968
German Evangelical church	675	500	125,000
Lutherans	7,902	4,215	987,600
Mennonites	385	605	93,000
Methodists	48,258	28,313	4,699,529
Moravians	94	108	10,966
New Jerusalem	95	101	5,750
Presbyterians	13,057	9,585	1,138,685
Episcopalians	4,766	3,931	446,785
Reformed	2,025	1,345	269,523
Roman Catholics	6,829	5,596	7,200,000
Unitarians	375	488	20,000
Universalists	730	677	37,807
Grand total	138,885	94,457	19,790,328

The net gain for the year was 6,434 churches, 4,505 ministers and 774,681 communicants. By far the heaviest gain was among the Baptists—4,587 churches and 3,109 ministers.

Robinson Crusoe's Island.

I. C., Polkville, Ky.:

Is the life of Robinson Crusoe a true story? What is the name of his island, and is it inhabited?

The story of Robinson Crusoe was supposed to be founded on the adventures of Alexander Selkirk, a Scottish seaman. He went from England in 1703 as sailing master of the privateer Cinque Ports, and in September, 1704, in consequence of a quarrel with his captain, was put ashore at his own request on the island of Juan Fernandez, which was then much frequented by vessels navigating the Pacific ocean. He remained on the island in solitude four years and four months, when he was taken off by Captain Woodes Rogers, of the privateer The Duke, February 12, 1709, and carried to England. The story was written by Daniel Defoe, the English novelist. Defoe did not use the narrative of Alexander Selkirk as is generally accredited to him. Crusoe island, as the title of his island states, was in the northern hemisphere, in the Carribbean sea, near the mouth of the Oronico. The island Juan Fernandez, commonly known as Robinson Crusoe's island, is inhabited by people from Chili and Peru in South America.

Our National Circulation.

Republican, Conway Springs, Kan:

Please state how much of the $1,360,863,157 in circulation is in gold, how much silver, how much silver certificates, how much greenbacks, and how much national bank note currency.

The total amount of gold coin in 1886 was $327,901,590; total silver, $224,797,484; total currency, $156,853,593. These amounts include a distribution in the treasury, national and state banks. If the amounts of gold and silver coins and of currency in the treasury and the banks be deducted from the aggregate amount in the country, the remainder will be approximately the amounts in the hands of the people. Under this rule the amounts in 1885, the latest estimate, were: Gold, $251,476,288; silver, $107,914,611; paper currency, $470,401,878. On November 1, 1887, the outstanding national bank and legal tender notes were as follows: National bank notes, $271,675,329; legal tender notes, $347,681,016; aggregate, $619,356,345; silver certificates, $145,543,150.

The Cobden Club.

J. F. H., Hume, Ill.:

Will you please give a history of the Cobden Club through the columns of your excellent paper, and also a list of the presidents and their politics from Washington to the present time.

The Cobden Club of England takes its name from the great free trader, Richard Cobden. It is the center of the free trade doctrine in British politics. Protectionists in the United States assert that the movement in this country for the reduction of duties to a revenue basis is fostered and encouraged by the Cobden Club and that British gold helps to carry on the movement, which if successful would be as advantageous to British manufacturing interests as it would be injurious to ours. We can not spare the space to publish a list of the Presidents of the United States. Consult any American history or geography and you will find it.

Immigration Statistics.

R. B. B., Golden, Col.:

(1) What was the daily average of immigrants that landed at Castle Garden during 1887? (2) Give the dates on which the elections of the various states occur. (3) Is it true that Benjamin Harrison said that "two meals a day and $1.00 is sufficient for the working man?"

1. The immigration for the year 1887 was 490,109. According to these figures the average daily immigration would be about 1,342. This includes all ports where foreigners arrive. We have no statistics on Castle Garden alone, though a large majority if not all the immigrants landed at that point. 2. With few exceptions on November 6. We have not space to publish a list. 3. That story has been thoroughly disproved. There is no truth in it.

The River Jordan.

E. U. S., Belva, W. Va.:

(1) Did J. G. Blaine, while in the Senate, ever vote for free coal? (2) Into what did the Jordan river flow in the days of Sodom and Gomorrah? The Bible teaches that the Dead Sea now covers the sites of those wicked cities.

1. We do not find the vote recorded. Anthracite coal was put on the free list years ago. 2. It probably flowed into the Dead Sea, that body of water being the lowest receptacle in the neighborhood, viz: 1,316 feet below the Mediterranean. The fact of Sodom and Gomorrah sinking into the sea would not necessarily change the flow of the Jordan.

That Surplus Again.

E. H. L., Virden, Ill.:

1. What was the popular vote for J. C. Fremont in 1856? 2. How far is it from Chicago to the Atlantic Ocean by way of the lakes and the St. Lawrence River? By way of the Erie canal? 3. Col. W. R. Morrison tells us that John Baker, during last summer, voted in the House of Representatives that the President has no authority to invest the "surplus" in United States bonds, and in his speeches is telling the people that that is the way Cleveland ought to dispose of the money.

1. His vote was 1,341,264. 2. By the lakes and St. Lawrence, about 1,700 miles; by the Erie canal, 1,400 miles. 3. His argument is not good. John Sherman when Secretary of the Treasury, foresaw that a surplus might accumulate in the treasury, and wisely had a law passed authorizing the President to use the surplus in liquidating the public indebtedness. Had President Cleveland known anything about the laws in the statute books, he would have found this law long ago. His attention was finally called to it, however, and he refused to avail himself of its provisions, because he thought it looked suspicious, and contended that it was a rider on the appropriation bill. The bill to increase the President's salary from $25,000 to $50,000 was also a rider on the appropriation bill, yet he saw nothing suspicious in taking advantage of that. His administration of the financial department of the government has been very unsatisfactory to the American people.

Our Chinese Population.

P. C., Elkport, Iowa:

1. Can any state make laws disfranchising citizens on account of religion? 2. Are there any natural born Chinese citizens of the United States, and how many Chinese citizens are there? 3. Can an Indian become a citizen of the United States and what conditions are necessary?

1. No. 2. Yes, there are hundreds of Chinese on the Pacific coast born in this country. Very few, however, sever allegiance with China. The Chinese population, according to the census of 1880 was 105 613. 3. Yes, several Indians have been induced this year to vote in Dakota, though the scheme is not likely to be a success, as the Indians are averse to voting for fear they will be obliged to pay poll tax.

Sugar from Beets.

R. B. H., Redfield, Dak.:

1. Explain briefly the fundamental principles of sugar making from beets? 2. Has sugar making from the beet been successful in this country. If not why?

1. It is simply an extraction of the saccharine matter from beets. 2. Yes. It is successfully carried on in California. Claus Spreckles' beet sugar factory at Watsonville, Cal., is now in operation. An analysis of beets grown in the Pajaro and Salinas Valleys in that state shows 20 per cent of saccharine matter, which is fully 5 per cent more than the sugar beet of Germany will average. Spreckles pays $7 per ton for the best beets, and good land yields 20 tons to the acre. He is ready to build another factory at Salinas if the farmers will guarantee him 5,000 tons of beets every year.

Miscellaneous.

G. B., Cabery, Ill.: Order from your book store.

E. H. P. Jacksboro, Tenn:
The firm you desire to locate is in Philadelphia.

J. C. M., Big Spring, Ky.: We do not answer questions by mail. Read the QUESTION BUREAU rules.

Mrs. F. F. F., Deer Lake, Mich.:
We do not care to discuss General Harrison's private affairs.

B., Toledo, O.:
Your questions on onion culture have been answered in the FARM department.

Query, Crescent City, Ill.:
To answer your questions we would require a column of space which we cannot spare.

J. M. B., Assumption, Ill.:
You will find your question answered elsewhere in the QUESTION BUREAU of this week.

Mrs. B. B., Ann Arbor, Mich.:
The lady is a comparative stranger in the literary world, and it would be quite impossible to give a correct biographical sketch of her.

H. P. S., Kyger, O.:
What is the estimated indebtedness of the people of the United States?
In 1887 the public debt was $1,700,771,948.68.

F. S., Tiro, O.:
Please answer through the BLADE: To whom should a party be reported for violating the revenue laws?
To the collector of revenue in the district where the violation occurred.

E. C., Utica, Ill.:
Has a person a legal right to mark and sell an article as patented on same, or does a man lay himself liable to the law by so doing?
There is a severe penalty for claiming an article to be patented which is not.

R. W. W., Stony Falls, Or.: The persons guilty of crime and appointed to office by President Cleveland have been thoroughly discussed in the BLADE. Your request for a complete list of Cleveland's unfit appointments is unreasonable. It would fill a whole page of the BLADE.

D. B., Dixon, Ky.:
1. Who pays the tax on manufactured tobacco? 2. How long has Germany had a protective tariff? 3. Has Mexico any protective tariff?
1. The manufacturer and producer. 2. Since Bismarck has been at the head of the government. 3. Yes.

G. M. M., East Guilford, N. Y.:
Is it true that English fine salt is superior to ours? and do dairymen use more English than American salt?
No. Most of the fine salt used by dairymen is a product of the United States. A fine quality is imported from Turk's Island, one of the West Indies.

O. A. W., Monitor, Ind.:
What per cent of the wheat and corn raised in the United States, and beef and pork is exported?
Wheat exports, 1887, were $90,716,481; corn, $51,950,082; beef in shape of hams and bacon, $33,314,670; pork, $5,642,927, per cent not given.

N. B., Hart, Mich.:
Has the bill become a law increasing pensions for total or partial deafness; if so, how is it rated?
The law for an increase of pensions for deafness gives $30 per month in cases of total deafness, as the secretary of the Interior may deem equitable. Widows' pensions are made to date from the death of their husbands.

H. V. C., Granada, Colo.:
Is a man a legal voter after declaring his intention of becoming a citizen of the United States, if he has been a resident of the United States four years and a resident of Colorado two years?
Yes. According to the laws of Colorado he would be a legal voter. The law requires that he shall be 21 years of age, a citizen, or declared intention of becoming a citizen after six month's residence in the state. Persons in prison cannot vote.

L. R. —, Iowa:
The three systems of short-hand used by practical short-hand writers are Pitman's, Graham's and Munson's. We would not advise the study of any other than one of these. Type-writing is of little value, as an occupation, without short-hand. Sometimes the employer furnishes the type-writer, and sometimes the clerk. There is no rule.

E. L. C., Reed City, Mich.:
A man has been sentenced to a house of correction for a felony. He serves his sentence, less the deduction allowed by law for good conduct. Is he debarred by United States law from voting for electors for President and Vice President?
Not necessarily. He would be debarred from voting during the period of his sentence actually served.

Mrs. S. J. H., Lancaster, Mass.:
I write to ask if you have any papers, speeches, or something from which I may get some good argument on the negative side of the following question: *Resolved*, That Prohibition will succeed by having a distinct platform, instead of uniting with other parties.
The best argument you can obtain is the drift of public opinion as expressed through the daily papers. As far as our own opinion extends, Prohibition will never succeed as a political organization, though it must ever tend to elevate the moral status of the country.

A. M. Y., Eagle Village, N. Y.:
Can you inform me where I can get statistics of the number of sheep, and the number of pounds of wool produced in the several states for 1886 or 1887. I notice your answer in last weeks BLADE in regard to the wool question.
We have discussed the wool question at length in the QUESTION BUREAU. The total production of wool for 1886 was 285,000,000 pounds, on sheep we have no authentic statistics since 1880, in that year there were 35,192,074 sheep in the United States.

L. L., Hooksburg, O.:
1. Please name the six largest cities in the United States in order of their population. 2. What tribes of Indians live outside of the Indian territory? 3. Who is minister to England from the United States?
1. New York, population 1,206,577; Philadelphia, 847,170; Chicago, 503,185; Brooklyn, 566,689; St. Louis, 350,518; Boston, 390,406. 2. Nearly all the important tribes live on their own reservations. The Indian territory is occupied by remnants of tribes that long since have lost their prestige in Indian civilization. 3. Edward J. Phelps.

G. Vogel, Sioux City, Iowa: Consult the advertising columns.

Jac. Miller: You can get the portraits by ordering from any book store in your locality.

S. W. Koontz, Johnstown, Neb.: Your question was answered in last week's BLADE, on fifth page, article headed "Popular Vote for President."

T. T. S., Port Washington, O.: We do not know of any law prohibiting the sale of "hard" cider, though it is classified in the creed of the Prohibitionists.

A. C. A., Russell Springs, Kansas:
Do you wish a good historical poem of a hundred lines?
No, we have an over-supply of poems.

O. B. A., Jamestown, Colo.:
Please inform a subscriber where he can procure a complete list of all the nurserymen west of the Mississippi river.
Advertise for them.

Inquirer, Fremont, O.:
Please state whether or not you are aware of any newspaper having offered a prize on the Presidential vote of next month.
Not that we are aware of.

—J. R. E., Eugene City, Ore.:
Please give a particular statement of the electoral vote of New Jersey in 1860. How it came to be divided? How many of them were for Lincoln and who got the remainder?
Lincoln 6; Douglass 3,

C. P. Port, Allegany, Pa.:
What does an electoral vote mean, and where do the electors vote?
It is the vote of the presidential electors elected by the popular vote of the people. These electors meet in each state on the 5th of December, and cast their votes for the candidate they were elected to represent.

J. G. G., Wheatland, Cal.:
Please give the proportion of foreign born citizens to American born citizens in the state of Iowa.
According to the state census of June, 1885, Iowa numbered 1,753,980 inhabitants. Of these 1,614,600 were white; 10,015 colored; 486 Indians and 33 Chinese. Native born citizens, 1,362,965; foreign born, 261,650.

D. B. O., Polk's Corners, N. Y.:
Please explain the difference between a plurality of votes and a majority.
A plurality is the highest number of votes that any candidate gets over two or more competitors. A majority is the highest number when but two candidates are voted for, or the number of votes greater than all other candidates combined when there are more than two.

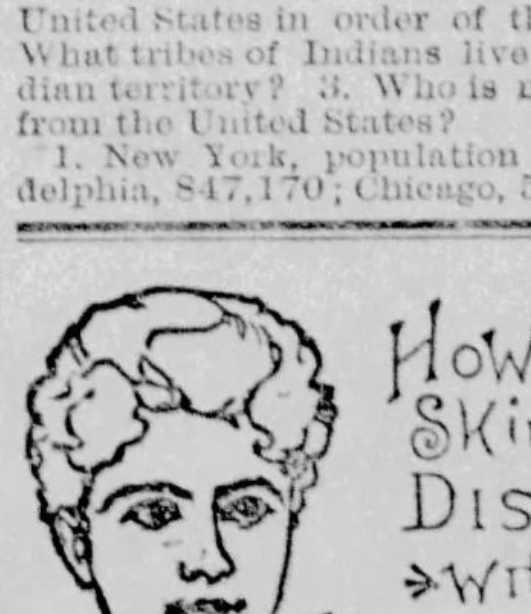
Leroy, Winameg, O.:
1. May a person lawfully manufacture and sell a medicine with the properties of which he is well acquainted, but he not being a diplomatic physician? 2. According to the laws of Ohio, who are allowed to carry concealed weapons?
1. He can if the medicine is not patented. 2. A chief of police can give any reputable man a permit to carry concealed weapons, if just cause is shown for the necessity of the action.

H. B. B., Oconee, Ill.:
1. How did Columbus save himself and crew from starving by a knowledge of the eclipse? Give the story. 2. What are the following: "Manna Loa," "Sink of the Mohave."
1. He quieted the mutiny of his crew by impressing upon them that it was a mark of Divine favor, thus preventing a seizure of the meagre allowance of provisions. 2. A volcano in the Hawaiian islands. 3. The dry bed of a sunken lake in the Mohave desert, Southern California.

J. H. R., Santiago, Minn.:
Is it true that hundreds of men that voted for Cleveland four years ago will vote this year for Harrison and Morton?
Yes. Cleveland four years ago pledged himself to civil service reform and made many promises that misled voters. He has failed to fulfill his pledges, and inaugurated an obnoxious free trade policy which Americans will repudiate this week by the election of Harrison and Morton, the representatives of protection to home industries.

Mrs. G. M. E., Titusville, Fla.:
What is the amount allowed soldiers' widows, according to the act approved by the President June 9, and do the widows of officers get more than those of private soldiers.
The law for widow's pensions is made to date from the time of their husband's death. The allowance of course is according to the amount granted by the commissioner of pensions. You should send a letter to the commissioner of Pensions relative to an individual case.

J. C. G., Alexandria, Neb.:
I sent seven of your papers to my son, and there was 2½ yards of calico in the bundle, and the postmaster charged me 30 cents. It weighed 2 pounds and 14 ounces. Was not that too much for 200 miles? I think he has been assessed too much for campaign purposes. He is a Democrat. I could have sent it by express cheaper.
Putting the calico in rendered the whole package liable to postage at merchandise rates—that is, one cent an ounce. As the package weighed 46 ounces he ought to have charged 46 cents.



How to Cure Skin & Scalp Diseases with the Cuticura Remedies.

THE MOST DISTRESSING FORMS OF SKIN and scalp diseases, with loss of hair, from infancy to old age, are speedily, economically and permanently cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES when all other remedies and methods fail.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the New Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; RESOLVENT, $1; SOAP, 25c. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG & CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Baby's Skin and Scalp preserved and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP.

Relief in one minute for all pains and weaknesses, in CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the only pain-killing plaster. 25c.

Long-Standing

Blood Diseases are cured by the persevering use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

This medicine is an Alterative, and causes a radical change in the system. The process, in some cases, may not be quite so rapid as in others; but, with persistence, the result is certain. Read these testimonials:—

"For two years I suffered from a severe pain in my right side, and had other troubles caused by a torpid liver and dyspepsia. After giving several medicines a fair trial without a cure, I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I was greatly benefited by the first bottle, and after taking five bottles I was completely cured."—John W. Benson, 70 Lawrence st., Lowell, Mass.

Last May a large carbuncle broke out on my arm. The usual remedies had no effect and I was confined to my bed for eight weeks. A friend induced me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Less than three bottles healed the sore. In all my experience with medicine, I never saw more

Wonderful Results.

Another marked effect of the use of this medicine was the strengthening of my sight."—Mrs. Carrie Adams, Holly Springs, Texas.

"I had a dry scaly humor for years, and suffered terribly; and, as my brother and sister were similarly afflicted, I presume the malady is hereditary. Last winter, Dr. Tyron, (of Fernandina, Fla.,) recommended me to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and continue it for a year. For five months I took it daily. I have not had a blemish upon my body for the last three months."—T. E. Wiley, 146 Chambers st., New York City.

"Last fall and winter I was troubled with a dull, heavy pain in my side. I did not notice it much at first, but it gradually grew worse until it became almost unbearable. During the latter part of this time, disorders of the stomach and liver increased my troubles. I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, after faithfully continuing the use of this medicine for some months, the pain disappeared and I was completely cured."—Mrs. Augusta A. Furbush, Haverhill, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

Common Sense

Should be used in attempting to cure that very disagreeable disease, catarrh. A catarrh originates in impurities in the blood, local applications can do no permanent good. The common sense method of treatment is to purify the blood, and for this purpose there is no preparation superior to Hood's Sarsaparilla. That this peculiar medicine does cure catarrh is shown by the many testimonials from people who have found relief upon using it when all others have failed. A book containing statement of cures sent on receipt of two-cent stamp, by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

An Ambiguous Compliment.

She was an amateur singer, and being called on to sing where there was no accompaniment at once soared into the high notes, ending with a demi-semi-quaver that shook the windows and startled the professor.

"And do you often sing without an instrument?" he asked, surprised.

"I always do," she answered promptly.

"Wonderful! Wonderful!" he exclaimed with enthusiasm; "but I believe it is quite common for young ladies to sing now without any music."—*Ex.*

Something New.

An exchange says there are no jokes, no real jokes in the columns of the paragraphers nowadays. Here is one:

"Then you reject me?"

"I do."

"Will you give me a reason?"

"Yes. Papa says you are rich."

"I am not rich. I am poor. If you married me we would have to struggle hard to live."

"Are you telling me the truth?"

"I am. Can you doubt me?"

"Come to my arms, Henry. I thought you were rich, and I have sworn never to marry a rich man!"—*Boston Courier.*

OUR DOMESTIC SERVICE.

The Sunshine Mission's Comprehensive Plans for Its Advancement.

The result of the recent agitation of the question of domestic service has been the organization of a mission called the "Sunshine Mission." The purposes of this mission are: First, the elevation of domestic service in the eyes of American women of all classes; secondly, the establishment of homes and training schools in all the large cities in our country, and the organization of local missions throughout the towns and villages; third, the protection of foreign girls who land upon our shores, with faith in our institutions and government to protect all women. The New York police report shows that in that city alone 20,000 girls from foreign lands are annually seduced from their legitimate intentions and led into dens of infamy, thus rendering null and void our boast that "all are protected within our boundaries."

These houses will be planned upon a thoroughly practical basis. They will furnish lodging and a comfortable home for all girls, who, having no homes of their own, or are too far away to find protection there, will place themselves under the auspices of this mission. Attached to these homes will be a training school and intelligence bureau. This training school is planned to teach every branch of domestic service, from the preparation of dainty wholesome food for the invalid to the laundering of frail embroideries and laces. The intelligence bureau will provide permanent and temporary help for all household emergencies.

It is intended that both employer and employe, under the Sunshine Mission's auspices, shall be protected. Certain laws for both are being formulated, and to which each must subscribe before this mission will assume responsibility. The women who are interested in this great, broad work are such women as Mrs. Gen. John A. Logan, Mrs. J. Ellen Foster, Dr. Lelin Bedell, Kate Sanborn, Frances Willard and its pioneers, Mrs. Laura Lippincott Pancoast, Mrs. Virginia White Hitchcock and Mrs. A. M. Fredricksen, who was Denmark's delegate to our great international council. It might be well also to say this mission will have powerful international auxiliaries. It is hoped that all American women will take hold with might of this good work, which is to lift them out of the slough of despond, whither this matter of inefficient help has driven them. The first of these homes is to be established in New York city—first, because it is the most populous center in the United States; second, because through its gates passes all immigration. Chicago will probably have the next of the chain of homes and training schools, and so from city to city, state to state, this good work hopes to form its links until the chain ends at the margin of the other sea, within the City of the Golden Gate. Any person desiring to practically help the mission by money contributions or who desire to become members of the mission or stockholders in New York home can do so by applying to the treasurer pro tem., Mrs. Laura M. Lippincott Pancoast, of Harrisonville, Gloucester county, New Jersey, or the secretary, Mrs. Ada M. Fredericksen, 357 East Ohio street, Chicago, Ill.—*V. W. H.*

Out of the Breastworks.

TATE SPRINGS, TENN., July 4, 1888.

The Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga:

Gentlemen—Seven years ago I contracted an exceedingly bad case of blood poison. I tried a physician, the best at command, but secured no benefit. My throat began to get sore, and my body covered with sores and ulcers. Going from bad to worse, I felt that my grave must be reached in the near future. I gave up the doctors' treatment, and with a despairing hope I commenced taking your medicine. I began to improve from the first bottle, and in a short time the ulcers healed, and my skin cleared off and was entirely well.

One year ago a case of catarrh developed in my system. The physician did his best, but could not cure me; but two bottles of Swift's Specific gave me permanent relief.

J. H. ROBINSON.

KAUFMAN, TEX., June 23, 1888.

The Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.:

Gentlemen—I have been afflicted with a skin disease for about twelve years, and the best medical treatment failed to give me relief. I am now using Swift's Specific, and have received the greatest benefit from its use. Yours truly, WM. JONES.

For sale by all druggists

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO.,
Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.
New York, 750 Broadway.
London, Eng., 35 Snow Hill.

LAND VALUES IN NEW YORK.

How Lots are Assessed—Different Valuations.

The total assessed valuations of real estate in the city of New York in 1886 was $1,203,941,065; in 1887, of plots of real estate, $1,254,491,849—showing an increase in one year of $50,550,784. But as the assessed is less than two-thirds of the market value the whole is not worth less than two billion dollars. Real and personal property within the municipality has grown throughout the past decade more than $40,000,000 per annum. The books in the office of the Commissioner of Taxes and Assessments state the amount of taxes paid by every real estate holder at the rate of $2 16-100 on every hundred of the assessed valuation. But these figures do not constitute a trustworthy standard in the determination of market values, for the asserted reason that some assessments in down town wards are of more than market value; in other wards, of only one-third, others one half, and still others two-thirds. Vacant lots are assessed at from 29 to 36 per cent., improved property from 56 to 70 per cent., of real value. Inequitable as the assessments are, it is yet true, as affirmed by ex-Mayor William R. Grace, that "upon no species of property can taxes be levied with more equality as to value, nor with better chances of speedy and equitable collection, than upon real property." "The valuation placed upon personal estate from all sources is not more than 19 per cent of the valuation placed upon real property, and taxes from this source are most difficult of collection. Of the annual city budget, which generally amounts to from thirty-one to thirty-four millions of dollars, the taxation imposed upon real estate supplies more than four-fifths."—*Robert Wheatley in Harper's Magazine for November.*

BEARS DON'T SCARE HER.

A Plucky Girl Who Carries the Mail Through an Oregon Wilderness.

Oregon has a woman mail carrier. Her name is Miss Minnie Westman, and she carries Uncle Sam's mail from the head of navigation on the Siuslaw river over the Coast Range mountains, following up the river to Hale's postoffice station, within 15 miles of Eugene City. Her route is 20 miles long and is situated right in the heart of the mountains, where all the dangers and adventures incident to such an occupation abound. She carries the mail night and day and fears nothing. She rides horseback and carries a trusty revolver.

Miss Westman is a plump brunette, and is just 20 years old. Her father and uncle operated a stage line and have a contract for carrying the mail. At Hale's station Minnie meets her father and gets the mail from Eugene City and starts on her route. Miss Westman has never met with a serious mishap in the performance of her duty. On one of her trips last year she found three good-sized bears in the road, right in front of her. The horse on espying them became frightened, threw his rider to the ground, and, turning around, ran back the road he came. Miss Westman, with great presence of mind, started after the runaway, and, overtaking him, remounted and rode right through the savage cordon, and, strange to say, she was not attacked. Meeting some friends, she told them of what she had seen, and they went to the place and killed the bears. So far this year, Miss Westman has met two bears, which did not molest her.—*Portland Oregonian.*

The Conventionality of Youth.

Mr. White-tie—"Ah, won't you give me a kiss, my little man?"

Louis (hiding bashfully in his mamma's gown).—"You do it, ma."—*Harper's Magazine.*

SICK HEADACHE

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CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York.

TOO IDEALIZED.

RONDEAU.

From Time.

Two idle eyes that looked in mine
In by-gone summer hours divine
I fondly, even yet, recall,
Though summer's fled and it is fall;
Then every glance was Cupid's sign.

She was a sirene, I opine,
In whom the graces all combine.
The sort held dear by lovers all
To idolize.

I said: "I place you in a shrine-"
She said: "A star for you I shine."
A week she held my heart in thrall,
Once home—I never went to call;
So our avowals were, in fine,
Two idle lies.

Pat Was Equal to the Emergency.

Don't judge a man by appearances wholly, unless you are prepared for surprises. Two men who started out from Fort Fairfield, a while ago, in search of oats were set back. After going about a dozen miles they found a log house, whose owner, in reply to questions, stated that he had the required 150 bushels to sell. When the purchasers got ready to pay they could show only $40 in change and a $500 bill. "Now see here, Pat," they said, "we're in a fix. What will you do, take the $40 and trust us for the balance, or take back the oats?" "Begobs I'll do naither," said Pat, "but I'll change the bill!" which he did.—*Exchange.*

Different Now.

She had been reading of the latest kidnaping outrage.

"George, dear," she asked her lover, "how much are you worth?"

"About $5,000, love."

"George, suppose these horrid kidnapers should steal me, would you give that $5,000 to get me back?"

"Willingly, darling, willingly. Aye, if it were millions instead of thousands I would give it up without a murmur," he answered, as he folded her in his loving embrace.

* * * * * * * *

They are married now and the $5,000 still goes, but with this difference, that George now wants to give it to the kidnapers.—*Texas Siftings.*

Displayed the Wrong Item.

Furniture Mover—What did you do with the kitchen utensils, wash tubs and odds and ends?

Hired Man—Put 'em in the open wagon. 'Fraid it might rain.

"My stars! The lady will never hire me again. That open wagon was for the parlor furniture."—*Philadelphia Record.*

Mr. Visetelly, a prominent book seller of London, has been tried for publishing works of M. Zola, which were held by the court to be improper literature, and fined £100.

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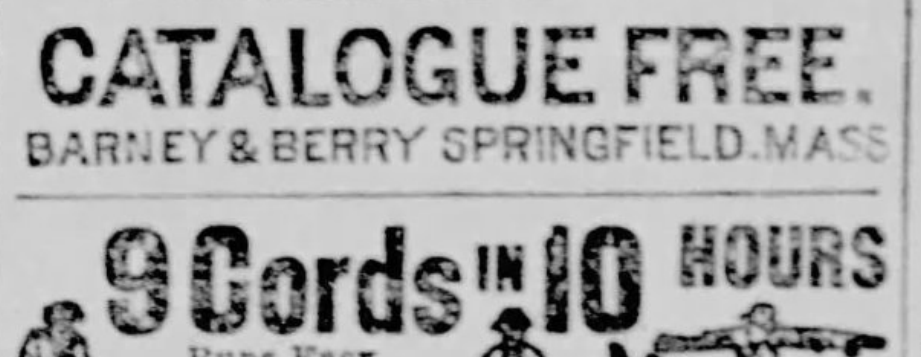

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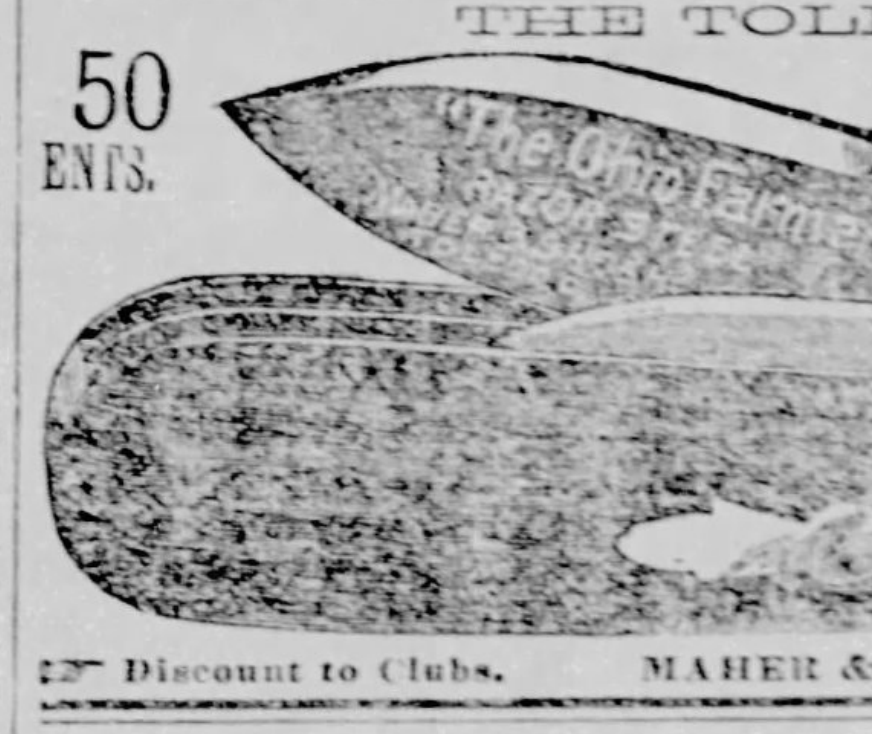

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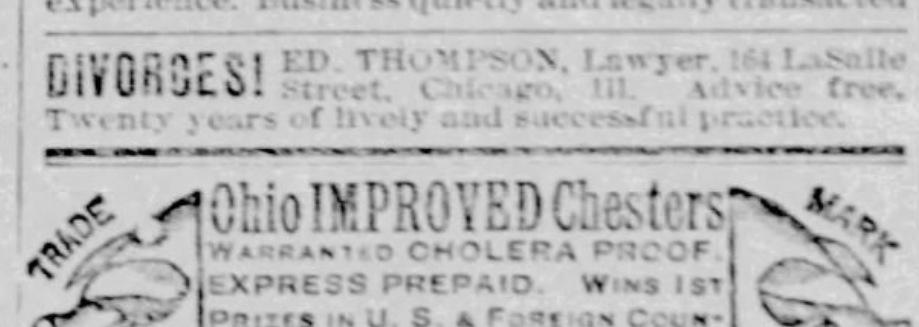

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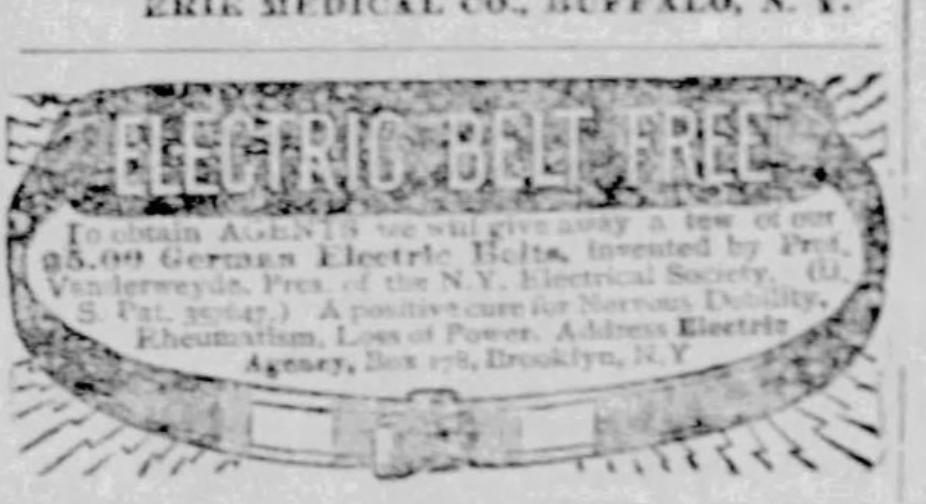

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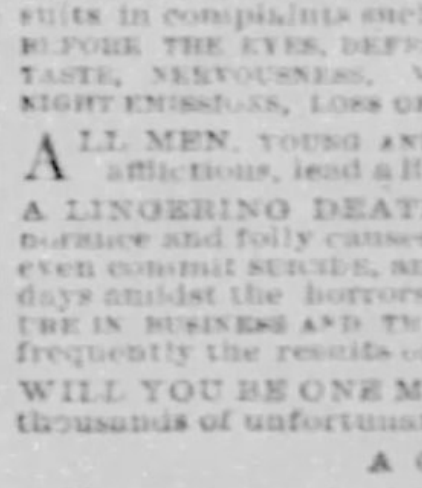

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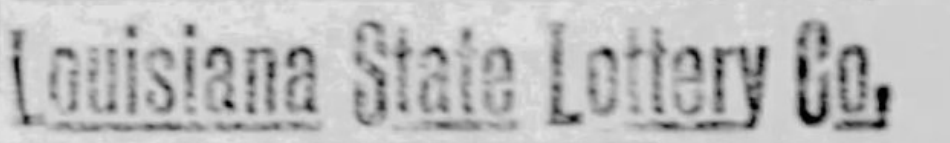

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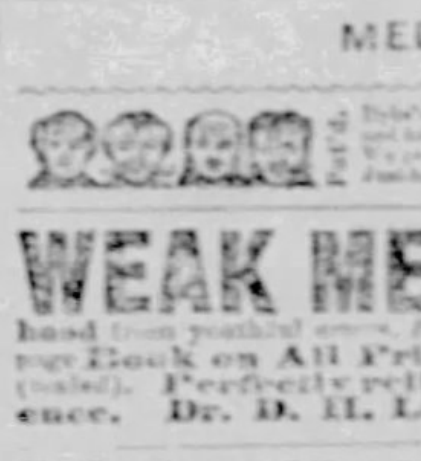

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from any objection. It will positively cure Lost Manhood, Rheumatism, Night Losses, Neuralgia, Diseases of the Genito Urinary Organs. Special Belt for ladies for Female Complaints. Contains 10 degrees of strength. Current can be regulated like a battery and applied to any part of body or limbs by whole family. $6 And up. Free large Illustrated Pamphlet. DR. OWEN BELT CO., 191 State St., Chicago.

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Circulation Last Week, 167,000.

THE LESSON OF A FAMOUS PUGILIST'S DOWNFALL.

There is a moral to the brief story that is given in the short paragraphs below—a moral that every young man will do well to ponder:

> John L. Sullivan, the gigantic prize fighter, the iron-ribbed athlete, who only a few months ago strode like a Colossus among his fellow men, is a wreck. His tremendous thews and sinews are still there, but they are weak and tremulous. His huge bulk, once the terror of the pigmies who looked at him in admiring wonder, is nothing but a flabby mass, a dead weight.
>
> The shattered giant frankly tells the story of his downfall. It was drink that did it. Drink robbed him of his strength and made him at the age of thirty as helpless as a child. It is true that he does not use the word drink; he calls it "fun," but drink is what he means. "I have made up my mind," he says, "that I have had about fun enough."

There are a vast number of young men who, like SULLIVAN, call drinking "fun." But they forget that they who dance must pay the piper. That which is fun to-day will in a few brief years cause the wreck of the physical system. SULLIVAN has had "fun," but he finds himself, at the age of 30, without any vital energy, with a diseased stomach and vital organs, and without money. He has destroyed his constitution, and must be content to drag out whatever span of life may yet be allotted him in a state of chronic invalidism—a SAMSON shorn of his locks, an athlete without the strength which was once his glory.

The brief story of the downfall of SULLIVAN is one that touches the lives of tens of thousands of young men in the United States. The world is full of men who, like him, have had "fun" enough—such fun as the broken-down pugilist refers to. Some of them have already found it out, and it is time that all of them had done so. Will they listen to the warning now, or wait till the attack of disease makes them listen, whether they will or no?

The fact is qery slow to be understood that Rum, in any form, is a poison, owing to the alcohol which it contains; and that the injury done to the physical system is in direct proportion to the amount of this infernal poison which is taken into the system. Sooner or later it will make its effects felt. There is no escape from them. The only rule of safety is in total abstinence.

But there are men who think that they can indulge in what is miscalled a "social glass," now and then, and escape all evil effects. They think that an occasional indulgence will not harm them. They have no idea of becoming drunkards—no, far from it. But when invited to "have a drink," it seems to them strait-laced and churlish to decline, and then the obligation follows to "stand treat" in return. To fail to do so would be mean, you know! To accept a social invitation from a friend and then to be so penurious as to decline the trifling expense of a reciprocal invitation is repugnant to every idea of hospitality.

The men who reason in this way—and their number is legion—are fearfully, terribly mistaken. They do not understand the subtle nature of the fiery devil with which they so recklessly sport. They are ignorant of the terrible fact that such indulgence in an occasional glass begets a craving for more. The man who never thinks of drinking unless he is invited soon gets into the habit of inviting his friends, of taking the initiative in proposing a visit to the nearest saloon, and soon thereafter he finds that he don't feel very well, and thinks the fillip to his spirits that a glass of Rum will give is necessary, and so goes of himself to a saloon to indulge in a solitary drink. No "social glass" there! and very soon he makes this a regular custom. Tired out with his day's labor, he seeks the fictitious strength given him by this devil of Rum. And all the time the *habit* of drinking is being slowly but surely and certainly acquired.

The horrible "Rum thirst" is thus fixed upon him, and in a longer or shorter time he finds it importunate in its demands. Like the horse-leech's daughters, it cries "Give! give!" There is nothing that will excite this morbid, diseased craving for Rum but indulgence in Rum itself, and there is nothing that will assuage it but more Rum. It grows by what it feeds on. It demands Rum, and Rum it will have; and the Rum that is drunk to appease this craving but increases the demand of the inflamed, diseased physical system for more of the infernal poison. The road is a terribly easy one from the status of one who indulges in an occasional glass to that of a steady drinker; and from that to the status of a confirmed drunkard the step is but a short one.

It is safe to say that no man starts out with the intention of ever allowing Rum to become his master; but look about you, and see the many men within the radius of your own personal observation who are, to your own knowledge, the slaves of Rum, and then answer the question, whether it is safe to tamper in the slightest with this treacherous devil of drink which so easily may become your master? We repeat it, there is no safe way but to leave it alone; to refuse to drink, even when good-fellowship appears to demand it; "to touch not, taste not, handle not" the viperous fiend, always ready to strike its fangs into your life!

But there are thousands and tens of thousands who have not moral courage to resist the first pleasant steps in the road which has so dreadful an ending. There are thousands and tens of thousands who are ignorant to-day of the diabolical nature of that infernal poison called Rum. Shall we do nothing to save them from the fate to which their steps are inevitably tending? Shall we be content, secure in the fact that we have the courage to resist the first insidious steps in the path to ruin and degradation, to go serenely on our way, with the answer of CAIN upon our lips, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

We can not escape responsibility in that way. Superior enlightenment brings with it the imperative duty of doing all we can to save others from ruin. There is no surer, quicker way of doing this than to enlist in the cause of Prohibition. The only way to save the rising generation from the curse of the Rum habit is to abolish the cause of the habit. If no Rum is made or sold, no man can fall into temptation. If there is no Rum to be had, there will be no drinking. If there is not drinking, there will be no confirmed drunkards, there will be no Rum holes to be the rallying-points for the vicious and depraved and criminal. The true remedy for the vast brood of evils that arise from the use of Rum is to abolish Rum; and there is but one way to abolish Rum, and that is, by Prohibition to prevent its manufacture or sale, and thus

Pulverize the Rum Power!

THE real reason for the dismissal of Lord SACKVILLE is that he told the truth.

THAT PENSIONS REPORT.

The annual report of the United States Pension office was held back some six weeks in order to allow material to be prepared for it that could be used for electioneering purposes with old soldiers and their friends. A careful examination of the volume, which is being largely used for campaign purposes, shows it to be full of incorrect and misleading statements. A sample of these is the assertion that there has been a grand total increase of 168,361 certificates issued during the last three fiscal years over those issued during the three preceding years. This increase is largely made up of the following items: The excess arising from the act of March 9, 1886, increasing pensions of widows, orphans and dependent parents; from the act of August 4, 1886, increasing pensions to soldiers having suffered amputations, and the act of January 29, 1887, known as the Mexican pension bill. Under these three acts there have been issued 133,364 new and additional certificates. Of these 112,660 are under the first two.

To place these names on the roll needed nothing to be done save to exchange the old for the new certificate, as the presentation of the old certificate is the only proof required. There is no medical examination, no physicians' certificates, none of the work needed in auditing and deciding a new claim. Take away from this boasted "increase" of 168,316 cases those arising under these three acts, and there are but 34,952 cases left as the real number of new pensions granted from the examination and allowance of original claims in the past three years over the number issued during the three previous years, under Commissioner DUDLEY.

This increase grows out of the natural increase in the number of applications with each succeeding year; for it must be remembered that the disabilities of the claimants become more marked with their advancing years, and, therefore, easily ascertainable; so there has for many years been a natural growth of the pension rolls, as for in tance the increase of the last three years under Commissioner DUDLEY over the preceding three years was 33,518, or very nearly the same as the increase made under Commissioner BLACK over the preceding three years.

The following facts are also of interest in this connection: The number of private pension bills passed during the Forty-ninth Congress was 949; number of bills passed during the first session of the Fiftieth Congress, 751; total, 1,700; number of bills vetoed by President CLEVELAND to date, 206, or 1 veto nearly to 8 bills, being about 12 per cent vetoed; number of bills approved by GRANT, HAYES and ARTHUR, 1,614; number of bills vetoed, 8, or 1 veto to 200 bills, being only ⅕ of 1 per cent, and not one of the 8 were vetoed on their merits or questions of fact, but in the interest of the soldier. In addition to those vetoed by President CLEVELAND, 250 other private pension bills failed to receive his approval. The Senate has passed nine general pension bills during this session, and eight others are now pending with favorable recommendations. Only one of these, however, has passed the House.

JAPANESE CHEAP LABOR.

The following news item is from the New York *Herald*, Democratic, of a day or two ago:

> K. KeKuchi, of Osaka, and K. Abe, of Tokio, who have purchased machinery in England to start a cotton factory in Japan, says that the rate of wages they intend to pay is on the average 10 cents a day for labor, the most skillful men getting only 30 cents per day.

Messrs. KEKUCHI & ABE, if they have sufficient capital, can put up in Japan a cotton mill in every respect the equal of any in Lowell or Lancashire, in economy of production and excellence of machinery. With labor at 10 cents a day—and Japanese workmen are wonderfully clever—they ought to be able to turn out cotton cloth very cheap.

Would the workingmen of America like to see the cotton cloth produced at this mill in Japan brought into competition with cotton goods made in the United States, under a free trade policy? What would the inevitable result of such competition be on the wages of American operatives?

A NEW WATCH OFFER.

THE BLADE offers a new watch in connection with a single subscription of $4.00, or *free* for a club of 15. See announcement on 5th page.

MEN are too often inclined to jest at feminine ways, and perhaps too often to fail in doing justice to the self-sacrificing nature of woman where those she loves are concerned. Many a young wife and mother actually sacrifices herself upon the family altar. She sinks her own individuality altogether too much in the service of her family. It is the easiest thing to do to reserve nothing in the way of devotion, but it is not the wisest way. It develops selfishness instead of thoughtfulness in the beloved ones whom she serves, and it too often happens that the wife and mother who denies herself constantly in waiting upon others and demands no consideration for herself wakes late in me to find that she has made a mistake. Out of the fulness of her heart she has given more than she ought for the sake of the family as well as herself. The daughter whose comfort has always been consulted before that of her mother, the son whose hours of play must never be interrupted for his mother's sake, the husband who knows that his wife is a saint for unselfishness, impose unconsciously upon her goodness. And they develop a dullness of sympathy, an unreadiness to think of her needs, which is as hurtful to their own moral growth as it is heartbreaking and incomprehensible to the woman who has uselessly laid down her very life for them.

GENERAL KAUTZ, Col. RICE, Major BRUSH and Col. WINGATE have contributed their ideas upon "Our National Military System," in the last number of the *Century*. The scheme contemplates a revision of the entire system of the regular army discipline, and also for the national militia. The suggestions as to the regular army by Major General KAUTZ, are both brilliant and apparently practicable. This officer is entitled to the highest consideration on this and like questions, because of his personal experience and wide observation. He not only observes what he sees, but, unlike many theorists, gives more thought to a system of building up, than to demolishing alone.

AN important decision is that just rendered by the United States Supreme court, affirming the right of a state to regulate railway rates within its borders. With this principle acted upon by the state legislatures, and proper amendments to the interstate commerce law by Congress, the railways can be relegated to their proper place as the servants of the people instead of their masters.

THE Democrats have carried Indiana in a Presidential year only twice in thirty years—that is, in 1876 and in 1884. They have not carried the state by a majority in any Presidential year since 1856, whereas the Republicans in that period have carried the state in five Presidential years, four times by majorities and once by a plurality.

THE United States Supreme court has declared unconstitutional all state laws imposing a tax upon commercial travelers. The drummers will rejoice, and the buyers, too.

THE President has designated Thursday, November 29, as Thanksgiving Day.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE YEAR.

We have on our subscription lists a large number of campaign names, whose subscriptions expire during November. We ask these newcomers to send in their subscriptions for one year from the expiration of their present terms. It is not necessary to ask our old constituents to renew, as they always do. The BLADE is to them a household necessity. Our campaign subscribers should by that time be well enough acquainted with the BLADE's merits to be willing to renew for the next year. With this week the political campaign closes, and from now on we shall make it a purely literary and news family weekly. During an important campaign we are obliged to devote so much space to political discussions that the real value of the paper for the remainder of the year is not so clearly seen. Our campaign subscribers can not certainly do any better than to renew for the Weekly BLADE, as it recognized by everybody as *the* representative model newspaper for general circulation, and is the only weekly paper in this country that has a circulation in every state and territory of the United States.

LORD SACKVILLE'S RECALL DEMANDED.

The unique self-complacency of GROVER CLEVELAND has been destroyed, and his abounding faith in his "luck" disturbed by the letter of Lord SACKVILLE, the British Minister, to MURCHISON. It finally penetrated his understanding that the British Minister had, in that historic epistle, deliberately, in effect, charged that:

CLEVELAND issued his "retaliation" message as a bit of political bluff, solely for its influence on the campaign, to distract public attention from the tariff issue;

That SACKVILLE, in his letter, gave "assent and sanction" to the "aspersions and imputations" of MURCHISON's letter, viz: that CLEVELAND's administration is at heart friendly to British interests, and that the action in regard to the fisheries matter is not taken in good faith;

That Lord SACKVILLE has, since the correspondence became public, reiterated, in effect, these charges affecting the "good faith of the government in its public action on international dealings;"

That he meddled with the domestic affairs of this country, in advising an United States citizen of British birth how he should vote in order to further British interests.

These things have been known to everybody in the land for over a week. No President ever received so direct an insult from a foreign representative, yet it took a week for the reality of that insult to work itself into his understanding. When the correspondence was first made public, the President, through Secretary BAYARD, attempted to pooh-pooh it, and an endeavor was made to pass it by without notice.

But the patriotic people of this country would not have it so. An indignant protest went up on all sides demanding that official action should be taken. It matters not that the majority of the people believe that WEST's charges and implications are true. The British minister is not the man who should voice them. Moreover, his attempted meddling in American politics must be rebuked.

The managers of the free trade campaign became dreadfully alarmed. They saw that the President and themselves were in a hole, and the pressure on CLEVELAND and BAYARD became so great that the plea of political necessity availed against the determination to ignore the matter.

So there was four days of cable communication with Minister PHELPS at London, private interviews of the letter with Lord SALISBURY, and among them all a plan of public action was patched up, which resulted yesterday evening in a request from Secretary BAYARD to the British government for the recall of Lord SACKVILLE. What private assurances were given to Lord SALISBURY, what arrangements were made to avoid grave complications while this perilous game of international bluff to save the falling free trade cause is in progress, no one knows save those most closely interested.

HOW SACKVILLE WAS SENT HOME, AND WHY.

New York Herald (Dem.) regular Washington correspondence, Oct. 30.

The following is the substance of a telegram received this morning by a member of the cabinet from several members of the Democratic National committee in New York:

> Washington telegrams in to-day's papers are most disappointing about the Sackville matter. Does the President know that the Irish vote is slipping out of our hands because of diplomatic shilly-shallying? See L—— at once. Something ought to be done to-day.

THERE was one point made by Mr. McKINLEY which ought not to be ignored, but which stands without any reply by our Democratic brethren who "wish the whole world for a market" and free raw material to effect their plan. The fact that we have already a law, as quoted by him, by which any dutiable raw material, which enters into the structure of goods exported, may be, and is, entitled to a rebate to the extent of 90 per cent of the tariff paid, closes their appeal on that proposition. As he stated, there is no export duty imposed and as the rebate will take off all but one-tenth of the customs duty, it certainly ought to be quite easy to compete, at any time capital is ready for the venture.

THEY are about to bring the Colorado coal trust before the grand jury at Denver. An effort will be made to secure an order of indictment for conspiracy with malicious intent to defraud the public. The legislature at the last session passed a law for the purpose of covering boycotting, and other sorts of conspiracy. The trust has just been organized, and as a precedent will be of interest at the present time. The English parliament also designs to tackle the same economic question the coming winter.

THE ladies say that His Excellency at the White House is becoming wider at the sub-corset circumference each day; and what may appear paradoxical, also less polite to his guests. A Senator introduced a party of his personal friends last week, and the master of DAN was so impolitic as to cut them off short in the midst of a traditional story, and wish them good day very abruptly. Possibly it may have been one of the telepathic results of SACKVILLE WEST's letter.

THE attempt of PATRICK A. COLLINS, JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY, and a few other Irish-Americans, to make it appear that Republican Senators were responsible for the insertion of a clause in the extradition treaty which permits the extradition of political offenders, has proved a decided boomerang. The clause was inserted by Senator MORGAN and indorsed by Secretary BAYARD, both Democrats, of course.

A CORRESPONDENT of the BLADE at Adena, Ohio, writes the following concerning a numerous family:

> Mr. John E. Keyser, of this place, who is also one of your subscribers, belongs to the champion Republican family of the United States. The Keysers held a reunion at Germantown, Pa., on October 10, and 2,500 of the Keysers were in attendance. It was found that all except 25 were for Harrison and Morton. Mr. Keyser will vote the Republican ticket at Georgetown, Ohio.

CLEVELAND wishes that Lord SACKVILLE's letter had been one that never came.

THE NATIONAL DEBT.

The debt statement, which is published each month in the BLADE, apparently is not understood clearly by a great many people, as we get a large number of inquiries about the United States debt which are all answered in the monthly statement, if the querists all understood it clearly. The document always opens with a statement of the amount of interest-bearing debt—of which the principal, on November 1, was $958,123,282. Next are three items—Interest due and unpaid on that principal; "debt on which interest has ceased"—that is, bonds which are due, and on which interest has ceased, but which have not been presented for payment; and the interest on these. The three items footed up $9,697,991 on November 1.

Next comes the items headed, "debt bearing no interest." The first of there is the greenbacks, amounting to $346,737,823. The remainder of the "debt bearing no interest" is composed of certificates of deposit, gold or silver certificates, and fractional paper currency. The total of all there items—the "debt bearing no interest"—was, on November 1, $735,635,949.

Now let us look at the "cash in the treasury" and see how much "surplus" there actually was at that date. There are $140,613,658 of "gold held for gold certificates outstanding;" that is, this money is in circulation in the form of gold certificates, which are given as part of the "debt bearing no interest" in the former part of the debt statement. There is $229,783,152 of "silver held for certificates outstanding," of which the same thing is true. There is $11,580,000 of greenbacks held for certificates of deposit outstanding; $9,697,992 held for matured debt and unpaid interest, and there is $416 of fractional paper currency. The total of all these items, $391,675,218, except the $416 of fractional currency, is represented in circulation in the hands of the people by certificates, and if they were presented for payment would all be paid out.

The next item is $100,000,000 in coin, held in pursuance of law, for the redemption of the $346,737,823 of greenbacks Then there is $24,179,183 of fractional silver and other coin, which, not being legal tender except in limited amounts, is not considered available for debt reduction. There is also $33,958,116 of certificates which are held as cash. Add these items all together, and subtract from the total cash in the treasury, and we have left $74,491,900—and that is the actual surplus on hand on November 1.

THE COMING WINTER.

What kind of a winter will we have after the extraordinarily cool summer of 1888? This is a question of considerable interest just now. Will the low temperature continue, and the winter be proportionately as cool as the summer has been, or will it be warm, so as to maintain the average temperature? Ohio has a scientific gentleman who has been in the habit, for a number of years past, of making predictions as to our winters, which he bases on the direction of the storm centers during the month of September. This gentleman is Mr. GEORGE H. TWISS, of Columbus, and his prediction for the coming winter is as follows—quoted from the monthly report of the Ohio state meteorological bureau, in which it is given:

> The coming winter will be in this latitude the coldest for several years. The average temperature in the Northwest, along the upper lake region and New England, will be relative to this locality much warmer than last year. November will be a mild month throughout the country, with heavy rainfalls in the West Central, Middle and Atlantic states. The early part of December will be comparatively mild, but from December 20 to 25 the first severe cold wave may be expected, the thermometer dropping to zero in this and possibly in lower latitudes. From December 20 to January 20 cold all over the United States west of the Rocky mountains—marked cold waves near January 5, 15 and 25, and near February 12 and 25. The spring will open early in March, attended with freshets. Generally an early spring.

On the other hand, the observers of the United States Signal service look for a warm, open winter. The officer in charge of the signal station in New York city gave his views to a reporter a few days ago as follows:

> In my opinion, we are going to have a very mild winter. It may be a long winter, and crowd far into the time when people look for spring weather; but I think it will be mild. Indeed, unless this year is a phenomenal one, it must continue mild during the two months which remain of it. During the past seventeen years the normal temperature has only varied about 4 degrees—between 48 6-10, the minimum, and 52 9-10, the maximum. Now, this year, we are way below, and the balance of the year must continue warm to bring us up, and I think it will.

WILLIAM THE RESTLESS.

Kaiser WILHELM, whose phenomenal activity and restlessness seem to be about to fix upon him the cognomen of "WILLIAM the Restless," is now calling for more money in the way of official emoluments. He gets a very liberal salary as King of Prussia, and has palaces galore. But he wants more money, and proposes that it shall be paid by the other states of the German Empire. But the trouble comes in that they all support a lot of useless ornamental royal, ducal and other dignitaries, and are taxed heavily for their support.

Bavaria, Saxony and Wurtemburg have kings, and the other states have grand dukes, landgraves, electors, dukes, and other princelings. Saxony pays her king over $800,000 a year, and is not as large as the state of New Jersey. Wurtemburg is not half as large as Ohio, yet pays her king over half a million a year. The Grand Duke of Baden gets over $450,000 annually. And the other sprigs of royalty are paid in the same liberal fashion. Hence it is not to be supposed that the request of the Kaiser for an additional annual outlay to support the imperial regime in splendor will be received enthusiastically by the people of those states—especially as he gets a million and a quarter dollars now as King of Prussia.

IT is probably a fact, as often stated, that Ella Wheeler Wilcox's "Poems of Passion" had the largest sale of any volume of verse ever issued in this country. The sensation it created was nearly as great as that caused by Amelie Rives's "Quick and the Dead," and from the same reason—that the world was startled by such audacity of thought and expression in a young girl. Had the work been that of a person of middle age, it would not have won a tithe of the notice it did. The fact which made it so interesting was that these verses, hot with reckless and tempestuous emotion, were penned by a girl too young to know the full meaning of what she said, and the world read with delight the bold swaggerings of Ella's muse. People were delighted with the pretty young thing's girlish impudence, and smiled at naughty words from her fresh, unkissed lips, which they would have frowned down hastily had the bold, naive young girl been more sophisticated. So they all read the amorous confessions of a 16-year-old fledgling—the matrons with much shaking of heads and predictions of the bad end of the writer, the young things of her own years with many secret tremors and a sense of delicious wickedness, while the wiser folk smiled and said that the child had a versifying gift, and would be heard from again and more satisfactorily later.

LORD DUFFERIN is favorably mentioned in London in connection with the mission to Washington, to succeed Lord SACKVILLE-WEST, but it is deemed probable that it will be some time before any appointment will be made.

SENDING SACKVILLE home does not change the fact as to his opinion that CLEVELAND's election would be advantageous to Great Britain.

THE CONTROL OF THE SENATE.

The Democratic campaign for members of the legislatures of West Virginia and New Jersey is a very desperate one, and the reason is not far to seek. The Republicans hold the Senate by a very slender majority. The free trade hope is that the Democrats will not only succeed in electing CLEVELAND, but that they will secure a majority in both houses of Congress. If the Democrats can elect a successor to Mr. KENNA in West Virginia, and to Mr. MCPHERSON in New Jersey, and can elect Mr. THURMAN, they will have the casting vote in the Senate. The successor to Mr. RIDDLEBERGER is already elected, and he will take his seat on March 4.

With the re-election of Mr. KENNA and Mr. MCPHERSON, the two parties in the Senate would be equally divided, and Mr. THURMAN would have the casting vote. The very earnest nature of the campaign for the control of these two legislatures will consequently be understood. They involve the possible control of the United States Senate for at least two years from March 4, 1889. If the Democrats should obtain the control of both houses an extra session soon after inauguration would be probable, for in that case they would undoubtedly endeavor to pass the Mills bill before the beginning of the next fiscal year. The Democrats are playing for big stakes.

BAD FINANCIERING.

Secretary FAIRCHILD has been very much annoyed by the wide publicity that has been given to his policy of allowing a number of "pet banks" to have some $60,000,000 of the people's money without interest, and in a speech a few days ago at Buffalo he lamely apologized as follows:

> A year ago I took from the treasury $60,000,000 and deposited it in the national banks as I thought best. The number of depositories was increased and the amount a single bank might have on deposit, so that the aggregate of deposits was increased about $37,000,000 between October 2 and the middle of December. The charge that I was guilty of favoritism toward the banks is ridiculous. The banks were loath to take the deposits because little profit would be made from them. Each bank received its deposits exactly in the order of the applications received. The result was the tiding over of the financial crisis.

Mr. FAIRCHILD's apology is a poor one. If the banks were loath to take the deposits, why did they send in applications in such numbers that the Secretary had to take them in order? When money is worth 1 or 2 per cent. on call loans or from 3 to 6 per cent. on investment, why should any bank be unwilling to accept deposits? And why didn't Mr. FAIRCHILD buy bonds if the treasury was too full? The plain fact is that it is bad fiscal policy to give something for nothing, even if the country is rich. This is what FAIRCHILD has done in this matter.

THE BLADE SEWING MACHINE.

On the fifth page of this paper will be found our extended advertisement of the Blade Sewing Machine. We refer the hundreds of inquirers who have written to us concerning machines within the last six months to it for full particulars.

We have reorganized the factory, increased its facilities, and are now prepared to fill orders *at once*. Machines will be shipped within 24 hours of receipt of the order.

We are now able to fill orders for fifty machines daily, and anticipate a demand for them that will equal the factory's capacity, as soon as the harvest rush is over. Read the advertisement carefully, as it will not appear in the BLADE regularly, owing to its length. Send to us for a descriptive circular of the Machine.

STANLEY.

Recent dispatches from Zanzibar bring quite direct news from the expedition of HENRY M. STANLEY up to the time they left his rear guard, in the latter part of November, 1887. They state that he was then in good health, and his force was in number about 250 muskets. He had been ill from malaria, with a large part of his escort, during the previous August; but he expected soon to strike off to the east in a direct route for EMIN BEY's headquarters, at Wadelai. Of course the reports from him of a later date (April last) were not reassuring; but neither were they regarded as reliable.

THE following Scriptural quotations, from II. Samuel, xx, 9, 10, may be considered as giving the history of the first recorded instance of "knifing," as now practiced in politics:

> And Joab said to Amasa, art thou in health, my brother? And Joab took Amasa by the beard with the right hand to kiss him.
>
> But Amasa took no heed to the sword that was in Joab's hand; so he smote him therewith in the fifth rib, and shed out his bowels to the ground, and struck him not again; and he died.

There have been many modern instances of such base treachery, and from the Scriptures there could probably be chosen no more forcible illustration of the treacherous methods of political spoilsmen who, while professing their fealty to a ticket, carry the knife with them to the polls under the cloak of friendship.

THE Canadian Pacific railroad has obtained an injunction at Winnipeg against the laying of the Red river branch across their tracks. One of the grounds on which the injunction is granted is said to be that the railway for which the crossing is desired is not being built by the Manitoba government, but is really the work of the Northern Pacific. The government is now powerless to do anything until the supreme court at Ottawa is appealed to. This will cause a long delay in building the new line. All danger of a conflict is over, and the citizens sworn in by the government as special police have been discharged.

THE campaign cry, "look out for roorbacks," has doubtless made many people wonder why a political falsehood is called a "roorback." The phrase had its origin in the Presidential campaign of 1844. A false story was paraded in the papers for political effect, which purported to be an extract from a newly-published book entitled "The Travels of Baron Roorback." The book and its reputed author were both myths, and the alleged extract a falsehood, of course. But the word "roorback" has gotten into the dictionaries, which define it as "a forgery or fictitious story published for purposes of political intrigue."

THE phrase which did so much duty in the campaign, that "the only time that an Irishman is of any service to England is when he emigrates to America and votes for free trade," has been finally run down, and its real authorship traced. It was spoken by Hon. WILLIAM EVANS, a member of Parliament, at a dinner at the Reform Club in London. JOHN BRIGHT, WILLIAM E. FORSTER, and other prominent men were present, and Mr. EVANS's speech was loudly applauded.

AND now the treasury department holds that the addition of harmless coloring matter to butter, even in the smallest amount, is an "adulteration," which brings the butter so colored under the same head as oleomargarine and subject to the same tax, while the farmers who color the butter will have to pay the special tax as manufacturers. That is pushing the oleomargarine law a great deal further than farmers wish.

THE Lehigh Valley railroad is settling with the relatives of victims in the Mud Run disaster on a basis of $13,500 for the head of a family, and $1,500 for those under 17 years of age and unmarried. So we know the value of human life according to a railway standard.

THE departments at Washington are practically deserted, the clerks having gone home to vote.

RAILWAY BUILDING THIS YEAR.

The *Railway Age*, in its last issue, has a most interesting review of the work of railway building in the United States for the ten months of this year up to November 1. It was the general impression that the vast amount completed in the past two years had fulfilled all the requirements of the increasing traffic, and the demands of sections without sufficient railway facilities, but this conclusion is shown to be incorrect. Up to November 1 there had been completed this year 5,790 miles of new line, in 44 states and territories, on 280 different lines.

Of these 280 lines reported upon, work is still progressing upon at least 75, while some track will be laid this year upon other roads. The *Age* estimates that there will be from 1,200 to 2,000 miles still to be added to the record for the year, which will give a total new mileage constructed this year of between 7,000 or 8,000 miles. The large increase in railroads this year is proof of the steady growth of the country, and of the fact that railways are a necessity, and will continue to be built.

The lines have been nearly all of them short ones, being either extensions or short feeders to existing lines, the average length being only twenty miles. Regarding the portions of the country in which the greater new mileage is found, the *Age* says:

> The states which thus far appear to lead in the amount of construction are: California—where no less than 30 new lines have been added, Kansas—in spite of its previous astonishing record of construction, Georgia, Kentucky, Illinois—although already the state of great railway mileage, Washington territory, Texas, Colorado, Alabama and South Carolina, all having thus far exceeded 200 miles each and the first two having each reached nearly 500 miles. Something may perhaps be learned from the fact that in the great state of Iowa where oppressive legislation against the railways has been carried to the extreme only five miles of track are thus far reported to have been laid this year, that mileage being only for a local belt railway.

THE "CAMPAIGN OF INTELLECT."

The campaign is over—that campaign which Chairman BRICE so pretentiously declared should be a "campaign of intellect." It was a much cleaner one than that of 1884, but Mr. BRICE's "intellect" seems to have run largely to falsehood, after all. The New York *Press* has taken the pains to catalogue the campaign falsehoods spread over the country through the agency of the Democratic national committee, and they foot up a very large total. This list is exclusive of malignant little lies originating with Democratic newspapers, Democratic state committees, etc. The list is herewith given—each and every one of them being utterly false, without one scintilla of truth to justify it:

1. The dollar-a-day lie about Harrison.
2. The Chinese procession trick.
3. The lie that Harrison told the strikers that he would force them back to work at the point of the bayonet or shoot them down.
4. The Condon lie, that Harrison said the Irish were good for nothing but digging ditches and filling prisons.
5. The California lie, that Harrison said the Spanish were treacherous.
6. The thirty-two trunks lie about Blaine.
7. The blockade lie about Morton.
8. The West Virginia colonization lie about Elkins.
9. The lie that Sherman had given up Indiana.
10. The lie that Fred Douglass had given up Indiana.
11. The lie that Republican electors will vote for Blaine instead of Harrison.
12. The lie that Thurman's death would be announced on election morning.
13. Ditto Cleveland's death.
14. The Dudley letter forgery.
15. The forgery of Quay's name to a bunco letter to a Jerseyman.
16. The forgery of Quay's name to a telegram to country weeklies announcing the withdrawal of Fisk.

NASBY'S BOOKS.

We now have in stock all the published works of D. R. LOCKE, and can fill orders promptly. The demand for the "Cross Roads" letters in book form exceeded our expectations, and we have just caught up with back orders. We have announced on 5th page of this issue full particulars, prices, etc.

THE cold fact in the case is, according to the "Round About" writer of the San Francisco *Report*, girls have a heap more sense than men give them credit of for possessing. There are silly girls, of course, but not in overwhelming numbers. There is a chimera of the masculine brain that will not out that girls—all girls—are wild to marry. Now the general run of them don't care a fig about it, and if their male acquaintance is extensive they care less than a fig. For one thing, they have a better time when single; for another, they all have brothers, and know the peculiarities of the animal, man. The pantalooned pets who consider themselves prize packages should get behind the portieres when the girls are confabbing. Or perhaps they should be warned against hiding, to save them from experiencing that horrid old adage about listeners.

IT is said to be a fact that some fifty ladies of Battle Creek, Michigan, have formed themselves into a dress reform society, and are pledged against high heels, big bustles and stiff corsets. Now they will find plenty of occupation for their spare time in deciding when heels are high, bustles big and corsets stiff. In the meantime Christian missionaries in Japan, India, China and among our own aborigines continue to consecrate a large part of their energies on the task of putting these beautifully and wholesomely dressed heathen into all the abominations of European costumes.

IF any proof were needed that the third party Prohibitionists are, in this campaign, a mere annex to the free trade Democracy, it is certainly found in the following letter from Mrs. HELEN M. GOUGAR, one of the leading workers of that party:

AT HOME, July 6, '88.

MY DEAR—

> * * You may see me rest until September 1, when I roll my sleeves clear to the shoulder for Fisk and Brooks. * * *We can carry Indiana and New York for the Democrats*, and teach the hypocritical Republicans a lesson. * * I believe the greatest disaster that could come to our country would be the success of Harrison and Morton. *I shall work for their defeat.* * *

No honest man pretends that Dakota, with its 650,000 inhabitants, is not qualified to be a state, and yet the Democrats in Congress keep her "out in the cold," shamelessly confessing that the only reason why they do so is that, if admitted, she would probable be a Republican state! Could partisan narrowness go further?

WEIGHTY words from JAMES G. BLAINE's speech at New Haven on Friday night:

> On Tuesday next the fate of protection is to be settled. If the people of the United States do not uphold it, then you will never make another rally on this issue successfully.

THE reference of a Washington paper to Mrs. CLEVELAND as the "lovely little mistress of the White House" sounds much like gush when one remembers that the lady weighs 180 pounds. "Little," eh?

THE comments of the English press on the request for the recall of Lord SACKVILLE are of the most stinging character. They invariably recognize it as simply a campaign dodge by the President.

THE French parliamentary committee, appointed to consider the question of a revision of the constitution, has decided in favor of such revision by a vote of six to one.

THE sale of the New York *Star* for $700 would seem to indicate that the business of running a Cleveland paper in the metropolis isn't very profitable.

"BUFFALO BILL" says he is proud to know that he has added largely in the education of the English people in a knowledge of American frontier life.

MR. CLEVELAND has not said a word about "pernicious activity" for over a year.

MINISTER WEST is an indiscreet but truthful man.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

The BLADE usually goes to press at 6 p. m. every Tuesday; but we have held this page back for several hours, in order to give our readers some brief idea of the result of the tremendous contest for the Presidency.

At midnight Tuesday, the time at which we write, the indications are yet very scattering, but the outlook for HARRISON is hopeful.

All interest centers on New York; at this hour HARRISON will come down to the Harlem river with 87,000 plurality, while CLEVELAND appears to have but 73,000 in New York city and Brooklyn, thus giving HARRISON the state by 14,000 plurality.

New Jersey has gone Democratic, by about 8,000 majority.

Connecticut is still in doubt. The Republicans claim it by 4,000; the Democrats claim it by 1,400. The chances are in favor of HARRISON.

Indiana seems to have gone Republican, but no reliable figures are obtainable at this hour.

Michigan is safely Republican.

Wisconsin shows Democratic gains, but so far not enough to carry the state, which will give its electoral vote for HARRISON.

Iowa is Republican by a big majority.

Virginia shows Republican gains, but not enough as yet to claim the state with certainty. Missouri shows heavy Republican gains.

The South elsewhere seems to be Democratic, as usual.

The remainder of the Northern states are safely Republican.

Hence, HARRISON's election seems at this hour assured.

EAST AFRICAN LANDS.

The remaining portions of the earth inhabited by savages will apparently, within a few years, be appropriated by one or the other of the great European powers. There is an apparent clash of interests in Eastern Africa, in the vicinity of Zanzibar. By a recent treaty, England and Germany endeavored to define the limits of the territories appropriated by each on the eastern coast of the "Dark Continent." The British East African company has acquired a broad stretch of country, extending from the coast across the equator to Victoria Nyanza. An area of about 70,000 square miles is included in the sphere of action of this important colonial enterprise. In the highlands of Masai Land and along the coast there are fine districts for agriculture and cattle raising, and access is given in the interior to the equatorial provinces still nominally under the control of Egypt, where EMIN PASHA has been surrounded by foes since GORDON's death.

Germany has also acquired an adjacent area of nearly 125,000 square miles between the British line and the river Rovuma. This is the district where the natives are now in revolt. The same power reserves the right of adding 275,000 square miles to its domain by striking westward to Tanganyika and the eastern boundary of the Congo state, and southward to Lake Nyassa. This privilege, unless surrendered, will deprive England of influence in the Nyassa and Tanganyika basins, explored by LIVINGSTONE, and still occupied by Scotch missionary stations. The two powers have left the question open in their treaty, and it threatens to cause rivalry and estrangement in the future.

Italy, meanwhile, has been striving to secure from the Sultan of Zanzibar the concession of a large strip of coast lying to the north of the British colony. In the scramble for territory in Africa, European nations have recourse to every imaginable pretext for obtaining a foothold in the dominions of the native rulers, but perhaps no other power has been so insincere and cynical in its contempt for the rights of the blacks as Italy. She is very resolute in her determination to found a colony on the Zanzibar coast, her various enterprises on the Red Sea having proved barren and costly. With England, Germany and Italy competing at close quarters for the control of the native races of this broad and populous district, international dissensions will inevitably arise. Germany is conducting its colonial enterprises in the same spirit of militarism that is displayed at Berlin in home matters. No attempt is made to conciliate native feeling or to accommodate the policy of the protected state to the prejudices of the Arab. Peace can only be insured by force.

THE DIVORCE QUESTION.

As there has been considerable discussion in the newspaper over Mrs. MONA CAIRD's question, "is marriage a failure?" it may be of interest to the public to know that the government, for the first time in its history, is to publish statistics on divorces. Col. CARROLL D. WRIGHT, Labor commissioner, is busy preparing the report authorized by Congress about two years ago, and it will probably prove to be one or the most interesting works ever published by the government. Its magnitude may be understood when it is said that Col. WRIGHT's agents have obtained the figures from every court in the United States having divorce jurisdiction, of which there are some 2,700, and that the period of investigation extends back 20 years, from 1866 to 1886.

Everything relating to the subject will be given wherever it has been possible to obtain this information from the court records, and in every case the agents not only examined the dockets, but the original bills filed. The report of each case will give the ages of the parties, the cause for which divorce was granted, whether the wife or husband obtained the decree, the number of children, the place of marriage and the migrations of the couples since then, so as to show whether the change of residence was bona fide or merely for the purpose of obtaining a divorce, the length of time the marriage lasted, and any other fact that might tend to throw light on the subject.

Another portion of the work will give the number of marriages as far as the records show, by counties in the United States for the same period, so that the ratio of marriages to divorces can be seen. A synopsis of the divorce laws of every state will also find a place, and the work will conclude with statistics of divorces in the principal countries of Europe. The subject of divorce has never been so thoroughly investigated before. The Italian government took up the inquiry some years ago, but it was limited in its range. Col. WRIGHT's report will undoubtedly find a place in the library of every student of sociology. The cost of the investigation, it is estimated, has probably been not less than $30,000. We may expect, when this report is published, a wide discussion of the divorce question in all its aspects; and the result, we have no doubt, will be to give renewed impetus to the movement in favor of making the divorce laws of all states practically the same.

LORD SACKVILLE, the British minister, remains quietly at Washington. He refuses to say anything about his case. The English press, generally, admits his blunder, but severely criticises the President for what it calls his "brutal" treatment of her majesty's representative.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Verdi is one of Italy's Senators.

In military circles it is considered that Osman Digna is a myth.

Cardinal Newman is seriously ill. He is suffering from extreme debility.

It is rumored that the Ameer of Afghanistan will visit England next year.

The manufacture of paper bottles is to be begun on a very extensive scale.

Wakefield, Mass., has a millionaire who sleeps in the barn with his horse.

The National Editorial association meets at San Antonio, Texas, November 21.

A woman in New York makes her living preparing calf's-foot jelly for the sick.

The estate of the late William Warren, the actor, amounts to about $200,000.

The report that Succi, the Italian faster, is coming to this country is unfounded.

Of New York's sixty counties Warner Miller has spoken in fifty in seven weeks.

Gen. Harrison has shaken hands with 110,000 persons since the campaign began.

An Atchison (Kan.) farmer recently offered to trade a barrel of sorghum for a wife.

Beekeepers in several states report that the honey crop this year had been a rank failure.

John L. Sullivan has taken to drinking milk. He absorbs about fourteen quarts a day.

Bishop Newman delivered the address at the breaking of ground for a Methodist college at Sedalia, Mo.

Two foreign women drowned themselves on Friday in the lake in which King Ludwig committed suicide.

According to the *Jewish Gazette*, of the 241 clothing manufacturers in New York City, 234 are Hebrew firms.

Cassius M. Clay, grandson of Henry Clay, is in jail at Alexandria under the Virginia law of non-resident debtors.

Lord Sackville has an inherited fortune of £50,000 awaiting his administration in England. He's all right.

It is just a century since the first fuchsia was introduced into Europe. Now there are fifty distinct species known.

The Empress of Austria contemplates a voyage in the West Indies, to be followed by a tour through the United States.

The German military budget contains an item of 35,000 marks for the breeding, training, and maintenance of carrier-pigeons.

The schooner-yacht Brunhilde, Captain John J. Phelps, owner, has left New York for her second tour around the world.

Cassius M. Clay, grandson of the immortal Henry, is in jail at Alexandria under the Virginia law of non-resident debtors.

In her absence abroad Mrs. Logan will edit a new periodical, the *Home Magazine*, of which the first number appeared Nov. 1.

General Boulanger dresses with extreme elegance. When in civilian's attire he is one of the most fashionable men in Paris.

The Norris mine, of Michigan, is the greatest iron mine in the world. It has shipped nearly 350,000 tons of ore this season.

Some Jacksonville physicians declare that in no instance has the yellow fever been known to attack persons with red hair.

A Vermont citizen who started out to purchase a wedding suit got drunk instead, and on returning home committed suicide.

May Laffan, author of "Hogan, M. P.," is a Dublin woman, Mrs. Noel Hartley, who is noted for her strong Home Rule proclivities.

The successor of the late Courtlandt Palmer as President of the Nineteenth Century Club, New York, will be Daniel G. Thompson.

Sir Morell Mackenzie's book, in spite of adverse criticism, has had a sale during the past fortnight of nearly 100,000 copies in London alone.

Capt. A. C. P. Haggard, brother of the author of "She," is about to appear as a novelist also. He is a British officer, stationed at Meerut.

It is predicted that King George, of Greece, will abdicate his throne early next summer. He has lately purchased a residence in Denmark.

The Russian petroleum refiners at Baku recently spent $45,000 in entertaining the Czar, and they presented the Czarina with a $10,000 bouquet holder.

A large panther, followed by three cubs, ran along a much traveled road near Middletown, N. Y., last week. Nobody was harmed, and the quartette escaped.

The story that Mme. Theo, the opera bouffe singer, is coming to this country to play with Henry E. Dixey in a burlesque to be called "Adam and Eve," is denied.

Justin McCarthy and Mrs. Campbell-Praed are still in partnership. They have just published in London a new three-volume novel entitled "The Ladies' Gallery."

A novel experiment is about to be made in Paris in the establishment of a cab company with a plant of 300 hansoms fitted with rubber tires, drawn by English horses.

Lord Sackville is a trifle taciturn. At a brilliant reception at Washington last winter the only words he uttered during the whole evening were, "Let's have some sherry!"

Amanda Montgomery and August Weinman, at Greensburg, Pa., to be married soon, were struck by a locomotive; he cut in two and she injured so that she died in a few hours.

To keep chestnuts from four to six months, mix each bushel with a pint of salt, shake thoroughly and keep in a dry place, where the temperature is from 40 to 50 degrees.

It is related that a Stockton, Cal., consumptive called upon a local undertaker and offered to shake dice with him for a coffin. The astonished undertaker accepted the offer and lost.

A man in Newark, N. J. is playing a game of chess with his cousin in Australia by mail. They have been at it for five years. The Newark man now sees defeat staring him in the face.

Two Tennessee men went out to fight a duel, one having an ax and the other a scythe, but a stranger came along and suggested a game of poker, and all shook hands and became good friends.

The oldest Presbyterian clergyman on the Pacific Coast is Rev. Dr. Reasoner, of Corclis County, Oregon. He is ninety years of age, but able to take an active part in the duties of his pastorate.

The fourth crop of strawberries for this year has been gathered in the Walla Walla Valley; pear trees have yielded three crops, apple trees their second crop, and the second crop of numerous other fruits is reported.

It is estimated that there are five American citizens who are worth $50,000,000, fifty worth $10,000,000 each, 100 worth $5,000,000 each, 200 worth $3,000,000 each, 500 worth $1,000,000, each, and 1,000 worth $500,000 each.

A wrinkle much affected this season by fashionable young ladies is the revival of the old-fashioned reticule, which is worn hanging from the belt at the right-hand side. It is very convenient for shopping or in visiting, and is also very picturesque.

Judge Hilton, according to a statement in court concerning the Stewart property, had in 1885 $14,347,528.00 to his credit, while Mrs. Stewart had to borrow money from him to pay her husband's funeral expenses, so absolute was the Judge's control over the Stewart millions.

A young married couple in Albany began housekeeping with a girl of Hibernian extraction as housemaid. The second day she nearly threw her mistress into fits by entering the parlor while a caller was present, and, in a voice about as melodious as a fish horn, inquiring: "Say, Bess, what time does Frank come home to dinner?"

John Garey, for sixty years a hunter in the northern part of the state, has met with a most serious accident. He despatched a bear which he caught in a trap, and, while reloading one barrel of his gun, he slipped on a stone. The weapon was discharged, and the load took effect in his hand, so seriously injuring the member that it was necessary to amputate it.

A Morning League has been founded by some of the more sensible of the ladies of Paris. They are of the opinion, and very rightly so, that the customs of society, as regards the hours of social gatherings, are opposed to the laws of health. The members of the league suggest that all balls shall commence at 9 and end at midnight. Dinner parties are to be discouraged, and luncheons to be given instead.

Pope Leo XIII., is at present occupied with an historical work, which has taken him some years of study and research to complete, with the help of the Abate Pesauto, to whom he has confided the editing. It is a "Codex Diplomaticus, Ecclesiasticus et Civilis Urbis," which regards in particular the history of the city of Rome in the middle ages, and especially that period when Gregory the Great reigned.

Maj. Barttelot, who is the leader of the Stanley search expedition, and who is reported to have been murdered in Africa, was a member of the Royal Fusiliers, which regiment he joined in 1859. He served in the Afghan war of 1878-80, took part in the defense of Candahar, and was present in the battle before that place. He was also in the Egyptian campaign of 1882, and took part in the Nile campaign of 1884-85.

The new Mrs. Laurence Oliphant is said to be a devoted follower of and believer in the religion of her husband, and has been chosen by him for the express purpose of propagating and teaching its doctrines. Mr. Oliphant himself is seriously ill at Surbiton, and his ultimate recovery is despaired of. He and his wife were on their way to Paris, en route for Haifa, on Mount Carmel, when a return of his old malady prevented his moving.

A Washington correspondent remarks: "Unlike many of our distinguished army officers, Gen. Sheridan is said to have left quite a handsome estate, and Mrs. Sheridan, it is understood, is not really in need of the pension which it is proposed to give her. As a matter of courtesy, however, the House may conclude to pass the bill. It is hoped by the many friends of the family that Mrs. Sheridan will continue to occupy the residence in this city."

Eligible women are at a premium in Dutch India. They are so scarce in that country that young men who wish to get married write to friends in Holland to find them wives. The friends select a willing lady and forward her photograph. If all is satisfactory the would-be husband sends back a soiled left hand glove with power of attorney. The friend then marries the young lady as a sort of legal proxy, and the marriage is as binding as though the groom himself were present.

OLD CAMPAIGNERS.

THE LIST COMPLETED

Veteran Voters Who Cast Their Ballots for Gen. Harrison—No More Names Wanted.

To-day the BLADE publishes the list of veteran voters of 1840 who cast their ballots Tuesday for Gen. Benjamin Harrison. Do not send any more names, as the campaign has closed and the list is completed:

BY STATES.

Arkansas—Phillip Patterson, Bromley, P. O.; John Gaskins, F. E. Goodale, El Paso; J. W. Ross, Berryville.

California—Francis I. Brown, Juniper; R. S. Maynord, Juniper; W. F. Green, Cedarville.

Connecticut—Aaron Bennett, Georgetown; Reuben Bradley, Mystic River.

Florida—W. S. Curry, Charlotte Harbor.

Georgia—Baylis Green, Fairmont; Thomas Taylor, Talking Rock.

Iowa—Thomas Newman, Dennison; J. Waters, Dayton.

Illinois—E. G. Hackley, Riley; Almon Potter, Riley; A. R. Beam, Seneca; B. Hubbell, Dun'm; S. C. McDowell, Seneca; G. W. Richardson, Riley; Calvin G. Charlot, Newton; George W. Coffman, Mt. Sterling; L. Carpenter, Bath; Maj. R. W. Martin, Paris; Abner Foster, Beardstown; M. MacFillin, Beardstown; Harrison Hill, Cartersville; David Hurst, Cartersville; Horace Champlin, Farina; John Egman, Washington; Viel O. Salisbury, New Haven; James P. Edwards, Bowlersville; Wm. O. Williams, Saline Mines; Peter Titsworth, Kedron; Russell Moore, Karber's Ridge P. O.; J. W. Lyon, Hull; William R. Smith, Taylorville; Edward G. Lawrence, Lincoln; John Lesher, Glenburn; Lycurgus Mitchell, Quincy; G. N. Townsend, Warren; P. Hinkley, Charleston; John W. Smith, Clayton; J. L. Verhies, Eubanks; B. N. Galliher, La Prairie; Edward Lyman, Payson; Mark L. Thompson, Payson; Thomas Lowery, Big Neck; Jonathan Markley, Bowen; John Messick, Bowen; Lucius Parker, Golden; W. T. Sutton, La Prairie; John Beadle, La Prairie; Jacob Keifer, Siloam Springs; John Arrowsmith, Siloam Springs; F. F. Harrison, Stone's Prairie; John Callaway, Stone's Prairie; William Pine, Fairweather; Obadiah Gibbs, La Prairie; I. N. Peyehouse, Coatsburg; Richard Gray, Coatsburg; A. Johnson Tittle, Mendon; William S. Tout, Coatsburg; L. E. Reynolds, Mendon; John A. Hoke, Camp Point; William Curry, Camp Point; S. G. Blivins, Burton; Flem Hicks, Burton; G. W. Montgomery, Burton; A. C. Foster, Adams; John Ferguson, Adams; E. Wheeler, Adams; Robert Reed, Burton.

Indiana—Miles Walker, Fortville; William Jones, Fortville; David Lee, Sugar Branch; Pelton Moon, Tipton; P. L. Madden, Tipton; David Johnston, Nabb; S. Sebring, English Lake; N. F. Davis, Zenas; J. W. Griffith, Indianapolis; A. Seeley, Rockford; William Karr, Columbus; E. J. Dowd, Fulton, J. D. Hunter, Holtonville; D. B. Purviance, West Lebanon; George N. Waitt, Frankfort.

Kansas—J. R. Larkin, Cawker City; Horace Keyes, Pleasant Ridge; Denton Phillippy, Uniontown; A. Fulton, Pillsburg; Elijah Toulin, Opalia; George Mills, Brazilton; Elihu Cutler, Walnut; James B. Butler, Mt. Carmel; Williamson Price and W. L. Woodbury, Cherokee; Jacob Miller, Monmouth; Daniel Shineman, Hepla; I. H. Coover, Walnut; Robert Smith, Girard; Wm. O. Tucker, Walnut; J. M. Taylor, Oswego; Calloway Brown, Brownsville; Anson Randall, Madison; James M. Bradley, Cloverdale; F. J. Hunter, Chetopa; Joseph Hannum, America City; J. Alex. Banmeister and Charles Hobson, Ohio; Samuel Bussert, Mono; Azariah Coon, Cawker City.

Kentucky—Ben McGuire, Lee county; William H. Hanna, Tollesboro.

Michigan—Armel Ralfe, Aurelius; Henry Arnald, Pleasanton; David C. Colton, Easton; Abel Cross, Cheboygan; David Sales, Portland; E. T. Emerson, Hartford; John W. Gillan, Ferry; John Fisher, Lodi; David Walker, Alexis; S. M. Farlin, Rasin; L. Ward, Luva.

Minnesota—K. B. Young, Excelsior; G. W. Faugh, Elysian; T. D. Austin, New York Mills; Simon Drune, Red Wing.

Missouri—H. S. Conerod, Nevada; Samuel P. Shibley, Shibley's Point; A. Cair, Aurora; B. L. Canfield, Meadville; D. H. Webster, Austin; Joseph D. Smith, Caboal; Felix Watson, Nevada; W. F. Snell, Coffeysville; William Henry Harrison, Hoag; J. H. Griffin, Springfield; W. H. Singleton, Oak Grove; C. P. Hildebrand, Buckhart; William T. Hitchins, William Brower, Schuyler county.

Maryland—Jesse Deboff, Baltimore.

Nebraska—James Ferguson, Violet; V. L. Carr, Howard; Calvin Potter, Humbolt; Luther Stafford, Humbolt.

New York—N. W. Kniffin, Mountain Dale; R. A. Carter, Ashford; Daniel S. Seward, Vallonia Springs; R. C. Fessenden, Sinclairville; Norman Ashley, Norwood; James Israel, L. H. Case, Portland.

North Carolina—R. C. Kinney, Oakdale; James Mussay, Oakdale; William Kinney, Oakdale; F. A. Reitzel, Pleasant Lodge.

Oregon—D. P. Porter, Shedd.

Ohio—Isiah Chambers, Washington township; J. P. Martin, East Liverpool; B. Crowell, Wilkesville; John Andrews, Oceola; Arthur Andrews, Bucyrus; H. Stahl, Spencerville; Samuel Miner, Tontogany; L. L. Hungerford, R. D. Shields, Land City; James Burdett, Tontogany.

Pennsylvania—George Brunges, Centremoreland; R. S. Griffith, West Chester; Inman Reedy, Tarbotville; D. Washabaugh, Everett; Sam. C. Clow, North Sewickley; J. B. Hewitt, Penfield.

Tennessee—Morcenus King, Spruce Grove; N. D. L. Baren, Johnson City; S. B. McAdams, Johnson City; M. L. Phillips, Jackson; M. P. Monfort, Jackson; B. L. Brier, Jamestown; Robert Morris, Pediente; D. F. Rogers, Speedwell; William Elmore, Long's Mills; William J. Shofner, Haley; T. C. Darwin, Rhea Springs; Col. Samuel Hutsell, Meigs county; William Goddard, David Goddard, R. L. Ricks, J. Johnson, Elisha Carpenter, W. H. Keeble, A. A. Kennedy, Henry McCully, Guilford McReynolds, J. D. Parham, J. E. Cupp, J. W. Hall, Newton McConnell, Clark Blivins, J. W. Calvin, Sylvester Law, Jacob Nenion, William J. Hackney, Wilson Burchfield, Elias Davis, Eli Caylor, Levi Dunn, J. N. Emert, Wm. Myers, John Currier, Daniel Hedrick.

Vermont—J. W. Graye, Darby.

Virginia—A. Dalvin, Callett; Amosa Hall, Hallsboro; George A. Pruner, Bickley's Mills; L. W. Aston, Lebanon; H. S. Gibson, Lebanon; N. G. Balling, Pax; Capt. Alex. Smith, Warrenton; M. C. Elliott, Warrenton; C. P. Dildine, Warrenton; J. R. Burson, Boydsville; Wesley Powers, Osborn Ford.

West Virginia—J. E. Kayser, Jane Low, Alexander Doem, Rockport; Isaac Stutter, M. D., Morgansville.

Wisconsin—Taylor Sheely, Kendall; A. C. Wells, Kendall; A. T. Burr, Waterloo; L. L. Lewis, Esdale; A. H. Miller, New Cassel.

Washington Territory—James T. Hamilton, Snohomish City.

BY CITIES.

Shell Creek, Tenn.—John Jones, Isham Doby, H. L. Gills, James N. Julian and John P. Boice.

Dayton, Tenn.—Louis Morgan, S. O'Neal, Pierce Collins, E. N. Morgan, Wm. Morgan, James Pierce, Thompson Foust, Charles Morgan.

Lewiston, Ill.—John Bliss, John Dearno, John Gustine, Isaac Harris, David Craig, Newton Walker, A. B. Burnsides, Isaiah Prickett, Jacob Jesse Shields, Harvey Larthergill, Jacob Brown, John Duncan, William Brown, William Phelps, Stephen Monsonville, Elvezor Monsonville, Zach Daily, J. V. Shields.

West Wheeling, O.—Jos. F. Tuttle, Hugh Curley, James Moore.

Milton Center, O.—Joseph H. McConnell, Jno. Yaney, John M. Beach.

Greenfield, Ill.—Rev. Henry Viny, R. J. Metcalf, H. J. Robbinson, Joseph Maneley, A. K. Mitchell, Wm. Lewis, Valentine Caswell, Rev. Mr. Stubblefield, Jacob Fishbonn, Martin Thorpe, R. E. Wilder, John Waller, J. R. Woolly, Judge E. L. Cooper.

Quincy, Ill.—R. S. Benneson, John Hobrecker, John Bredweisser, Wilson Lane, Amos Green, Charles Maerts, Robt. Thrush, David Demaree, Philip Schwalel, George Baughman, J. K. Beers, Richard Summers, Samuel L. Pool, A. A. Humphrey, J. A. Felt, Medford Crow, Joseph Kincaid, John Sharp, J. D. Bradbury, R. P. Gay.

Loraine, Ills.—William Pryer, Dennis Seals, O. Gibbs, William Robbins, sr., John Ruffcorn, sr.

Beverly, Ills.—Richard Eager, Azariah Mayfield, George W. Wymer, George Basun, John Cunningham.

Bernard, Ill.—George Cutforth, William Boontz, John Dell, David Goertz.

Liberty, Ills.—Ruben Grubb, Peter Williams, S. G. Waggoner.

Columbus, Ills.—James De Moss, W. W. Norris, D. Whitlock, Peter Lohr, Aaron Butts, W. B. Stanbeck, A. J. Anderson, Francis Chatham, Jacob Murphy, Wm. Booth.

Clayton, Jacob Omer, Ratcliff Smith, James Parker, David Lowery, John Pierce, Wm. Davis, John Metz, Thomas Curry, James A. Park, Isaac Barkley, John H. Luker, Origan Wallace.

Wm. F. Williamson, S. W. Ulry, Col. S. Vigns, Peter Vernon, H. M. Voorhees, Jacob Yantes, Adam Yobst, Jessie Yocum, S. D. Graffin, Dane Redd, Joseph Roher, Wm. F. Sazaser, Benj. H. Smith, Wm. Smith, Henry Smith, Nicholas Smith, Thos. Stevens, Wm. F. Steele, Chas. W. Simons, Joseph Shaffer, Joseph J. M. Sharp, Sam'l M. Sharp, John H. Simpson, M. L. Speece, Philip Shaffor, J. C. Sonders, G. T. Shaffer, Sam'l Smith, Sam'l Sherry, J. Harvey Thornton, Richard Tyner, H. L. Thomas, Ira Tilton, Lemis Turner, J. Wheeler Thomas, Peter Tolen, Wm. L. Wolf, Wm. Wilson, John Williams, Williamson Wright, John Wolf, E. T. Water, Andrew Wilson, Williard White, Painter West, Wm. P. Wotts, Harrison Wilson, Richard Wilson, W. A. White, J. L. Wampler, Moses T. Williams, James Atwood, Col. L. H. Brungnest, Noble Boise, Ashbry Bennett, John Booker, Richard Borton, Henry Berry, Jacob Bookwalter, Thurstin Booley, Alex. Branon, Thos. Bonnell, Harvey Crain, Newton Barney, Zac. Crozan, John Campbell, Isiah Comlyman, J. B. Cornell, M. V. Corry, Wm. Douglass, Eli Dale, Thomas Dillard, Mm. Dunsen, Benj. Dunson, S. Deelplone, Joseph Douglass, John T. Dodds, Thomas Dill, James Deal, Samuel Deal, Stephen Euritt, Dr. R. Taber, Richard Ferguson, Jacob A. Franklin, Rudolph Funk, Benj. Ferguson, J. C. Glenis, Benj. Grobles, Cy. S. Goldsberry, Samuel Groble, James Gordon, Sol. Harney, William W. Haney, George Harness, Jacob Harness, Joseph Henderson, Wm. Holland, Thos. Hendricks, Michael Hubler, Abe Hildebrant, Daniel Hoover, Dr. J. M. Justice, Edward Johnson, Wm. B. Jackson, Wm. Justice, Henry Jump, Samuel Kerlin, Daniel Kintner, Wm. Keams, Statin Kendall, Wm. Kilgore, C. S. Kessler, C. B. Knight, Wm. T. Long, Charles T. Leasch, Geo. Leightner, Dr. A. H. Landis, Arthur Leffell, Henry Lauterette, Robert McMillen, Alf. C. McCarty, Robert McKee, John Medsker, Abe McDonald, Joseph Moorw, Wm. Mehaffey, Aiken Mehaffey, John C. Merriam, John Myers, Henry Marshall, James Martin, A. Mackey, Henry Ornin, Wm. Ornin, Richard Pryor, Thos. Plummer, Henry Puterbaugh, Wm. Perry, Wm. Powell.

Sacramento, Cal.—T. N. Lindley, N. D. Goodell, W. B. Strong, I. S. Brown, John Rider, A. C. Sweetser, Charles Wingate, Levi Churchill, Benjamin Esterbrook, David Carly, Ephram Fairchild, C. L. Sprague, S. Smith, W. E. Chamberlin, W. S. Wilkerson, N. H. Williams, S. F. Hopkins, J. H. Wiseheart, John Nelson, R. Burroughs, M. Dusenberry, Joseph Hull, Everett Pierce, S. G. McCollough, J. J. Guthrie, Peter G. Crandall, J. D. Hill, Thomas J. Thompson, Z. L. Garwood, Thomas Sayles, Geo. W. Martin, A. C. Bronson, R. H. Withington, Parsons Richardson, Samuel Landis, John N. Damon, Wm. Wells, Stephen Crocker, James Pearson, Horatio Hoskins, P. D. Burbank, O. R. Amsden, Rufus Davenport, W. M. S. Bancroft, Elijah Sylvester, Robert R. Patton, J. W. Letcher, W. P. Kirkland, F. T. Brown, Lewis Dillon, J. M. Rodes, J. B. Calio, U. S. Wilber, Joseph Graham, P. M. Wamser, J. M. Bottomly, Dr. I. E. Oatman, W. H. Weyer, H. O. Beatty.

Marengo, Ill.—R. S. Hart, Luther York, Calvin Spencer, William Pettingill, King Henry, O. P. Rogers, J. H. Julard, R. A. White, William Shearer, George Spragg, A. C. Peters, Ebenezer Cady, W. P. Abbott, E. N. Howe, H. B. Keeney, Luther Fillmore, J. C. Irvine, Daniel Green, R. G. Rowe, A. W. Bailey, Ham Bulard, Allen Sisson, Jesse Woodruff, Thomas Bacon, Ahira Thompson, Daniel Lumbard, J. Talbott, John Beldin, G. V. Wells, S. H. Goodspeed, B. Cady, W. E. Colquillett, Leffler Stull, William Edwards, Dem.; William Blanchard, S. Crissey, Proh.; P. L. Persons, P. W. Deitz, D. Hewitt.

Coral, Ill.—N. C. Gardiner, B. W. Butts, George Jackson, Z. E. Goodrich, Henry Ocock, B. W. Truesdell, C. Hastings, John Marshall, Walter Warner.

Equality, Ill.—John Millspaugh, E. Holman, John C. Yost, Alfred Rose, R. M. Duncan.

Girard, Kan.—L. J. Colton, A. G. Little, J. M. Brown, Hiram Tickner, Henry S. Whitney, Chas. B. Pease, Simon Diehl, T. G. York, Seth Smith, W. S. Pulford, James Brown, Hiram Gove, Joseph Messich, George Mills, R. B. Myers, Asberry Ellison, James B. Murdock, James H. Worley, George Painter, William Chapen, I. S. Hartley, Calvin Crocker, Zadok. S. Bennett.

Seymour, Ind.—N. C. Durland, George Williams, Conrad Ackert, George H. Murphy, Thomas Cross, William Oliver, John T. Swift, Andred Pfaffanberger, David C. Harris, William Stradley, Samuel T. Clark, David Ayars.

Brownstown, Ind.—R. M. J. Cox, Walter Benton, William D. Benton, William Lady, James C. Richards, Harrison Smith, John D. Clark, John Radish.

Carter County, Tenn.—James I. R. Boyd, John H. Smith, Abraham Hart, Solomon Hart, John L. Bowers, Henry C. Pierce, David B. Bowers, Lewis D. Lewis, Mark Nave, George Pierce, Thomas Heatherly, Enoch Luntsford, M. Y. Morton, D. N. Morton, Jacob Simerley, James Grant, A. L. Williams, Teter Nave, Solomon Carriger, Alfred Johnson, G. W. Heaton, John W. Treadway, J. M. Barnes, John L. Murray, Shederick Estep, Luna Blevens, M. D. L. Boren, John Q. Williams, James Range, J. G. Fellers, James Holly, P. M. Williams, John W. Hyder, J. D. Price, Wm. G. Burrow, N. T. Simerley, Larkin Whitehead, A. B. Miller, Mark Miller, John W. Lacy, Solomon Stover, J. H. Keen, John Jones, Wm. Starns, John A. Shell, Joseph Perkins, Stephen Houston, Jackson Barnes, Solomon Smalling, Harden Hurley, James Julian, John Boice, A. C. Peters, James Culbert, Jacob A Smith, Daniel Bowers, B. M. G. O'Brien, J. J. Angel, Joshua Williams, sr., Michael Grindstaff, William Boyd, R. C. Buckels, Stephen Lewis, James H. Martin, Benjamin Cole, H. E. Stout, G. W. Vanhuss, Daniel Potter, H. L. Gibbs, Johnson Potter, P. C. Dial, C. N. Campbell, David Fair, G. W. Stout, John Potter, sr., Maldon Lite, George Shuffield, John Laws, John Potter, jr., John Grindstaff, sr., R. J. Allen, Wm. Buckels, John R. Carriger, William Cass, A. L. Goodwin, G. B. Daniel, D. C. Head, B. F. Treadway, Joshua Williams, jr., Joel Beck, Isham Doby, Drury Shaw, Nelson Lipps, David Dugar, John Shell, Wm. Winters, Spence Barnet, Robert Hill, Charles Hughes, Beeridge Harris, Ned Hazlewood, Duke Smalling, Nathan Delosch, Logan Teaque, Riley Perkins, Gordon Oaks, Elisha Collins.

Sandwich, Ills.—Henry Sherrell, Julius Bushnell, G. Kendall, L. Mabbott, N. G. Mighell, John A. Newell, James Shepherd, O. E. Judson, D. B. Jewell, Joseph Erwin, J. S. Seeley, Charles Avery, Wm. Strossman, Isac Hibbard, E. D. Wilcox, W. Landers, L. M. Rand, W. Pearce, Edwin Lewis, D. M. Smith, H. G. Wilcox, W. G. Harl, John Moore, sr., Daniel Platt, Robert McMurtrie, D. M. Marsh, Jos. Failing, I. F. Reed, L. Walker, D. Carpenter, Wm. Forbes, Matthew Budd, Lyman Lane, L. C. Gorton, G. Stebbins, Cyrus Baker, Morris Gray, Jacob Budd, Thomas Finnie, M. Paterson, Wm. Grimwood, Luman Woodruff, S. D. Thumiston, D. C. Shepherd, J. Lincoln, Alex. Small, C. L. Murdock, J. B. Whipple, A. Vandressen, J. M. Metcalf, F. Havenhill, J. L. Lyon, B. P. Gillam, S. J. Minkins.

Johnsonburg, N. Y.—Arnold Sharp, A. G. Blair, Jos. Head, Benj. Jones, Henry Dixon, E. J. Richards, J. L. Lewis, Marcus Dodge, W. Babcock, A. D. Keeney, Moses Lewis, Jonathan Lewis.

Kewanee, Ills.—R. P. Parrish, E. V. Bronson, J. A. Talcott, Geo. Harris, Dan. Parker, Chas. Trowbridge, David Jarman, Sullivan Howard, Horatio Benton, J. D. Rockwell, Jas. Tibbetts, J. Wesley Oliver, John Wentworth, Sullivan R. Francis, Elisha Wolcott, G. F. Lowe, Nathaniel Gates, J. Hendricks, Thos. Morris, S. A. Dickey, John Lyle, S. W. Warner, C. F. Ingles, Henry Shanahan, Daniel Morton, Barnard Barton, Geo. Harris, Wm. Ours, Samuel Carson, Miles Dustin, Jos. Wright, John Henry, R. S. Thompson, W. C. Jewell, C. J. T. Little, George D. Elliott, S. W. Baker, Thos. S. Elliott, Charles Priestman, James Wiley, John J. Boyd, Clinton Fuller, Lyman Dana, C. H. S. Powers, Charles Kent, J. S. Hadsall, J. Bennison, Geo. G. Dana, Henry Oyer, Jacob Messmore, O. W. Brown, David Watson, James Miller, William Corwin, J. Patrick, H. E. Carson, Capt. Miller.

Westphalia, Ind.—Samuel Wynkoop, Elizor Updike, Christerfer Stott.

San Jacinto, Ind.—James Miles.

Nebraska and Zenas, Ind.—J. A. Grinstead, Hugh Daugherty, Henry Blindhamer, Julius Underwood, William Galloway, Randolph Daughters, William Tucker, Hiram D. Green, Peter G. Taylor, David Lain.

Vernon, Ind.—J. Basnett, Samuel Kidd, Silas Jordan, M. Cotton, Henry Wagner, J. A. Wells, Mr. Goff, Jacob Clinton, R. W. Weatherinton, P. D. Baughn, sr., Moses M. Thicksten, R. D. McCammon, James Gilchrist, H. H. Carter.

Butler's Switch, Ind.—C. West, Major James Williams, J. Spaulding.

Six Mile, Ind.—Allen C. Taylor, Benjamin Downs, William Carr.

Salisbury, Penn.—Kennedy Diem, John Lawrence, Thos. A. McNeil, B. F. Weaver, sr., Geo. Seldenridge, sr., John Patton, sr., George Swearthaeffer, Andrew Lankhuff, John Kurtz, James Roseboro, sr., Daniel Lee, Michael Reser, Davis Clemson, Isaac Glanner, John Glanner, John Sports, John L. Emery.

Ledger, Penn.—Chan. Umble, John Umble, Jacob R. Husbey.

Pequea, Penn.—A. J. Montgomery, James McNally.

Cambride, Penn.—A. D. Gault, John Miller, Levi Myers, Philip Worts, John Wright, Isaac Reed, Jacob Weaver, Alex. Story.

Caina, Penn.—W. S. Kennedy, John Rishel, Jacob Wanner, sr., William White.

Lapps, Penn.—Jacob Wanner, jr., Henry Rhoads, James Irvin.

Gap, Penn.—Joshua Brinton, Joseph Brinton, Charles McGallacher, Isaac Good, J. W. Thorne, William Kenedy, Rev. Dr. P. J. Timlow, Henry High, George McKim, E. J. Leckler.

Masts, Penn.—Jacob Mast, Robert McGowen, George Cashweiler, John M. Dickinson.

Gap, Penn.—Jos. Frantz, Henry Dickinson, Abram Kurtz, John Shimp, Samuel Ammon, John Lindecamp.

Buyerstown, Penn.—James Buyers, Christian Stauffer.

Shawneetown, Ill.—James H. Hart, M. Bartley, James Docker, Noah Welch, Samuel Smyth, J. W. Baker, Peter McMurchy, Asa Webb.

Fairburg, Neb.—Thomas Shearon, William Parnell, James Lattimore, S. N. Lindley, Benj. E. Purdy, Levi Cross, Daniel Garry, M. Baldwin, J. E. Jessup, Asa Cole, Jacob Zantz, Thomas Little, John James, John May, E. D. Gage, George C. Nance, A. Stacy, Henry Ward, John Crawford, James Loyd, James Wright.

Deanesville, N. Y.—Isaac Miller, Hooker Hubbard, Alonzo Miller, Marshall Barker, Alden Armstrong, Stephen Wells, Alonzo Backer, James Kenney, Sylvester Whitney, Hiram Goff, William Northrup, J. Heart Burr.

Brewersville, Ind.—Isaac Stearns, W. T. Davis, Thomas Baird, John Morgan.

Sherwood, Ind.—Isaac Pool, Wm. Short.

Queensville, Ind.—J. B. Curtis, Michael Monroe, E. M. Thompson, Joseph Parkhill, James Wilds, sr.

Scipio, Ind.—J. R. Martin, Col. K. Brown, Simon Wimple, James Howe, Obed Amick, Wm. Campbell.

Commiskey, Ind.—Isiah Mellis, Alexander Arbuckle.

Lovett, Ind.—Enoch W. James, Edward Marsh, Wm. Thomas, John Deal.

Marion township, Ind.—Elder W. B. Lewis, Daniel McClellan, Fielden Lett, Isaac Taulman, William Deputy, esq., Gabriel Scott, Robert Donnell, John Donnell, sr., Enos Tobias, Daniel Lewis, Ellias Tobias, James H. Rogers.

Paris, Ind.—Philip Jones, Whitfield Lett, Wm. Deputy, Solomon Deputy, John Tobias.

Butlerville, Ind.—Barney C. Barnum, Charles Murphy, Elon Hole, Edward Hutton, Jefferson Stevens, Porter Town, George Stock, Nathan Engle, Edward Hambleton, Jesse Vawter, Thompson Jeffries, Charles Rice, Wm. Pool, Henry Mix.

Sauford, Ky.—William Staggs, Benj. Mills, Dr. Wm. Bell, Geo. Hammer, Aaron Gardner, Harrison Gardner.

Tallapia, Ind.—A. J. Miller, Walter Hassell, H. Boos, Samuel Brewer, David Copeland, John Sutton, T. M. Thompson.

Corydon, Ind.—Dr. A. E. L. Smith, Wm. D. Sharp, George Rumley, Henry Faith, George Faith, Henry Funk, Peter Lamb, Morris Enlon, Irvin Applegate.

North Union—Col. H. Tripp, A. P. Johnson, James S. Seburn, Daniel Brown, E. P. Hicks, William H. White, T. C. Jones, Wm. Berkshire, Henry Leatherman, Samuel Wilder, Joseph Pickett, W. D. Evans, William Flint, Israel Owen, Wilton Kellar, John W. Cochran.

HINTS ABOUT HORSES.

It costs more to keep a poor horse than it does to keep a good one.

Change the feed for your horses often enough to make them relish it.

Improper feeding is the cause of nine out of ten cases of sickness among horses.

Every time you worry your horses you shorten their lives and days of usefulness.

Sweat and dust cause the horse's shoulders to gall. So do poor, ill-fitting collars.

Mares in foal should have exercise and moderate work, and under no circumstances should they be subjected to harsh treatment, nor should they ever be allowed to go where they would be in danger of being frightened.

The horse which can plough an acre while another horse is ploughing half an acre, or that which can carry a load of passengers 10 miles while another is going five, independent of all considerations of amusement, taste, or what is called fancy, is absolutely worth twice as much to the owner as the other.

THE NOVEMBER SKY.

POSITIONS OF THE VARIOUS STARS.

What the Moon Will Do During the Month—Interesting Celestial Events—Venus Will Hold the Post of Honor—Simple Astronomy.

The sun during November will pass through about 7° of its southerly course. From the beginning of the month until about the 20th it will be in the constellation of the Balance, at which time it will cross over into the Scorpion, where it will remain during the remainder of the month.

The daylight period will be ten hours and thirty-five minutes long at the beginning of the month, and nine hours and forty-four minutes when the month ends. Within the month the duration of the daylight period will be shortened to the extent of fifty-one minutes.

The Novembar moon will be new on the 3d and full on the 18th. On the 1st the moon will be in conjunction with Uranus and on the 3d with Mercury. During this time, however, it will be on the west side of the sun, setting a few minutes before that luminary, consequently neither Luna nor the planets named will be visible when these incidents take place. On the 5th, two days after it passes to the east of the sun, the moon will make a close approach to both Jupiter and Venus. At that time Jupiter will be farther to the westward than Venus, the queen of planets passing to the east of the giant planetary member of the system five days earlier than this. When at its nearest point to Jupiter both moon and planet will be in the same right ascension. That is to say, a line drawn directly north and south across the firmament from either body would touch the other. The moon, though, at that moment will be 3° north of the planet. Six hours later the moon will arrive at its nearest point to Venus, both bodies being then in the same right ascension, the moon being 4½° to the northward.

The conjunctions between the moon and Jupiter and Venus will be the most interesting events of that class which will take place during November. On the 7th the moon will visit Mars, on the 18th Neptune, on the 24th Saturn, and on the 29th it will come again to Uranus. Neptune, however, can be seen only through the telescope, while Uranus is now too near the sun to be visible. At its closest approach the moon will be 2½° north of Mars and about 2° north of Saturn.

Venus will hold the post of honor in the planetary procession from this time onward to the end of the year. It will be a conspicuous object in the southwest, a few degrees south of the sunset point, after the sun goes down. Venus can not possibly be mistaken for any other orb. Always when it is at sufficient distance east of the sun to be clearly visible in the evening, it is the first star to come into view after the sun goes down. It can now be seen several minutes earlier than any other object in the evening sky except the moon, and, save Luna alone, exceeds all the other luminaries of the night in beauty and splendor. Venus, at the beginning of the month, sets about an hour and a half later than the sun, and nearly two hours later than the sun when the month closes.

Jupiter has vacated its conspicuous position in the firmament in favor of Venus, and hereafter, for several months, it will not be a prominent object in the evening sky. It is steadily approaching the sun, and the period of its visibility is rapidly lessening. At the beginning of November it will remain above the horizon about an hour and a half later than the sun. Four weeks hence, however, it will be so near the great central orb of the system that its light will be lost in the splendor of the solar rays.

To star-gazers one of the most interesting astronomical incidents of the month of October was the steady and rapid approach of Venus and Jupiter, Venus being to the westward. Although the "giant planet" has been moving to the eastward, its pace is slow compared to that of the "planetary queen." The latter, therefore, overtakes her big brother on the 1st day of November, and leaves him to the westward on her march along the celestial highway. When at their nearest Venus will be only about 1¾° from Jupiter, the latter being to the northward. Venus and Jupiter will be in the Scorpion throughout the month.

The only other planet visible in the early evening hours throughout November is Mars. The "planet of war" is east of both Venus and Jupiter. Like its two companions it is moving easterly. Its pace is not so fleet as that of Venus, but the distance separating the two at the beginning of November is too great to be entirely overcome by the "queen of planets" during the month. Mars is in the constellation of the Archer, and at sunset will be west of the southerly point at the beginning of the month. When the month ends the planet will be in the southwest at sunset, a few degrees east of Venus. Mars is steadily diminishing in brilliancy, and is not at all conspicuous among the orbs in the part of the firmament in which it is found.

These three luminaries comprise all the planetary members of the sun's family which will be above the horizon at the moment of sunset at the beginning of November. Saturn, however, will come into view before midnight early in the month, and will be visible nearly an hour and a half earlier when the month closes. The "ringed planet" will be in the constellation Leo during November. The bright star which will be seen near Saturn on the southeast is Regulus, the most conspicuous luminary in that star group.

No other planet than the four here mentioned—Venus, Jupiter, Mars and Saturn—will be visible at any time in November before midnight. Neptune rises about two hours after sunset, but it cannot be discerned by the unaided vision. Uranus will be so near the sun that it will not be seen at all during the month, while Mercury, which will be a morning star, can not be seen except possibly in the latter part of the month, about half an hour before sunrise.

The first magnitude stars which were visible in the evening during October will be in view during November. Arcturus will be low in the west; Vega will be in the northwest; Deneb also in the northwest, but south and east of Vega; Antarus low in the southwest; Fomalhaut also low in the southwest, but east of Antares; Altair a little south of west and high above the horizon, and Capella high in the northwest.

All the stars here named were in view during October, and most of them have been above the horizon in the evening for several months past. Three or four first magnitude stars, however, will, in November, greet the vision of observers for the first time since early spring. Above the easterly horizon, an hour or two after sunset, a brilliant star of a deep red color will come into view. This is Aldebaran, the principal star in the constellation of the Bull, one of the signs of the Zodiac. Half an hour later another bright star, which will be farther north than Aldebaran, will come above the horizon, ane a few minutes afterward still another brilliant star will appear at a point a few degrees south of the orb last mentioned. The former star is Bethelguese and the latter is Rigal. These two luminaries form a portion of the constellation of Orion, the most striking and magnificent of all star groups. A few minutes after Rigel rises a brilliant orb will be seen blazing upon the easterly horizon line a few degrees farther north than Rigel. This is Sirius, the famed Dog Star, the most splendid luminary, barring the moon and Venus, which throws its radiance across the evening sky.

PECULIARITIES OF WOMEN.

This is what a few French experts have to say about women:

When women cannot be revenged they do as children do—they cry.—*Cardan.*

Woman is a flower that exhales her perfume only in the shade.—*Lammennais.*

Take the first advice of a woman; under no circumstances the second.—*Proverb.*

Women are too imaginative and too sensitive to have much logic.—*Mme. du Deffand.*

A lady and her maid acting in accord will outwit a dozen devils.—*Old Proverb.*

Women are extremists—they are either better or worse than men.—*La Bruyere.*

There is no torture that a woman would not suffer to enhance her beauty.—*Montaigue.*

Woman is a charming creature who changes her heart as easily as her gloves.—*Balzac.*

Women distrust men too much in general and not enough in particular.—*Commerson.*

Women are constantly the dupes or the victims of their extreme sensitiveness.—*Balzac.*

A woman forgives everything but the fact that you do not covet her.—*A. de Musset.*

O woman! It is thou that causes the tempests that agitate mankind.—*J. J. Rousseau.*

Women love always; when earth slips from them they take refuge in heaven.—*Anon.*

The society of women endangers men's morals and refines their manners.—*Montesquieu.*

"THE GREAT MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF THE WORLD." (*Pacific Churchman.*)

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE IN 1889.

An Exile to Siberia.

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BECAUSE THE CENTURY is above everything a leader. It led the development of wood-engraving in America. It has fostered the development of American authors. It is alive to the issues of to-day. What it prints, sets people to thinking and talking.

BECAUSE whatever other periodicals may come into the family, the great reading world has found out that "no household can keep abreast of the times without THE CENTURY." It has been said, "Its success is explained by its contents."

BECAUSE the greatest writers of the world like to have their work read by the greatest number, and therefore to such a magazine as THE CENTURY the best naturally comes. It was for THE CENTURY that Gen. Grant first wrote his reminiscences of important battles; it was for it that the leaders on both sides in the Civil War have been writing the famous "War Papers."

BECAUSE it is publishing the Life of Abraham Lincoln, by his private secretaries. Of this it has been said, "The young man who is not reading it robs himself of that which he will one day hunger for," and again, "The person who does not read it will be considered unintelligent; it is classic." The coming year presents the most important part of this great history, which may be begun at any time.

A. Lincoln

BECAUSE THE CENTURY is printing those remarkable articles on "Siberia and the Exile System" by George Kennan, which are attracting universal attention and are being reprinted in hundreds of foreign newspapers, but are not allowed to enter Russia. The "Chicago Tribune" says that "no other magazine articles printed in the English language just now touch upon a subject which so vitally interests all thoughtful people in Europe and America and Asia." They are "as judicial as the opinion of a Supreme Court tribunal,—as thrilling as the most sensational drama."

BECAUSE—but we have not space here to announce the new features of THE CENTURY for 1889. Any person, mentioning this paper, can have the prospectus, with our "Catalogue of Special Publications" (with original illustrations), mailed FREE of charge. This advertisement will not appear again.

The subscription price of THE CENTURY is $4.00 a year,—35c. a number. All dealers and postmasters take subscriptions, or you can remit directly to the publishers. Begin with November.

Address, THE CENTURY CO.
33 East 17th St. New-York.

THE HOMES OF THE GOPHERS.

How the Great Southern Tortoise Burrows.

Here and there, but rarely perhaps in one amid a hundred of these mounds, we find the place where the reptile entered the ground. This opening is at once seen to be quite separate in character from the mounds which first attract the eye. It consists of a clearly defined tunnel, the sides commonly somewhat smooth and compacted by the energy with which the body of the creature has been driven through it. The passage inclines steeply downward, descending at the outset at an angle of 20 to 30 degrees, then turning at the depth of two or three feet to a more horizontal position. On the surface, a little beyond this entrance, is a heap of debris, which consists of the sand taken from the passage. A few feet in from the opening the passage appears to be closed by loose material which was not ejected from the mouth of the tunnel. Although I have been unable to catch these tortoises at work, I have succeeded by tolerably safe inferences in tracing their method of operation. When they begin the burrow, they endeavor at once to penetrate downward to the level in which they obtain their food. At the outset they manage, by frequently backing out of the passage and thrusting the earth behind them in their retreat, to clear a considerable opening. When they have advanced a few feet in the excavation, they cease to discharge the material excavated in their advance, but thrust it behind them, and leave it lying in the chamber, which it entirely closes. With this storage room provided, the gophers are able to advance through the earth for the distance of some yards; but as the earth compacted by its own weight, by the pressure exercised through the expansion of roots, and the action of the rain, occupies less space than the same material loosened in the progress of the burrow, they soon become hampered in their movements. They then turn toward the surface and continue the excavation upward until they have attained very nearly to the open air. They then use the great strength which they clearly possess to thrust a quantity of the burrowed material upward until it rises above the surface in the form of a cone, and by the space in the burrow thereby gained they are able to go a few feet further in their tortuous line of advance, when they must again seek to discharge a portion of the earth in the manner just described.—*From "Habits of the Great Southern Tortoise," by Professor N. S. Shaler, in the Popular Science Monthly for November.*

Is Marriage a Failure?

"There was a man here, and he left a note for you," said a Warren avenue man to his wife, who was out when he came home in the evening.

"My goodness!" said the lady, while she untied her bonnet string. "Who is it from?"

"How do I know?" said the husband, rather tartly. "I don't know all your friends."

"You oughtn't talk that way to me, Charles," said the wife, just ready to whimper. "You know I never flirted in my life. What did the man say?"

"Oh, he said nothing, he just left the note for you. It's there on the bureau."

"Charlie—boo boo—I d-didn't think you'd think that way of me—boo boo. I'll go home to-night. Where's the baby, where's my baby, and I'll leave you to your unjust suspicions."

"Why don't you read the note?"

"I don't want to see it."

"You had better read it. It won't help things not to read it."

"Why"—drying her eyes—"its from Aunt Margaret, and stamped and postmarked, too, as though it came by mail, I thought you said a man left it for me."

"So I did, my dear—the postman."

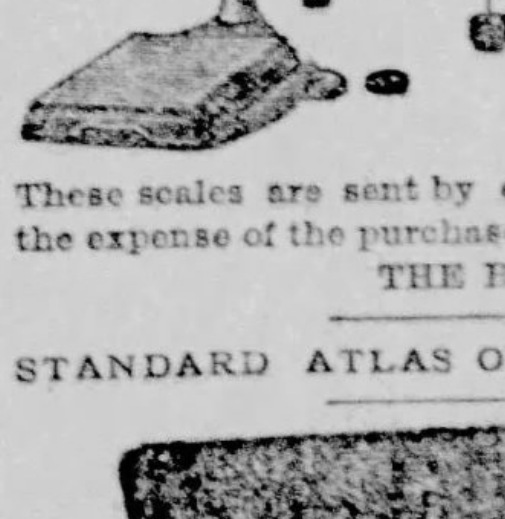
A Professional Habit.

"Don't you know it is rude to put your tongue ou t?" asked a lady of a little boy.

"Perhaps it is," replied the toddler, "but I'm a doctor's little boy, you know."

Publishers' Column.

THE UNION OR FAMILY SCALE.



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These scales are sent by express or freight at the expense of the purchaser. Address
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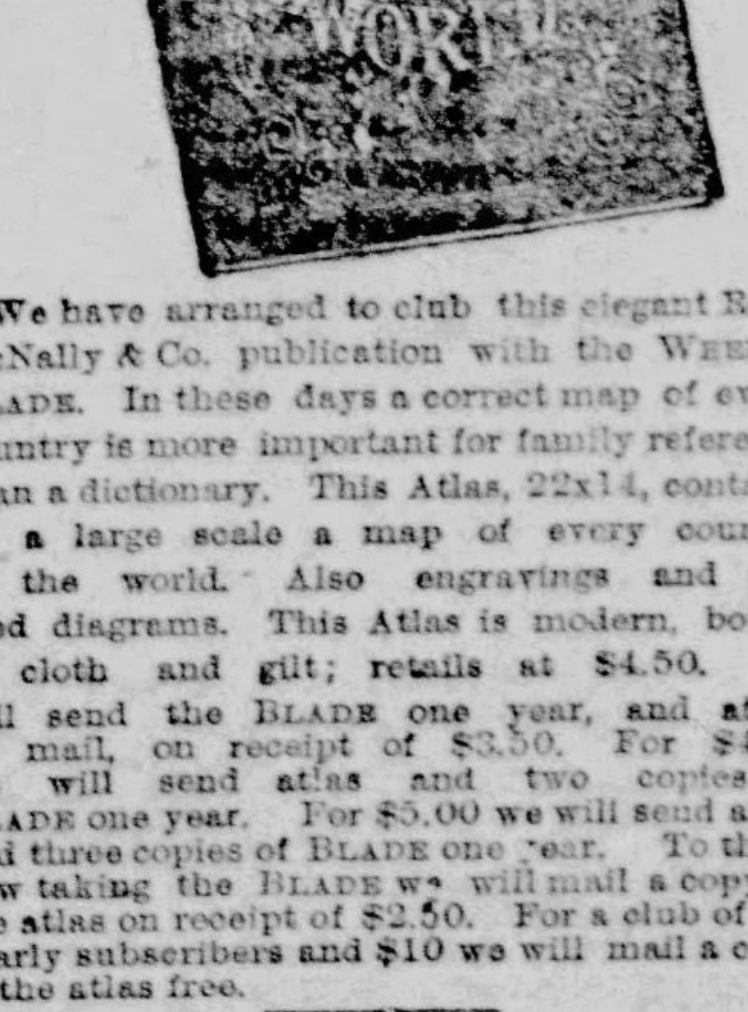
STANDARD ATLAS OF THE WORLD



We have arranged to club this elegant Rand McNally & Co. publication with the WEEKLY BLADE. In these days a correct map of every country is more important for family reference than a dictionary. This Atlas, 22x14, contains on a large scale a map of every country in the world. Also engravings and colored diagrams. This Atlas is modern, bound in cloth and gilt; retails at $4.50. We will send the BLADE one year, and atlas, by mail, on receipt of $3.50. For $4.50 we will send atlas and two copies of BLADE one year. For $5.00 we will send atlas and three copies of BLADE one year. To those now taking the BLADE we will mail a copy of the atlas on receipt of $2.50. For a club of ten yearly subscribers and $10 we will mail a copy of the atlas free.

THE BLADE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

We have published ten different portraits which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their homes cheaply and well, viz:—

MILITARY HEROES—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Logan.

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EMINENT MEN—Robert Lincoln.

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Any one portrait	$ 25
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The entire set of ten	1 40

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CHRIST BEFORE PILATE.

Munckacsy's celebrated painting of "Christ Before Pilate" is one of the grandest paintings of modern times. This painting recently sold for $120,000 cash. Everybody is familiar with its history. Briefly described, it represents the figure of our Savior with his hands bound, erect, composed, gazing steadfastly on the face of Pilate, who sits in judgment on the throne. Around and behind crowd the rabble of Jerusalem, some frantic, others idlers. Also conspicuously appear in the scene Caiaphas the accuser, Roman soldier holding the mob in check, two elders, a rich banker, a young rowdy, a young mother holding child, and others apparently bent on killing time. The BLADE has purchased a large quantity of Photo Etchings of this celebrated painting, printed on heavy plate paper, size 21x28 inches. This photo etching is a fac-simile of the original picture, and a perfect reproduction. It has been always sold for one dollar. We have determined to sell thousands of them very quickly, and therefore offer them postpaid by mail to our readers at 25 cents each. Address the BLADE, Toledo, Ohio. Also "Christ on Calvary," a companion picture, price 25 cents.

FAMILY HOUSEHOLD BIBLE.

We have secured a bargain in a large purchase for cash, of a standard edition of the Bible. It contains the old and new Testaments with marginal references, and the psalms of David in metre. It is printed in large type, and size 8x10 when closed, convenient for every-day reading. The retail price is $3.00. We wil send a copy postpaid by mail for $1.50. Or the Weekly BLADE one year, and a copy of the Bible for $2.40.

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Grass, Best Water, Best Stock Country in the World, in Eastern Cowley Co., Kansas, $10 to $25 per acre. Ranches large or small. Also good farms and farm lands cheap. Address for information, CHAS. C. ALLING, Cambridge, Cowley Co., Kansas.

UNMARRIED Persons send 10c for sample copy of brightest Matrimonial paper published. Hundreds of boys and girls advertise for correspondents in it. YOUTH'S RESCUE, Box 40, Minneapolis, Minn. Mention this paper

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AGENTS WANTED to canvass business men for a new account book. Address H. W. Pamphilon, 30 Bond St., N. Y.

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40 Photos for gents, 10c. Ladies' Shields, 50c. Gents' Protectors 25c. Both, 50c. J. O. Hanson, Chicago, Ill.

TO WEAK MEN suffering from the effects of youthful errors, early decay, lost manhood, etc. I will send a valuable treatise (sealed) containing full particulars for home cure, free of charge. Address,
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For some time the BLADE has been negotiating for a Good Cheap Watch to take the place of the Waterbury, of which we sold 10,000 in two years. We have all along insisted on having a Watch BETTER than the Waterbury, with a SHORT WIND, and modern in every respect. At last we have it. We have contracted with a factory in New York to manufacture for us a Special Lot of Nickel-plated Open-face Watches, which we shall call

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IT IS A

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Dust-proof, Strong, Handsome and Warranted a Perfect Time-keeper. It is a watch that retails at $5.00, and well worth it. On receipt of $4.00 we will send one of these watches by registered mail, and a copy of the WEEKLY BLADE one year. Or we will mail post-paid one of these watches free to any person who will send us a club of Fifteen Yearly Subscribers at one time, with $15.00.

Each watch is adjusted and regulated at the factory, securely packed in a box for carrying safely in the mails, accompanied with printed instructions and a guarantee. If not as represented, or if it fails to keep accurate time, it may be returned to the factory, where it will be properly adjusted without charge. Bear in mind this is not a Waterbury watch, but a better one in every respect.

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BLADE SEWING MACHINE OF 1888

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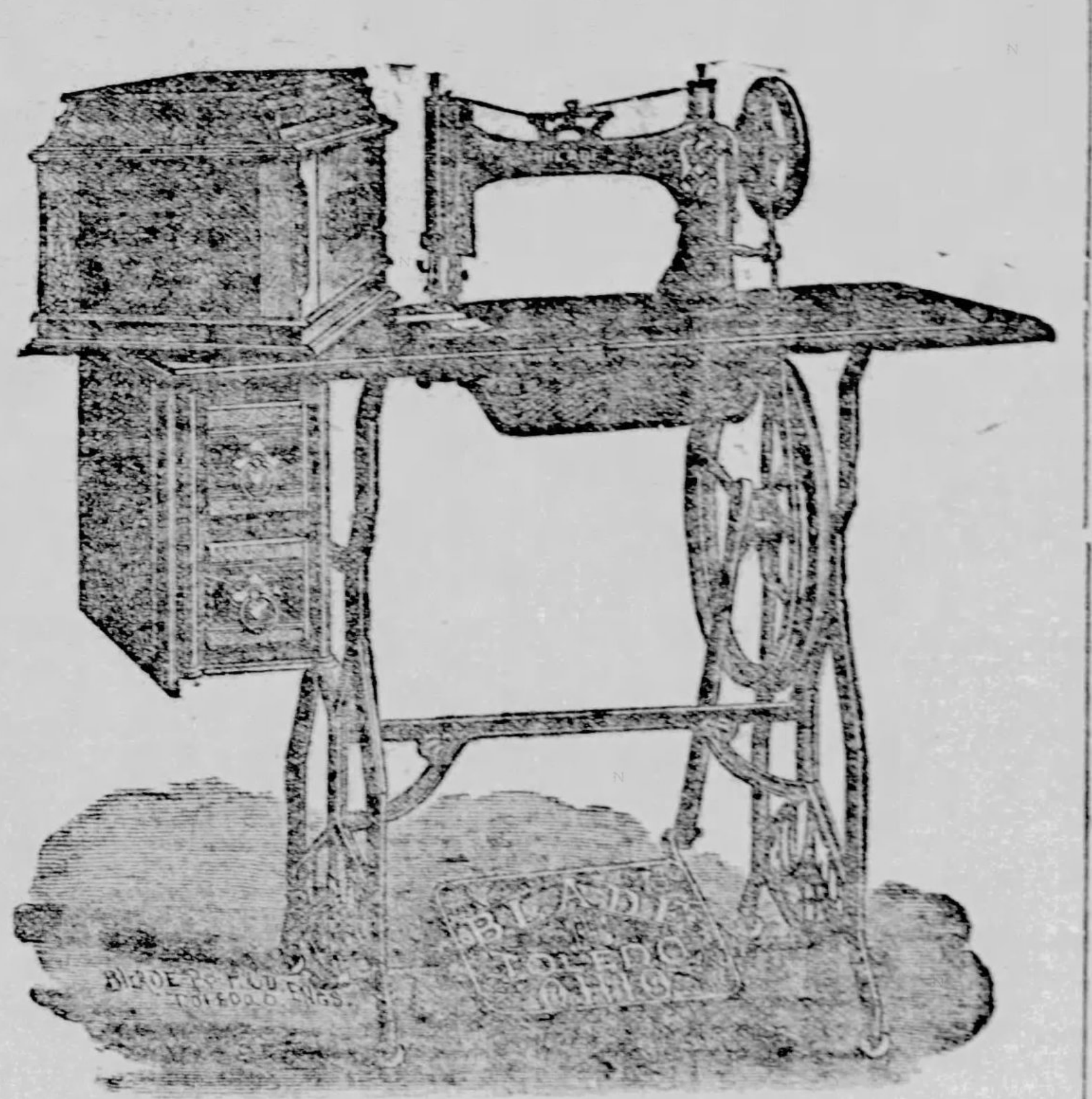

The above is a correct representation of our "Improved Blade Sewing Machine," manufactured by us and sold to the people direct and without the intervention of middlemen.

Over 6,000 "Blade" Machines are now distributed all over this country, but the unanimous verdict of all who received and used our "Improved Blade Machine" is

UNIVERSAL SATISFACTION.

Testimonials received by us from wherever we sent one evidence its continuously

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We know why this is so; because it is the simplest machine on the American market to-day, because it is light running, built as good as the best of them, crosses heavy seams, passes from thin to thick goods better than any other make, and because our

FAST INCREASING ORDERS

from all places where an "Improved Blade Machine" went to demonstrate this to be the fact beyond any doubt. We had to abstain from advertising to be able to fill orders on hand; but now we can ship again daily, as the orders are received.

Our machines are sent to our patrons direct from the factory. There is no agent there to teach its workings, show its advantages over other makes, and to "Sing" its praise incessantly as the "King" and "Star" of all of them.

In many cases it is even looked upon with severe prejudice on account of its low price, because the reason for such is not understood.

We are well aware of all of these disadvantages, but willing to risk it, because we know our machine, and wish that it shall, without any assistance,

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from the very minute it enters a household; our experience tells us that it will come out of this ordeal "victorious", and that it will, after it is used once

NEVER BE REPLACED BY ANY OTHER MAKE

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TESTIMONIALS:

ST. LOUIS, MO., June 11, 1888.

THE "BLADE" COMPANY, Toledo, Ohio:
Gentlemen—I am above all expectations satisfied with the machine. I think it will compare with any machine in the market.
Yours truly, D. B. HIRSCHLER.

RHEA SPRINGS, TENNSY, M. 26, 1888.

THE "BLADE" COMPANY, Toledo, Ohio:
Gentlemen—The two machines were ordered for two of our best lady customers who had determined to buy machines of some other make, never having seen yours. Not the slightest annoyance" has been reported. They give unbounded satisfaction.
Yours truly, J. C. ABERNATHY & SON.

LANSING, KAN., June 12, 1888.

THE "BLADE" COMPANY, Toledo, Ohio:
Gentlemen—The "Blade" Sewing Machine ordered from you has been received. I have delayed writing until it could be fully tested.
Permit me to say that it is all that could be desired. Simple in construction, one learns to operate it, it is light running, and does all kinds of sewing in most satisfactory manner.
It certainly proves to be all that is represented.
Yours respectfully, W. A. CRAWFORD.
Chaplain, Kansas State Penitentiary.

DIXON, CAL., June 22, 1888.

THE "BLADE" COMPANY, Toledo, Ohio:
Gentlemen—After having used your machine a year. I am perfectly satisfied with it. It as proven satisfactory in every respect, and is, I think, just as good as any high-priced machine h ave ever seen.
Yours truly, MRS. H. ALLEN.

STONY RIDGE, Ohio, May 29, 1888.

THE "BLADE" COMPANY, Toledo Ohio:
Gentlemen—Being in want of a Sewing Machine for use in my family, I, by the advice of a friend, resolved to try a "Blade". For me to resolve, is to do, so the first time I happened to be in your city, I called at your establishment, left my order and paid my money.
A few days after, a Domestic Machine Agent called at my place, and desired to leave one for trial, but when I stated that I had already ordered a "Blade" he expressed his regret and, manifested a good deal of sympathy for me, stating that the "Blade" was worthless, if I got one which he seemed to doubt.
Then a number of my neighbors thought I was foolish to pay my money for a useless machine, and that the "Blade" had made an assignment, etc. etc.
Now this set me to thinking, especially as my machine did not arrive as I expected; so, being in Toledo again, I determined to satisfy myself about it, and sought out your factory, where the machines were supposed to be made. Having stated my business, I was courteously invited to witness the process of manufacture and the operation of the machines. Saw one of yours tried and tested with one of another make. Sat down and operated it myself and satisfied myself that I had not been deceived, and came away feeling much better, as I had the promise that on the following Saturday, a machine would be shipped to me.
Well, we have had it more than a week, have tried it thoroughly subjecting it to every test we could think of, and we are well pleased and satisfied.
Some parties who condemn the machine without seeing it, and whose opposition to it doubtless arose principally from the fact that it was gotten up by the "Blade" Company, confess their astonishment and admiration when seeing its operation, and beholding its beauty.
And you may expect a number of orders from this vicinity, as I shall continue to sound its praise, and exhibit its perfomance all I can.
Respectfully, G. W. WAGONER.

DECATUR, ILL., June 27, 1888.

THE "BLADE" COMPANY, Toledo, Ohio:
Gentlemen—I am in every way satisfied with the Blade Sewing Machine, it being exactly as represented.
Yours truly, MRS. W. L. B. HALL.

GARFIELD, WASH. TER., June 12, 1888.

THE "BLADE" COMPANY, Toledo, Ohio:
Gentlemen—Received the machine all right, and I am more than pleased with it. Hope it may find its way to many families. I will do all I can in this part for that purpose.
Yours truly, C. J. MORRISON.

ST. LOUIS, MO., May 30, 1888.

THE "BLADE" COMPANY, Toledo, Ohio:
Gentlemen—The Sewing Machine to hand all O. K. Is just what I expected from the "Blade" Company—equal to the best.
Yours truly, K. STEPHENSON.

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The following articles are furnished FREE with each BLADE SEWING MACHINE: One dozen assorted needles, six bobbins, one gauge, one gauge screw, one quilter, one oil can, filled with oil, one foot hemmer, which is also a feller, two screw drivers, one for the machine and one for the shuttle, one thread cutter, one instruction book, very explicit and well illustrated, by which any one that can read may readily learn to operate the BLADE MACHINE without any other instruction; one velvet lined box containing the following extra attachments—one tuck marker, one ruffler, four sizes plate hemmers and one binder, and now each machine is accompanied with a regular warranty from the BLADE COMPANY for THREE YEARS.

The Blade Sewing Machine, warranted and the Weekly Blade, one year,
FOR
ONLY $18.00.

Machines will be shipped by freight or express, as directed in the order. We advise shipping by freight, [illegible]

PARTICULAR NOTICE TO OUR PATRONS WHO HAVE THE OLD STYLE BLADE MACHINES.—[illegible]

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"We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for all the Monthly and Semi-Annual Drawings of The Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person manage and control the Drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness, and in good faith toward all parties, and we authorize the Company to use this certificate, with fac-similes of our signatures attached, in its advertisements."

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Commissioners.

We, the undersigned Banks and Bankers will pay all Prizes drawn in the Louisiana State Lotteries which may be presented at our counters.

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PIERRE LANAUX, Pres. State Nat'l Bank.
A. BALDWIN, Pres. New Orleans Nat'l Bank.
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The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON - - - - EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

"THE BOYS' ROOM."

EMILY S. BOUTON.

"Anything will do for such boisterous, tearing boys" said a mother in my hearing one day. I readily understood that she thought "anything" would do, later on, when I looked into the room devoted to these "boys", for a more cheerless looking apartment I never saw. The rest of the house was bright and pleasant, with comfortable belongings. Pretty little things that go so far towards making a home look attractive, and as if there was some thought put into it, were found every where else save in this one place. There the walls were bare and dingy; the carpet was faded and ragged; an old washstand that looked as if it had been through the wars and come out bruised and battered, like many old soldiers, was doing service now; a bureau, also the worse for wear, stood with uncovered top, devoid of pin-cushion, or any of the toilet appurtenances that set that article of furniture off and make it a thing of beauty as well as a convenience; the bed—well, it had one virtue, that of cleanliness, as had the whole room, and that is the best that could be said of it.

Of course those boys banged—that is the only word which will express it—whenever they went into this cell. Why should they be careful? Boys, full of animal spirits, are apt to behave a good deal like colts in a pasture, unless there is some restraining influence, gentle and beneficent, that will tone them down without their being conscious of the operation. I say not "conscious" because these incipient citizens do not like to have their freedom curtailed, any better than those of older growth. There was nothing to hold them except positive commands, which, as might be expected, were not always, or even usually, obeyed.

The refining and restraining influences of beauty, of harmonious surroundings, is now well understood by those who have given the subject thought. I remember reading the story of a youth, upon the eve of committing a crime, who was saved by the suddenly recurring memory of a beautiful picture in his room at home, which his mother had, with loving thought, placed just where his eyes would rest upon it the first thing when he awakened in the morning. Doubtless he had been utterly unconscious that it had ever possessed any significance to him. His eyes, grown accustomed to the sight, had rested upon it, time after time, with no thought of its meaning, and yet, in this moment of supreme temptation, when he was about to blacken his whole life by a weak yielding, it suddenly flashed with a saving power upon his consciousness, because it opened the way for a flood of tender memories of home and mother.

Have you never heard how flowers will soothe pain and soften anger? He was a true philosopher who, when irritated, would go into his garden and touch the fragrant blossoms, admire their loveliness and inhale their perfume, turning away calmed and comforted. Something of the all-pervading power of Good spoke to him, through them, bringing tranquility by their humanly unuttered but potent "Peace, be still" to passion. And it is so in greater or less measure with all things which are beautiful. Their presence, voiceless though it be, is yet eloquent of the higher life, and teaches its lessons no less certainly, because silently.

Then, did you ever think of this, you mothers who believe that that bare, cheerless room is good enough for your boys,—so long as they are boys,—did you ever realize how their minds are working upon the problem of the amount of love which could prompt the giving to them of the worst the house affords, because,—for it amounts to that,—they cannot help themselves? Not consciously always, but they know intuitively if not by observation, that love seeks to bless and make happy, and they cannot understand how the giving to them of the ugliest and least comfortable place in the house, corresponds with tender affection. They may not appear to think of the matter—these rude, rollicking boys,—but rest assured the thought *is* there, ready to bud and blossom into indifference to home and home ties by and by.

Boys *do* seem like little heathen, often, and they have a touch of the savage in their natures, but that is all the more reason why every refining influence should be brought to bear upon them from their earliest days, and later, as they grow to manhood, the effect will be visible. No matter if they do not seem to notice the pretty little effects that you have given time and labor to secure in their room; they are like bread cast upon the waters to return after many days. Of course you do not want to put these expensive bric-a-brac, filmy lace and delicate upholstering, but it can be made pretty and attractive without these things, and in a way that will appeal to a boy's taste. Nor does it matter if they are unobservant and take what you do as a thing of course. Children generally do that where their parents are concerned, until they grow to a maturity of thought that makes them see how true and unselfish is the mother love.

Go right on and do all that you can to make your boys think their home a pleasant place to be in, and their own especial nook equally attractive with all the rest. Do not mind if they want some decorations that do not quite accord with your idea of harmony in surroundings. Let them have freedom in this respect, unless you can make the incongruity manifest without arousing a spirit of opposition. I speak of this because a mother some times lets the housekeeper's sense of the fitness of things blind her to the necessity of indulging a boy's taste if it be a harmless one.

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATIONS.

HOLIDAY FANCY WORK.

A pretty scent sachet is made in the form of a French *bon bon* cracker. The place, which in the original holds the bon bon, is filled with scented cotton, which is made into a roll two inches long and one inch through. A piece of satin six inches long and wide enough to wrap around the roll, is fringed at the ends for half an inch and sewed into a bag. Put the cotton in the center and tie each end with mauve ribbon, leaving a loop to hang up by. Finish with a delicate sprig of flowers painted in the center.

A shawl bag is made by taking a piece of any desired material, 19 by 28 inches. Hem the ends one and one half inches deep, and sew to circular end pieces long enough to allow the hems to lap. Fasten together with three buttons or fancy clasps, one in the center and one on each side four inches from the center one. Make two handles twelve inches long and one wide; make them of double cloth, and stitch several times. Put one on each side just back of the hem, placing the ends one and one half inches from the center button, each way. This case has much the appearance of a music roll, and can be decorated if desired.

A very pretty blotter is made by cutting four pieces of blotting paper in the form of a palette. Cut also in the same form a piece of delicately tinted bristol board; paint a spray of flowers upon it, or an etching of a pig escaping from a pen, with the line, "excuse haste and a bad pen." Some prefer mottoes such as "not a day without a line." Extracts from the pen of —(here follows a name or monogram). Tie the card and blotter together with a pretty ribbon.

Every one knows how handy a broom is in the front hall in the winter, still it isn't ornamental, but can be made so, by covering the broom for a third of the way down with bright velvet, edged with a fancy cord. Where the case joins the handle (which can be gilded and afterward varnished) place a large bow of ribbon. At the top of the handle place another bow, and fasten it with a gilt-headed tack. MONTANA MAY.

HOW TO DO STAMPING.—I have been waiting to see if some one else would not tell Abbie how to stamp. I paid $3 for my information, but think I was imposed upon, and will tell Abbie all I know about it and welcome, if the editor does not think it too lengthy.

You should always use the parchment paper patterns. Get the white zinc in tubes from the paint stores, and thin with boiled linseed oil; the oil is put up in bottles and sold where they keep artists' materials; you can sometimes get a good quality at the drug store. Select that which is of a light color and clear. Add enough of this to the zinc to make it the consistency of rich cream, and it is ready for use.

Cover your table with a sheet, folded several times, and the goods you wish to stamp right side up over it; being careful to smooth all the wrinkles out. Lay the pattern on and put some heavy weight on to keep it in place. Spread the zinc with a smooth flexible table knife, being careful to spread over all the lines. You can lift one corner and see if all the lines are marked. You can stamp one piece after another by using a very little more paint.

Immediately after using wash your pattern. Place some old cloth under it and pour gasoline over it, wipe with a soft cloth, hold between yourself and the light and see that all the perforations are clear. It is best not to wipe the rough side of the pattern, but press the cloth to it and remove, as the wiping wears out the pattern. Try something you are not so particular about at first, and with a little practice you will find it very easy to stamp anything. If I have not made it plain, will try to answer all questions.—JENNIE.

KNITTING AND CROCHETING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; cl ch st, close chain stitch; d ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c, short crochet.

INSERTION.—Cast on 19 stitches and purl across; 1st row—sl 1—p 1—n—k 2—t t o—n—t t o—k 3—t t o—n—t t o—k 2—n—p—1—k; 2d and every alternate row, purl across; 3d row—sl 1—p 1—n—k 1—t t o—n—t t o—k 5—t t o—n—t t o—k 1—n—p 1—k 1; 5th row—sl 1—p 1—n—t t o—n—t t o—k 1—t t o—n—t t o—n—p 1—k 1; 7th row—sl 1—n—t t o—n—t t o—k 9—t t o—n—t t o—n—k 1; 9th row—sl 1—k 1—t t o—n—t t o—k 3—s and b—p 1—n—k 3—t t o—n—t t o—k 2; 11th row—sl 1—k 2—t t o—n—t t o—k 2—s and b—p 1—n—k 2—t t o—n—t t o—k 3; 13th row—sl 1—k 3—t t o—n—t t o—k 1—s and b—p 1—n—k 1—t t o—n—t t o—k 4; 15th row—sl 1—k 4—t t o—n—t t o—s and b—p 1—n—t t o—n—t t o—k 5; 17th row—sl 1—k 5—t t o—n—t t o—sl 1—n—pass sl over—t t o—n—t t o—k 6; 18th row—purl across. Repeat.—ELLA.

COLLAR FOR DOLL'S SET.—Make ch of 42, turn and make 1 t in each of first 5 foundation chains—ch 4 and repeat from 1 t across row. 2d row—Turn work, *, 6 ts, ch 4, repeat from * across. 3d row—Turn work, 7 ts, ch 2 and fasten down by single crochet in center of previous ch of 4, then 2 ch and repeat as from 7 ts across. 4th row—Turn, 8 ts, ch 4, repeat across. 5th row—Turn, 9 ts, ch 4 across. 6th row—Turn, 11 ts on this row (as it is the bottom and needs to be a little fuller) ch 2 and fasten by single crochet to center of previous row of 4 ch, 2 ch and repeat to end. Break wool and fasten work on neck row of chain holes, and to this add small row of scallops. Run ribbon through open spaces of cape and round the neck. In working always take that part of ch loop that comes next after turning. The collar is widened as you make each row by increasing each st in the middle st of previous row.—MRS. H.

HOOD FOR DOLL'S SET.—Chain 32 and join, then work 1 treble in each ch until the 15 ch st is reached; here work 2 t in 1 ch; repeat thus for 6 more ch sts; this is for the necessary fullness at top, as there is no crown piece, the hood being in one piece; rest of foundation ch worked with 1 t in each ch as you began; at the end raise 1 st—this is to keep edge of hood even round neck; turn work at end of each row, and each row is simply a row of trebles worked in space of previous row of trebles; repeat 7 rows of trebles; now work a row of little scallops to form curtain at neck, and continue round face. Make 7 trebles to a scallop. When finished, shape with fingers and catch down with needle and wool. Also join the foundation ch, with which you began, together by sewing; this gives you a seam down the back of hood. Trim inside round the face with lace; add bow strings of pink ribbon. Daughters of the HOUSEHOLD, aren't you glad I came in and sat down?—MRS. W.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM THE SAN JACINTO (CAL.) VALLEY.—No more fitting monument to the memory of Helen Hunt Jackson could be thought of than the one in contemplation: The founding of schools for the uplifting of the race which had so strong hold upon her interest and affection—the American Indian.

Her thrilling story, "Ramona," has taken a high place in our literature; her descriptions of California life and scenery are perfect. Lovers of the book delight to visit the San Jacinto region where the scene is laid. Near the Seboba (pronounced Savova) Indian village is the canon where the Temeculas pursued the Sebobas and massacred them. This land was secured to the tribe through the efforts of Mrs. Fowler, friend of Mrs. Jackson. They are very superstitious. They will not go to Torquish because an Indian princess was stolen by a man of that name and taken to a cave in the mountain. They are afraid of strange rumbling and thunder. The strange rumbling heard all through Strawberry Valley at times is caused, they say, by Torquish shutting the cave door where his captive tries to escape. An Indian 125 years old was persuaded to have his picture taken. He died the next week, and not one of the tribe is willing to go near the gallery. They grind acorns between stones to make flour for bread.

When a mother dies the father is not required to support the children; the maternal relatives must do that.

They bury their dead in standing positions. Not a tear is shed until the first shovel of earth is thrown in; then all howl most dismally. Where a wife dies the husband does not go to the grave; he attends the horses while the others attend the burial.

Sam Temple, a prominent figure in "Ramona," is a teamster at San Jacinto. He is well described by the author. He shot Allessandro, the hero, and since the book was written shot another man, while intoxicated. The iconclast is ubiquitous; one needs to have a firm grip on heroes to hold them. We have been robbed of George Washington's hatchet story, Casabianca, Wm Tell, Pocahontas and other worthies. We cannot expect Allessandro, Helen Hunt Jackson's noble Indian, to escape the destroyer's touch. His real name was Juan Diego; his nephew still lives with the tribe who affirm that Allessandro was the meanest Indian who ever lived; that he was not crazy when he stole Sam Temple's horse, and that his tribe were glad when he was dead.

A visit to the Seboba school convinced one at least that the Indian is capable of culture; that education of the Indian, not extermination, is required at the hands of the white man. There are fourteen boys and eleven girls enrolled in the Seboba school at this time. I can give a better idea of their progress by presenting two letters written by pupils themselves, than in any other way, merely adding that they learn to write more readily than to read. I am confident that many a High school teacher in Ohio would be delighted, while plodding through examination papers, to find such neat, legible and really beautiful penmanship as these letters exhibit.

The first, from Felesita Apapas to a schoolmate, Carmelita Pajarita, I give the spelling and puntuation as I find them.

"I will write you a little note telling you all about my studies in our school we don't read aloud and the teacner wants us to read aloud but I will try to read aloud again There are 14 boys and 9 girls to-day The teacher whip three boys not very hard because they were very noisy and some were fighting and some were playing I studies Arithmetic in the morning and in the afternoon we read in the Third Reader and yesterday we read in the Second Reader and I want you to come to school very much I wrote to and you said that you were working but I don't know what kind of work here was one man to see us yesterday. I don't know his name. He was going I don't know where I think he was coming from San Bernardino. This all I can write to you to-day. Your loving friend, etc."

This from one of the boys to a former teacher:

MY DEAR KIND FRIEND:—I thought of writing you this afternoon and tell you something about our school superintendent. He came up to Leboba and made us all a visit in school. He felt very happy to see so many scholars in school and said that we were learning very nicely indeed, and this morning he went up to Cahuilla Valley school. I am glad that you wrote me a letter with Miss ——'s letter or else I would not have gotten it, because I have been away for a long time. I came just three days ago. I have been sheep shearing; I used to shear 50 or 55 sheep a day; and one man, whose name is Trofelo Grullo, is a good shearer, he shears 70 or 75 a day, but all of the rest can shear only 40 or 45 a day.

We have been earning 5½ cents for each sheep. From the time I began shearing this season, I sheared 1353 sheep, earning $74.42. It is hard work, but I think I enjoy it, as many of the boys go together and we have a good deal of fun.

A Mexican man is making me much trouble. He says he is going to drive me out of my land; he says it is his, and that he had bought it. It is in the railroad company's land and he has a right to send me out from here and I can't get out of here, because I have my work very well fixed.

Very well, dear friend, I will be glad to hear from you soon again. With best wishes yours truly, friend ——.

THE PLAIN TRUTH OF THE CASE.—I saw in your last paper a letter on Florida and I beg to differ from the author of it. I have lived in Florida four years. Three months in Jacksonville and the rest of the time in Orange county. Jacksonville is a low, swampy country, right on a dirty, sluggish river, and the water used come from little better than a swamp. I think it is no wonder that they have yellow fever there. As for Orange county, though, it is high and healthy, and there are no more mosquitoes here than I have seen in Missouri. I think likely your correspondent lived in some low place where it was unhealthy and no breezes.

There are such places in Florida, but there are also plenty of healthy places. We don't have near as hot summers as they have up North. I have lived in Illinois, Missouri, Kansas and Arkansas, and I have found the four summers that I have spent in Florida way ahead of any summer I ever saw in those states. We have breezes all summer long and delightfully cool nights. I always have slept with one quilt on, and towards morning one wants two quilts for covering. Gnats have never bothered me any and mosquitoes very little. We do not have any malaria here, nor do we have any ponds. The lakes (of which we have a plenty) are clear with white, sandy bottoms. I have never heard of children dying from being brought down here in summer. Children do well down here and there are plenty of them. My baby has just got through her second summer and has been teething all the time and she hasn't had hardly a day's sickness in her life and has never taken a dose of medicine. It is true that there is dysentery down here, but so there is in the North, and if a person will only care for themselves right there is no use in dying. It costs a little more to live here than it does North, but this is a new country yet. Oranges are selling for 60 and 80 cents per 100, and I can get all the lemons I want the year round for 5 and 10 cents per dozen. Guavas are now selling at 20 cents per peck.

Now, about land and crops. If a person has hummock land they can raise anything on it all right, but if they haven't they must use fertilizers. Oranges are not the most profitable crop, by any means. Pineapples, strawberries, bananas and vegetables have more money in them than oranges. As for raising cattle, if they don't pay it is because they are not managed right. If they are taken care of they will bring in money. Florida will be the leading state in the Union yet, and take it altogether, I think if a person don't do well here it is generally poor management.—MRS. E. L. TAYLOR, Orlando, Fla.

VIRTUES OF GLYCERINE.—Few people realize the importance of the use of pure commercial glycerine, and how it can be used and made available for purposes where no substitute is found that will take its place. As a dressing for ladies' shoes nothing equals it, making the leather soft and pliable without soiling the garments in contact. Where the feet sweat, burnt alum and glycerine—one of the former to two of the latter—rubbed on the feet at night, and a light or open sock worn, the feet washed in the morning with tepid water, will keep them during the day free from odor, so disagreeable to those persons who are sufferers.

For bunions and corns, cannabis indicus and glycerine, equal parts, painted on the bunion or corn and bound around with Canton flannel, adding a few drops of liquid to the flannel when it comes in contact with the affected parts, will soon restore to health.

As a face lotion, oatmeal made in a paste with glycerine two parts, water one part, applied to the face at night with a mask worn over will give, in a short time if faithfully pursued, a youthful appearance to the skin.

As a dressing in the bath, two quarts of water with two ounces of glycerine scented with rose, will impart a fine freshness and delicacy to the skin.

In severe paroxysms in coughing, either in coughs, colds or consumptions, one or two tablespoonfuls of pure glycerine in pure rye whisky or rich cream, will afford almost instantaneous relief; and to the consumptive a panacea is found by daily use of glycerine internally, with the proportion of one part of powdered willow charcoal and two parts of pure glycerine.

For diseased and inflamed gums, grind two parts of golden seal, 1 part of powdered burnt alum and two parts of pure glycerine, made in a paste and rubbed on the gums and around the teeth at night, strengthens and restores the gums to health, provided no tartar is present to cause the disease, which must be removed before applying.

And, finally, the epicure who relishes a nice breakfast dish of fried fish will find "a feast for the gods" by frying the fish in glycerine to a brown, adding a small sprig of parsely when nearly done.—J. D. L.

HOW THEY LIVED.—We do not take the BLADE, but one fell into my hands a few days ago in which the schoolma'm's complaint about the "steamed biscuit" having gone to school with her, was taken up by several sister teachers. I wish I had been fortunate enough to have seen the article. However, I was not, but I want to tell of one of my experiences while teaching in the country in Missouri.

The people of whom I engaged board were very well off as far as this world's goods are concerned.

The first morning and each successive morning while I stayed (and that was not many weeks) we had the hardest biscuit I ever tried to eat. They were moulded with the hand and were about the size of a tea-saucer. We did not see these on the table until the corn bread (made with water, for they sold all the milk they could) had been several times passed around. I was unprepared for the "latter course" but the old biscuit followed me to school. I say followed, because I had to eat with one of the children and she carried the dinner.

We had for dinner every day, bacon with the rind still on it, stewed crabapples, (they were wild ones with the core still in and stems on, stewed in sorghum molasses) and dried apple pie with the crust made of biscuit dough.

I don't object to corn bread, in fact, I like it, but I want it good when I do have it. These people had a nice, large house, but lived like hogs. I had to sleep in a room where nearly the whole family had to pass through on their way to bed every night. There were two grown daughters and the mother, all stout and hearty, and there was no excuse for such living.

Sometimes we are fortunate in getting a good boarding place and I am happy to say the very dirty places are becoming rare.

I am now a housekeeper in a house of my own and would like to be placed where I might board "the teacher" sometime, for I remember many things that were done for me when I was one, for I taught in Missouri and Iowa six years. Never taught many terms in the country schools, but had one bad boarding place in each state.

There seems to be, in some communities, a great desire to obtain all the money possible, from the teacher, in board and various ways, as he is thought to be having a good time and making his money easy, which is a sad mistake.—AILEEN ADNEY.

INQUIRIES.

Will some one please send to the HOUSEHOLD directions for doing the clay work, as some call it?—E. J. R.

Will some reader of the BLADE tell me how to make pepper mangoes?—L. A. B.

To the many friends of the HOUSEHOLD I come to see if any of you can help me as you have many others. We are organizing a Sabbath school in our neighborhood, and we are in need of Sunday school papers and singing books. Now if any of you have any papers or singing books which you have discarded for new ones, if they are in anything like good condition and you will send them to us you will have our earnest and heartfelt thanks. Of course we will pay postage or express charges on what is sent us.—MRS. C. A. MOSS, Allen, Lyon county, Kansas.

Will some of the sisters of the HOUSEHOLD, please send me a recipe (through the HOUSEHOLD) for making soup or oyster crackers, such as we buy of grocers; also, tell me how to corn beef so it will stay good and sweet all summer.—MRS. JAMES W. CONNOR, Saratoga, Wyoming Ter.

Where and of what material, silk or wool, are Paisley shawls made, and what would be the cost of one, single or double? Are there imitations made and sold in this country for the genuine?—BELLE, Indiana.

I would like to know how to make bead trimming for dresses, where to purchase the beads, the price, and what color would be pretty on a green cashmere dress; also how to make a feather wreath.—"DROOPING LILY."

Will some one tell me some sure thing to poison flies, as we are troubled very much with them?—M. A. C.

Why don't the members of the HOUSEHOLD write more about flowers? I am a great lovers of these, the most beautiful of nature's ornaments, and I come now to ask some one to give directions for starting plants from cuttings. I bought a packet of seed last spring from a seed company called Hibiscus, which turned out to be a native of this state, growing wild in some places but not much. It is a very pretty flower, being a branching plant with blossoms about an inch in diameter of a creamy color with a dark center. If any of the HOUSEHOLD wish the seed I will send some to all who write me enclosing a two cent stamp. Address, L. S., Greenleaf, Ks., Washington Co.

I never have any luck with flowers raised from the seed. Will some of the readers tell me about raising flowers? Please tell me what month to plant pansies and pinks in so that they will blossom next summer, also what will keep the little green lice off of my flowers.—LILLA.

Sincere, horticulturally, agriculturally and hygienically-inclined "old maids" who do not wish to marry, are progressive and liberal-minded, yet possess only simple, quiet tastes and habits, are pleasant, good-natured and merry-hearted, as most old maids are, can become acquainted with one another by writing and enclosing self-addressed and stamped envelope to Mary Alta Wescotte, "Spinster," Wausemon, Green Co., Wis. Would like especially well to hear from those who are keeping house "by themselves," or who contemplate doing so.

Can any one tell me where I could get a Chinese lily? I read so much in the BLADE about them.—MARY E. WALLACE, Mt. Carmel, Ill.

If the information has not already been given I will send directions and diagram for making a lamp chimney stove that will boil water, cook eggs, etc., over any common lamp.—JENNIE J.

Will some one send me some scraps of silks or anything suitable for a crazy quilt? Will return postage. Am making some beautiful lace and insertion. Will send directions to the HOUSEHOLD or a sample to any who addresses a letter to me with stamps.—MRS. M. COLLINS, Dee, Craighead Co., Arkansas.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

Please tell Mrs. L. M. D., in BLADE of August 2, to keep grapes on the stems, to clip bunches of ripe grapes off the vines with a pair of scissors, being careful not to bruise them. Have ready some sealing wax, melted as if to can fruit, and dip the stems in the wax, covering the stem over the end completely. Let them cool, and when the wax is cold wrap each bunch separately in cotton batting or tissue paper, and pack loosely in a wooden box, nail on a cover and sit the box in a cool dark place. In winter put the box where it will not freeze, and you can have grapes for your Christmas dinner as fresh as if just off the vines. The sealing wax keeps the sap in, and the batting or paper keeps the air out, which causes decomposition. Directions should be strictly followed, care being taken not to bruise the grapes. Please try this and let me know your success.—IRENA.

Answer to inquiry for making vinegar from sorgum. To sweetened rain water add yeast sponge, made as for bread, spread on manilla paper. Cut the size and shape of the surface of the vessel which contains the sweetened water. The sweeter the water the stronger the vinegar. Keep in a warm place. Will make in a few weeks.—HAN PERRY.

I had a notice inserted in the BLADE of September 27, that I would furnish beer seed to any and all that would send address and postage. I have received 457 letters to date and I wish to say to all that I will send them as fast as I can get them dry.—C. P. M. PNINCH, Lebanon, Chickasaw Nation, I. T.

Please tell "E. T. Dowling" to boil flour sacks in lye and the letters will disappear.—MRS NELLIE AMMERMAN.

Have been waiting for some one to tell us how to cook pie-melon for every day use. In the meantime have been experimenting. I made two pies this way: Top and bottom crust of course. I sliced the melon very thin, put two tablespoonfuls of flour; three of vinegar (very even); two of water; sugar and spice to suit the taste. We thought they tasted something like vinegar pies. The next I tried I added lemon, but did not improve them. If any one wanting pie-melon and will send self-addressed and stamped envelope, will send such as long as they last.—MRS. W. WILAND, Box 14, Josslin, Mo.

Tell E. F. Downing to take the letters out of flour sacks, rub soft soap on letters and let them lay awhile, then soak in strong cleansed water, rub out and hang in the sun to dry.—M. J. PINCKNEY.

To keep a day lily set in the cellar if it does not freeze, or you can keep it green by keeping it in a warm room. It will need to be watered if kept in a room. Will some one please send the words of "Kitty Wells?" Address—MISS MARY E. PICKNEY, Macksburg, Iowa.

RECIPES.

COLD SLAW.—1 qt. of finely shaved cabbage; yolks of 3 eggs well beaten; 1½ glassfuls of weak vinegar; 2 teaspoonfuls of white sugar; a small lump of butter; ½ cupful of thick, sweet cream; teaspoonful of salt; a little pepper; mix all together; put over the fire till hot; then add cabbage. Stew until the whole is heated; put in dish and serve cold.

ANOTHER RECIPE.—To a medium sized dish of cabbage, take ½ teacupful of thick sweet cream; ½ teacupful of good vinegar; 2 teaspoonfuls of white sugar; a little salt and pepper; pour over the cabbage, mixing well together; serve.—N. M. S.

KOUMISS.—I notice some sister makes inquiry regarding a remedy for general weakness. I make koumiss and use it; I like it and always gain strength on it; I am so fond of it that I use it instead of tea, and as I am troubled with a bad throat disease I often am compelled to use it for my entire food for days. Here is my directions for making, just as was given us by a physician. It is cheap and so easy to make: 3 gals. of sweet milk; 3 pts. of butter milk; 4½ pts. of water; mix all together in a large stone jar; let it remain two or three days, stirring it daily; bottle and cork; put in a dark place. After standing bottled for a couple of days it will be ready for use. A tumbler full should be drank frequently through the day. I find it a splendid drink for indigestion and persons with a weak stomach.—MRS. B.

CANDIED POP-CORN.—Put into an iron kettle 1 tablespoonful butter, 3 tablespoonfuls water, 1 teacupful white pulverized sugar. Boil until ready to candy, then throw in 3 qts. of nicely popped corn. Stir briskly, until the candy is evenly distributed over the corn. Take care that the corn does not burn. Take the kettle from the fire and stir until it is cooled a little. Nuts of any kind may be prepared the same way.

SPICED CITRON, OR WATERMELON RIND.—Slice them and remove seeds and boil in water until tender. To each 7 lbs. fruit allow 3 lbs. sugar, 3 pts. vinegar, ½ cupful spices, made up of equal parts of cinnamon, cloves and allspice. Boil the fruit in this syrup until well struck through; then take out and boil the syrup quite thick. Pour over the fruit while hot.—MINNIE.

CURE OF THE TOBACCO HABIT.—Here are directions for the cure of the tobacco habit and if closely followed will never fail. Buy a half-pound plug of any good tobacco. Put it in your right-hand pocket, and when you feel like taking a chew take this plug out and smell of it. Be careful not to put any in your mouth. After the third smell your mouth will begin to water, and if the symptoms are favorable you will perspire back of the ears. Take a smell as often as necessary, and in a few weeks you will have the habit all sweat out. Then lay the tobacco on the clock shelf, and when you feel like taking a chew just look that way, but do not go near. Without any fooling this is a sure cure for the habit if you do not put any in your mouth while under treatment.—T. R., Ellsworth, Wis.

Why He Gave In.

"Now that we are married, George," she said, "I hope you will change your mind and let mother come and live with us."

"No, I won't," he replied, "and that's enough."

"But she has no home since I left her."

"I can't help that."

"Oh, what can I do to change your hard heart?"

"Nothing."

"But if ma comes, she will bake the bread."

"Well, then, for gracious sake let her come at once.—*Harper's Bazaar.*

—"It's only a question of time," and a short time, too, as to when your rheumatism will yield to Hood's Sarsaparilla. Try it.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

LOWRY CITY, MO.
Albert E. Hastings,
Arthur F. Hastings,
Everett Hawkins,
Elden Hawkins,
Ralph Taylor,
Emma May Taylor,
Nellie Blanch Taylor,
John Titus,
Lyda Titus,
Everlena Holmes,
Lucy Trissel,
Callie Trissel,
Lovey Attlebery.
OLIVE CENTRE, MICH.
Ada Merritt,
EAST RODMAN, N. Y.
W. R. Hibbard.
Berdie Attlebery,
Mary Stewart,
Carrie Holmes,
Maggie Attlebery,
Georgie Attlebery,
Bessie Trissel,
John Holmes,
Louie Baker,
Flossie Baker,
Willie Baker,
Daisy Stewart,
William Holmes,
RED ROCK, M. T.
Flora E. Craver,
Roy H. Noble,
Flora E. Craver.

Names this week, 30. Total 24,326.

The above embraces all names received up to November 1.

EVERY INCH A MAN.

She sat on the porch in the sunshine
  As I went down the street,
A woman whose hair was silver,
  But whose face was a blossom sweet,
Making me think of a garden,
  When, in spite of the frost and snow
Of bleak November weather,
  Late fragrant lilies blow.

I heard a footstep behind me,
  And the sound of a merry laugh;
And I knew the heart it came from
  Would be like a comforting staff
In the time and the hour of trouble,
  Hopeful and brave and strong—
One of the hearts to lean on,
  When we think all things go wrong.

I turned at the click of the gate-latch,
  And met his manly look—
A face like his gives me pleasure,
  Like the page of a pleasant book—
It told of a steadfast purpose,
  Of a brave and daring will;
A face with a promise in it,
  That God grant the years fulfill!

He went up the pathway, singing;
  I saw the woman's eyes
Grow bright with a wordless welcome,
  As sunshine warm the skies:
"Back again, sweetheart mother,"
  He cried, and bent to kiss
The loving face that was lifted
  For what some mothers miss.

That boy will do to depend on;
  I hold that this is true—
From lads in love with their mothers
  Our bravest heroes grew;
Earth's grandest hearts have been loving hearts
  Since time and earth began:
And the boy who kisses his mother
  Is every inch a man!

—*Christian Intelligencer.*

COALS OF FIRE.

BY FLORENCE H. HOWELL.

It was a bright day in the latter part of June. School had closed for the summer. Harry Sargent and three of his most intimate friends had been playing quoits half the morning, and were beginning to desire some other form of amusement, when suddenly, Harry, who had strolled to the front gate, uttered an exclamation.

"There comes the hermit, the yellow dog at his heels, as usual."

"It would be an act of mercy to put an end to that dog," said Rufe Harlow. "He's a blot on the face of the earth."

"Suppose we each take a quoit and have a shot at him as he goes by," said Dave Manley.

"Good! We'll make him use those three legs of his faster than he ever did before," said Jack Pettit.

And each boy seized a quoit, and approaching the gate, waited the approach of the intended victim.

He was a sorry looking dog, there was no denying that. His ears had been cut close, he had a bob tail, he had lost one eye, his hair was rough, and he limped along on three legs.

But he was a fit follower to his master, a bent, hollow-checked old man, with long gray hair, sunken eyes and a shambling walk. His clothes were patched and faded, his old felt hat was all torn and weather-stained, and the stick on which he leaned was only a stout hickory sapling cut with his own hands.

No one knew the old man's name, and as he lived alone on an island, from which he reached the town by a canoe of his own manufacture, he was known as "the hermit." What his history was, or what was the cause of his leading so isolated an existence, no one knew, and no one had cared to inquire.

When he came to town, however, he afforded a great deal of sport to the boys, who considered him fair game, and a crowd generally followed him wherever he went. But he seldom took any notice of the persecution to which he was subjected, and never replied to any of the rude questions addressed to him.

He did not glance up as he reached the gate over which the boys hung, but he stopped short and turned around when a sharp yelp told him that the humble companion of his fortunes was in trouble.

Harry's quoit had hit the dog in the side, and as the hermit turned, Rufe Harlow raised his arm and sent a still heavier quoit directly at the dog's head.

He fell as if shot, kicked a moment, and then lay still.

"I do believe I've killed the miserable little beast," said Rufe a little contrite, but ashamed to show it.

"Yes, you have killed him," said the old man, as he bent over the dead dog, "and it was a cruel thing to do. Neither he nor I ever injured you in any way, and he was the only friend I had in the world."

Rufe gave a short, derisive laugh.

"He wasn't any account; he was only a cur," he said.

The hermit made no reply, but lifting the dead dog in his arms, walked away, closely watched by the boys until he disappeared around the corner of another street.

"I didn't really mean to kill the dog," said Rufe. "I just wanted to make him howl a little."

"Well, he'll never howl again," said Dave Manly. "You can be sure of that."

"I say, boys," struck in Jack Pettit, "now that the hermit is off the island, let's take Tom Lane's boat and go over there and look at the place. We'll have time to go and get back again before he leaves town."

The boys assented eagerly to this proposition, for the hermit so seldom left the island, and guarded his little cabin so closely, that, as far as the boys knew, no one except himself had ever seen the inside of it.

Tom Lane was a blacksmith, a good natured fellow, and so generous that he never refused a favor to any one. And the boys had his permission to use his boat whenever they liked.

But there was some delay in getting off, for after they reached the boat-house Harry discovered that he did not have the key with him, and remembered that he had left it in an old jacket he had hung in his father's barn, and he had to go after it. So it was nearly eleven o'clock when the boat was finally launched.

"I dare say that old cabin is full of curiosities," said Dave.

"We'll investigate everything, now we've got the chance, said Jack. "We're not likely to have another."

The island was about a mile distant, and was soon reached and the rope of the boat fastened to a stone.

"There is a bare chance that the old man may have gone back," said Harry, as they pushed their way through the thick underbrush in the direction of the hut; "so we had better make as little noise as possible."

This was a wise precaution, for when within a dozen yards of the cabin they heard the sound of voices, and hiding behind a thick belt of hazel nut bushes, they saw the hermit go down the path leading to the water, followed by a young Indian named Inkna, who lived on another island two miles distant.

"I didn't know before that Inkna ever came to see the hermit," said Rufe in a whisper.

"Hush! let's listen," Harry whispered back.

"You can keep it a week, if you like," they heard the hermit say. "I won't have any need for it."

The Indian made some inarticulate response, and the two men disappeared down the slope that led to the water.

"How provoking!" said Jack. "What made him come back so soon? Well, we'll have to give up seeing the inside of that cabin for to-day, and the sooner we get off the better, if we want any dinner."

It was easier to talk of leaving than to do so. A startling discovery was made when the boys reached the place where they had disembarked. The boat was gone. Half a mile distant it was drifting on the waves, every moment taking it further from the island.

The boys looked at each other in the greatest consternation.

"Well, we are in a fix!" exclaimed Rufe. "What are we to do now?"

That was the question and they all sat down to consider it. No one in town knew that they had gone to the island, or had seen them take the boat.

Unless Tom Lane missed it, they could not expect help from home, and sometimes Tom did not go to his boat-house for days together.

"There seems nothing for it but to ask the hermit for his canoe," said Harry, at last.

"I was thinking of that," said Jack. "But I can't say I take very kindly to the notion. It'll be eating humble pie with a vengeance."

"And he's more than likely to shut the door in our faces and warn us off with a shot gun," said Dave.

"We *must* ask him: there's no help for it," said Harry. "And the sooner it's done the better. I won't blame him a bit if he acts ugly, for we did treat him mean about the dog, and we can't deny it."

"I wish now I'd let the little beast alone," said Rufe.

After a good deal of talk and argument, it was finally decided that they should go to the cabin in a body.

To say that they were embarrassed by the situation in which they found themselves, but faintly expresses their feelings, and their embarrassment was increased a hundred fold when they reached the little cabin, and found the hermit engaged in digging a grave under a wild rose bush, the dead dog lying in a box close by.

Harry, who had promised to do all the talking, felt a big lump in his throat, and wished he had never taken any part in the persecution of the poor old man, to whom life at least must be hard. But he began at once the little speech he had prepared.

"Our boat has drifted away, sir, and we have come to ask if you will lend us your canoe that we may go after it?"

The hermit paused in his work and looked up.

There was neither anger nor malice in that look as the boys saw at once, and they felt more ashamed of themselves than ever.

"I am sorry," he said, "but I let Inkna have my boat half an hour ago, and I don't know when he will bring it back."

Dismay, blank dismay, settled on the faces of the young people standing about him.

"What are we to do?" exclaimed Jack, dismally.

"Oh, your folks will be sending for you I guess," said the hermit.

"But they don't know where we are," said Harry.

And then he explained how they had left home.

"Then there' nothing for you to do but to stay here till somebody comes along," said the hermit. "You needn't starve. I haven't got anything very fine in the way of eating, but, such as it is, you are welcome to it."

The boys glanced at each other. Shame and contrition was plainly written on every face.

For a moment there was silence, and then Rufe stepped forward and laid his hand on the old man's arm.

"We don't deserve to have you so kind to us, sir," he said in a voice that choked a little, "and I'm awful sorry that I threw the quoit at your dog. But I didn't mean to kill him, I just thought I'd make him yelp a little."

"Well, well, we won't say any more about it my boy," and the hermit began to ply his spade again. "You won't do such a thing again, I know."

"That I won't, and you must let me dig this grave; I'm stronger than you are."

And Rufe took the spade from the old man's hands.

When the dog was buried they all went into the cabin and had dinner. It consisted of only potatoes and bacon, but the boys were hungry enough to eat anything, and thoroughly enjoyed it.

Then the hermit showed them his curiosities, and presented each boy with some little testimonial of his friendship. In fact, he seemed to be trying his best, as Harry said, to heap coals of fire on their heads.

That night they all slept on the floor of the hut, on a heap of dried grass, covered with two old blankets, but not a word of complaint did they utter, and they were sharp set the next morning for their breakfast of corn dodgers and bacon.

After breakfast they went fishing, and when they returned at noon, they found Rufe's father and Harry's big brother talking to the hermit.

"Never do you go away again without saying where you are going," said Mr. Harlow, when greetings had been exchanged. "We have had a night of terrible anxiety."

"We've had the greatest kind of a time," said Rufe. "We're coming over here every week after this, if the hermit will let us."

The old man smiled.

"I feel as if once more I had some kind friends," he said.

And good friends they proved. Often did they visit the island, and never did they go empty handed.

Rufe made good the loss of the yellow dog by the gift of a fine Newfoundland puppy; Harry's mother sent a present of new blankets; Dave's father sent a suit of clothes, and Jack's big sister never made cake on Saturday that she did not bake an extra loaf to give to the old man who had been so kind to her dearly loved brother. In fact, in obeying the generous and kindly impulses of his heart, and heaping coals of fire on the heads of his youthful persecutors, the poor old hermit had "builded better than he knew."—*Our Dumb Animals.*

BABY HAS SOMETHING TO SAY.

"I've been a baby all my life, but I expect to get over it some time. I used to be a little bit of a baby, and now I'm a very big one indeed. I can do lots of things.

"I can pull over the work basket and tear up the morning paper, and play with the earth in the flower pots. I can take hold of the table cloth and pull it off the table.

"But I don't like to. That's a thing you only want to do once, because they will set all sorts of things on a tablecloth, and it isn't nice when they come tumbling down on your head.

"I can walk a little too, but my feet have a way of wabbling about and getting all tangled up in each other, and then sometimes the floor jumps up and gives me a bump. They think kissing the place stops the hurting, but it don't—though it helps.

"Mothers are nice things to have. They'd be nicer, if they didn't keep coming at you to wash your face, and always put you to bed just when you feel like having a good time with papa. They do these things because they think they know more than a baby does. I am willing to believe they do in somethings, but they do make mistakes sometimes.

"For instance—my mother kisses and kisses me till I'm all out of breath, and says:

"'Ou teeny weeny, hweet, hweet, itty sing! Ou is hweete 'n sugar!'

"On day I thought I'd try if that was so. I gave my thumb a good bite, but it wasn't half as sweet as sugar! I squalled awfully, because it hurt, and because I was, of course, disappointed.

"I've nothing against thumbs, for they're very good in their way. They last. You can suck one half a day, and they are just as good as ever. If you suck sugar in a rag it's all gone very soon, and then you are sickly—which wouldn't matter, only you are sure to get washed."

An Autumn Idyll.

"Ah," she said, with a tender sadness, as they strolled along beneath the trees on K street, "nothing but leaves."

"Yes," he replied, "and somebody Autumn make arrangements to take them away."

"I was not speaking of chestnut trees," she said softly, "though Summer around here."

"I will go Winter this house," he painfully murmured, and with a backward Spring, he left her struggling with the problem weather life is worth living or not.—*Washington Post.*

An Unpardonable Offense.

Trustee of church (at St. Joseph, Mo.)—Our pastor has resigned.

Fellow Trustee—Is it possible? What is he going to do?

"He has accepted a call from a congregation in Kansas City."

"In Kansas City! (Wrathfully.) Let's give him a donation visit before he leaves us."—*Chicago Tribune.*

A Wife's Point of View.

"Poor Jenny! It must be an awful shock to you," sympathized her friend. "And to think that you trusted him all these years while he was embezzling such enormous sums!"

"Yes," she sobbed, "I knew my millinery alone came to more than his salary, but I never suspected him."—*Life.*

By Our Proxies.

At various times we have called attention to the results of administering Compound Oxygen to invalids and we believe we have proven its value conclusively; now we will have a few words from the invalids themselves:

GRANT MEMORIAL UNIVERSITY, ATHENS, TENN.

I fully endorse the Compound Oxygen Treatment. J. F. SPENCE, President.

COLUMBIA FEMALE COLLEGE, COLUMBIA, S. C., Mar. 13, '88.

I am satisfied that the Compound Oxygen is an excellent remedy. DR. O. A. DARBY, President.

WESLEYAN COLLEGE, FORT WORTH, TEX., Nov. 2, '85.

I regard your treatment by inhalation as a wonderful discovery of science. REV. A. A. JOHNSON, President.

We publish a brochure regarding the effect of Compound Oxygen on invalids suffering from consumption, asthma, bronchitis, dyspepsia, catarrh, hay fever, headache, debility, rheumatism, neuralgia; all chronic and nervous disorders. It will be sent free of charge, to any one addressing DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch St., Phila., Pa.; or 331 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.

The Sunday School

Helping One Another.

LESSON VII., SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1888.

GOLDEN TEXT:—Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.—Gal. 6:2.

LESSON TEXT.

(Josh. 21:43-45:1-9.

43. ¶ And the Lord gave unto Israel all the land which he sware to give unto their fathers; and they possessed it, and dwelt therein.
44. And the Lord gave them rest round about, according to all that he sware unto their fathers; and there stood not a man of all their enemies before them; the Lord delivered all their enemies into their hand.
45. There failed not aught of any good thing which the Lord had spoken unto the house of Israel; all came to pass.
1. Then Joshua called the Reubenites, and the Gadites, and the half tribe of Manasseh.
2. And said unto them, Ye have kept all that Moses the servant of the Lord commanded you, and have obeyed my voice in all that I commanded you:
3. Ye have not left your brethren these many days unto this day, but have kept the charge of the commandment of the Lord your God.
4. And now the Lord your God hath given rest unto your brethren, as he promised them; therefore now return ye, and get you unto your tents and unto the land of your possession, which Moses, the servant of the Lord, gave you on the other side of Jordan.
5. But take diligent heed to do the commandment and the law, which Moses the servant of the Lord charged you, to love the Lord your God, and to walk in all his ways, and to keep his commandments, and to cleave unto him, and to serve him with all your heart and with all your soul.
6. So Joshua blessed them, and sent them away; and they went unto their tents.
7. Now to the one half of the tribe of Manasseh Moses had given possession in Bashan: but unto the other half thereof gave Joshua among their brethren on this side Jordan westward. And when Joshua sent them away also unto their tents, then he blessed them.
8. And he spake unto them, saying, Return with much riches unto your tents, and with very much cattle, with silver, and with gold, and with brass, and with iron, and with very much raiment: divide the spoil of your enemies with your brethren.
9. And the children of Reuben and the children of Gad and the half tribe of Manasseh returned and departed from the children of Israel out of Shiloh, which is the land of Canaan, to go unto the country of Gilead, to the land of their possession, whereof they were possessed, according to the word of the Lord by the hand of Moses.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

So the Lord gave unto Israel all the land which he sware unto their fathers (v. 43). There is nothing in all the universe that is so sure and unfailing as every one of God's promises. Banks may break, real estate may become worthless, trusted men may betray their trusts, the strongest governments may be overthrown, heaven and earth may pass away, but the word of God shall be fulfilled to the letter. This is a truth to be borne in mind by the child of God in making up his inventory of personal possessions. He can turn to the Bible and find there a promise of his daily bread, and of strength according to his daily needs, and of power to resist temptation, and of all the wisdom that he has a use for, and of a share in everything that God has—of things temporal and of things eternal; and he can claim this promise as his own. This in itself makes him richer than Crœsus, and gives him a wider sway of power than Alexander's. The promises to the fathers can be laid hold of by the children; and if they are laid hold of, they are found to be larger than they seemed to be.

And there stood not a man of all their enemies before them (v. 44). That is, their enemies didn't continue to stand before them, if only the Israelites pushed ahead in courageous faith. Israelites, except so fast and so far as the Israelites moved on to take possession of the land which God had said they might take. And that is God's way of giving His children conquest. They can have just as much peace as they fight for. They can have peace in conflict. They need to have on the whole armor of God, and to have a true soldier spirit inside of that armor. A life of Christian people is a life of battling. He who would have larger possessions in the land which God proffers to him, must be ever ready to give battle to the new enemies which contest his progress at every step of his way. Thus, and thus only, is it that there stands not an enemy before a child of God in the land of his earthly rest and peace.

Joshua called the Reubenites, and the Gadites, and the half tribe of Manassah, and said unto them: Ye have not left your brethren these many days unto this day, but have kept the charge of the commandment of the Lord your God. Therefore now turn ye, and get you unto the land of your possession (vs. 1-4). In order to look out for one's self, one must look out for one's brethren and neighbors. In order to secure peace and rest in one's own possessions, one must be ready to help one's brethren and neighbors in battling for peace and rest in their possessions. This is a rule of universal application. If a man lives in the southern end of a row of houses, while a house at the northern end of the row is on fire, he is quite likely to realize that the best way of protecting his own house from burning is by going up the row to help his neighbor fight fire just there. And there is a state of things not very unlike this in every man's condition, wherever his lot is cast. We must help foreign missions in order to keep from being overrun by home heathen. We must look out for the laboring classes if we are numbered among the capitalists; and we must look out for the capitalists if we are numbered among the laboring classes. We can not afford to stand aloof from public politics, or from social questions which interest any portion of the community about us. And we must be willing to turn aside from our own private affairs in order to give ear to the calls on us for counsel and sympathy from those who seem to us as outsiders and strangers, yet with whose interests our interests are linked indissolubly.

Only take diligent heed to do the commandment and the law, to love the Lord your God, and to walk in all his ways (v. 5). Past service furnishes no excuse for future negligence. The good which a man has done is a constant call on him to keep on doing good. It is never possible for him to finish up his record of sufficient service, so long as he has other possibilities of service before him. There is a discouraging side to such an outlook as this; and there is stimulus and inspiration in it also. The better a man has done, the better he must do. It is not enough that he has been zealous and true up to the present hour. If he fails at the next trial, his failure is only the more prominent because of his former well-doing; and if he does well, it is nothing more than others had a right to expect of him. But this is the cost of true-hearted service. It must continue d to the end; and the more there is of it, the more there ought to be.

Return with much wealth unto your tents, and with very much cattle, with silver, and with gold, and with brass, and with iron, and with very much raiment (v. 8). There is a progress of doctrine in God's dealings with his people. His earlier lessons were on a lower plane than his latter ones. With the ancient Israelites he gave a prominence to material symbols of religious truth, and to material rewards of service. But in the fulness of time he showed that the realities of truth are better than their symbols, and that the gifts of faith are better than those of sight. In the old testament it was worldly prosperity that was held out as a chief reward of well-doing. In the New Testament it is adversity that is given the foremost place as God's blessing to his trustful children. There are still those who crave the old standards of reward for their service of God. They want hard cash for all that they do for God; gold and silver and brass and iron and "very much raiment." The main trouble with them is, that they are about three thousand years behind the present age in God's plan for their welfare. If they saw the truth as it is, they would see that the best things of God are those which are invisible.—*H. Clay Trumbull in Sunday School Times.*

Music Had No Charms for Them.

Jangle—I am thinking of sending Arabella to Paris to finish her musical education.

Hangle—I am delighted to hear it.

Jangle—The only obstacle appears to be the matter of funds.

Hangle—Funds! Don't let that stop you. Your neighbors will gladly subscribe to send that voice to Paris; and say, hadn't you better send the piano with her, too?—*Lowell Citizen.*

Accustomed to the Best.

Uncle Rufus (to visiting young niece from Prairie avenue)—Now, Arabella, if you will put on your hat we'll take a run over the farm. I'll show you the nicest young calves and sheep and the cutest little goat——

Youthful Niece (disdainfully)—I don't care about any of those, Uncle Rufus. Haven't you any nice French kids on the farm?—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Shallenberger's Antidote for Malaria is the cheapest remedy in the world in proportion to the work it does, because it is certain to cure even the worst cases if taken properly. One bottle of thirty pills will cure any ordinary case, and *one dose* will stop the chills, but a number of doses and a little time are required to drive all Malaria from the system. Sold by Druggists.

Its superior excellence proven in millions of homes for more than a quarter of a century. It is used by the United States Government. Endorsed by the heads of the Great Universities as the Strongest, Purest and most Healthful. Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder does not contain Ammonia, Lime or Alum. Sold only in cans.

PRICE BAKING POWDER CO.
NEW YORK. CHICAGO. ST. LOUIS.

FOR FROSTY DAYS.

About the Furs That Will be Worn the Coming Winter.

Although this is to be essentially a silk and satin season, with rough-faced cloths for outer garments, furs will be favored by all who can afford them. Fur capes will be more popular than they have ever been, and the woman who is so fortunate as to have a fur cape from last season will be glad to know that it fits in exactly with the Directoire style of dressing, and, according to two such eminent authorities as Mr. Worth and Mr. Redfern, is the proper street wrap, with a redingote or Directoire coat. The Paris arbiter of fashions told a Philadelphia lady this in Paris, and the same opinion came from the lips of Mr. Redfern within a few weeks, so that on a point where two such prophets of fashion agree there cannot be much dispute. Seal will be greatly worn, especially in the form of capes. No lady who has a seal skin jacket, wrap or cape is likely to give it away because sable is the more fashionable fur.

Of all furs sable is the most expensive, and it must necessarily be a fur in which only the very rich can indulge. Great as is the unostentatious wealth hidden away in Philadelphia there are not many who can follow the example of the lady who had a long sable wrap trimmed with tails made last winter at a cost of $4,500, the most expensive fur garment ever made in Philadelphia. A very ordinary sable muff costs $200, and one of particularly fine selected fur of the large size now fashionable costs from $500 to $1,000. Lest any one should be startled by these figures it may be well to mention that a Chestnut street firm have made a sable muff for a Philadelphia lady this season that cost $800.

The two most fashionable forms in which fur will be worn during the coming winter—not mentioning the muff, which is almost as much a necessity as gloves—are the cape and boa. The long boas will be worn about the neck by very many ladies, not only with the Directoire style of dress but with the rough-surfaced raglans and other loose fronted wraps that will be so popular. As for the capes, no observing person who attended the Troop races last week and saw the many capes of sable seal and chinchilla on the graceful shoulders of the fairest and most fashionable belles of Philadelphia and the visiting beauties from New York and other cities, could fail to be struck with their fitness and picturesque quality, serving at once the double purpose of protection and ornament. A cape not only protects the chest and spine, guarding the lungs and the back, which is so sensitive to chilly blasts, but it also has the advantage that it can be thrown aside upon entering a room, a store, or any warm enclosure and adjusted as quickly upon re-entering the street.

Chinchilla is in style again, but no fur will be so fashionable for trimming as astrakhan. The gray in which it comes and the black, which predominates, make it especially adapted as a trimming for the dark and neutral shades of cloth to which the ladies of Philadelphia so persistently adhere.

GLITTERING GENERALITIES.

Beauty lies in order.

The beauty of a straight line, a curve, a plane, is in the order of the parts.

The beauty of a face and person, of statuary, of architecture is in the order of lines and curves.

The beauty of tone is the order of vibrations; the beauty of music is of the order of tones and harmonies.

The beauty of eloquence, of poetry is in the order of thoughts and language.

The beauty of acting and dancing is in the order of motions.

The beauty of character and life is in the order of the thoughts and acts of men and women.

Humanity is devoted to beauty and Art is the sum of the means by which man creates order from things chaotic.

FOR NERVOUSNESS
Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. W. C. HANSCOME, Minneapolis, Minn., says: "I used it in a case of acute rheumatism, during convalescence; the particular symptoms I wished to relieve were sleeplessness and nervousness, and the results were all I desired."

A Change of Base.

Husband (impatiently)—Is it possible, my dear, that you cannot keep those children quiet for a moment?

Wife (soothingly)—Now, John, don't be harsh with the poor little innocent things; it is natural for them to be full of spirit, and they're doing the best they can.

Husband—Well, if I could have a moment's peace I would sit down and write that check for fifty dollars that you've been bothering me for.

Wife (sternly)—Children, go up stairs at once! and if I hear another word from you to-night I'll punish you severely.—*Life.*

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption, if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., New York.

Taking Proper Precautions.

"O, mamma!" said the happy girl, pale and trembling, and holding a letter in her hand, "Harold has proposed at last!"

"Let me see," said mamma. "Yes, it is a genuine proposal. Put on your clothes, love. We'll go down to the lawyer's office and have a copy made, and Harold's signature certified by two or three witnesses."

"Why, mamma," exclaimed the fair young maiden, "why must we do that?"

"It is simply a proper precaution, daughter. This letter may, for all we know, be written in that new lovers' ink, which is warranted to fade in 24 hours after using."—*The Idea.*

The Fresh Fragrance

Of SOZODONT, renders it the most agreeable article ever used as a tooth wash. It has none of the acrid properties of the astringent tooth powders, and instead of contracting the gums, it renders them firm and elastic.

Rat Tan Will Soon be Popular.

Tan, brown and bronze are said to be popular in dress and millinery. For school-boys' trousers rat tan will soon be in vogue.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Throat Diseases commence with a Cough, Cold or Sore Throat. *"Brown's Bronchial Troches"* gives immediate relief. *Sold only in boxes.* Price 25 cts.

Late at Church.

Husband (after church)—"Did you notice, my dear, how late Mrs. Cadwallader and the two Misses Cadwallader were?"

Wife—"Yes; and as they all wore the Psyche knot for the first time, it is easily explained."—*The Epoch.*

THE BEST COUGH MEDICINE, PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

TALMAGE ON THE BALLOT-BOX.

The Ballot-Boxes of the Ancients—The Importance of the Ballot in Government—The Origin of the Ballot—Peculiarities of a Presidential Campaign.

BROOKLYN, Nov. 4.—At the Tabernacle this morning the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., expounded some passages of Scripture about ancient politics. He gave out the hymn:

Arm of the Lord, awake, awake!
Put on thy strength, the nations shake.

The doctor's text was: "Two cubits and a half was the length of it, and a cubit and a half the breadth of it, and a cubit and a half the height of it."—Exodus xxxvii., 1. He said:

Look at it—the sacred chest of the ancients. It was about five feet long, three feet wide and three feet high. It was within and out of pure gold. On the top of it stood two angels facing each other with outspread wings. In that sacred box was the law, and there was in it a great many precious stones. With that box went the fate of the nation. Carried in front of the host, the waters of the Jordon parted. Divinely charged, costly, precious, momentous box. No unholy hands might lay hold of it. It was called the ark of the covenant. But you will understand it was a box, the most precious box of the ages. Where is it now? Gone forever. Not a crypt of church or museum of the world has a fragment of it.

But is not this nation God's chosen people? Have we not passed through the Red sea? Have we not been led with a pillar of fire by night? Has this nation no ark of the covenant? Yes, the ballot box, the sacred chest of the nation, the ark of the American covenant.

In it is the law, in it is the divine and the human will, in it is the fate of the nation. Carried in front of our host again and again the waters of national trouble have parted. Mighty ark of the covenant, the American ballot box! It is a very old box.

In Athens, long before the art of printing, the people dropped pebbles into it to give expression to their sentiments. After that beans were dropped into it—a white bean for the affirmative, a black bean for the negative. After that, when they wished to vote a man out of citizenship they would write his name upon a shell and drop that into the box.

O'Connell and Grote and Cobden and Macaulay and Gladstone fought great battles in the introduction of the ballot boxes in England, and to-day it is one of the fastnesses of that nation. It is one of the corner stones of our government. It is older than the constitution. In it is our national safety. Tell me what will be the fate of the American ballot box, the ark of the American covenant, and I will tell you what will be the fate of this nation. Give the people once a year, or once in four years, an opportunity to express their political sentiments, and you practically avoid insurrection and revolution.

Either give them the ballot or they will take the sword. Without the ballot box there can be no free republican institutions. Milton visiting in Italy noticed that on the sides of Vesuvius gardeners and farmers were at work while the volcano was in eruption, and he asked them if they were safe. "Yes," said the farmers and the gardeners, "it is safe; all the danger is before the eruption; then comes earthquake and terror, but just as soon as the volcano begins to pour forth lava we all feel at rest." It is the suppression of political sentiment, the suppression of public opinion, that makes moral earthquake and national earthquake. Let public opinion pour forth, and that gives satisfaction, and that gives peace, and that gives permanency to good government. And yet, though the ballot box is the sacred chest and the art of the American covenant, you know as well as I know it has its sworn antagonists, and I propose this morning, in God's name and as a Christian patriot, to set before you the names of some of the sworn enemies of this sacred chest, the ark of the American covenant, the ballot box.

IGNORANCE AS AN ELEMENT IN POLITICS.

First, I remark, ignorance is a mighty foe. Other things being equal, the more intelligence a man has the better he is qualified to exercise the right of suffrage. You have been ten, fifteen, twenty, thirty years studying American institutions; you have canvassed all the great questions about tariff and home rule and all the educational questions, and everything in American politics you are well acquainted with. You consider yourself competent to cast a vote next Tuesday, and you are competent. You will take your position in the line of electors, you will wait for your turn to come, the judge of election will announce your name, you will cast your vote and pass out. Well done.

But right behind you there will come a man who cannot spell the name of comptroller, or attorney or mayor. He cannot write, or if he can write he uses a small "i" for the personal pronoun. He could not tell on which side of the Allegheny mountains Ohio is. Educated canary birds, educated horses know more than he. He will cast his vote and it will balance your vote. His ignorance is as mighty as your intelligence. That is not right. All men of fair mind will acknowledge that that is not right. Until a man can read the Declaration of Independence and the constitution of the United States, and calculate the interest on the American debt, and know the difference between a republican form of government and a monarchy or a despotism, he is unfit to exercise the right of suffrage at any ballot box between Key West and Alaska.

In 1872 in England there were 2,000,000 children who ought to have been in school. There were only 1,333,000, in other words, about 50 per cent, and of the 50 per cent not more than 5 per cent got anything worthy the name of an education. Now, take that foreign ignorance and add it to our American ignorance, and there will be in November thousands and thousands of people who are no more qualified to exercise the right of suffrage than to lecture on astronomy. How are these things to be corrected? By laws of compulsory education well executed. I go in for a law which, after giving fair warning for a few years, shall make ignorance a crime. There is no excuse for ignorance on these subjects in this land, where the common schools make knowledge as free as the fresh air of heaven. I would have a board of examination seated beside the officers of registration, and let them decide whether the men who come up to vote have any capacity to be monarchs in a land where we are all monarchs. One of the most awful foes of the American ballot box today is popular ignorance. Educate the people, give them an opportunity to know and understand what they do. If they will not take the education, deny them the vote.

Another powerful enemy of this sacred chest, the ark of the American covenant, the ballot box, is spurious voting. In 1880, in Brooklyn, there were a thousand names recorded of persons who had no residence here, and if they were a thousand attempted fraudulent votes in the best city on the continent, what may we expect in cities not so fortunate? What a grand thing is the law of registration! Without it elections in this country would be a farce. There must be a scrutiny on this subject. The law must have keenest twist for the neck of repeaters. Something more than slight fine and short imprisonment. It is an attempt at the assassination of the public when a man attempts to put in a spurious vote. In olden times when men laid unholy hands on the ark of the covenant they dropped down dead. Witness Uzzah. And when men attempt to put unholy hands on the American ballot box, the ark of the American covenant, they deserve extermination.

Another powerful foe of this sacred chest is intimidation.

Corporations sometimes demand that their employes vote in this and that way. It is skillfully done. It is not positively in so many words demanded, but the employe understands that he will be frozen out of the establishment unless he votes as the firm do. So you can go into villages where there are establishments with hundreds and thousands of employes, and having found out the politics of the head men in the factory, you can tell which way the election is going. Now, that is damnable. If in any precinct in the United States a man cannot vote as he pleases there is something awfully wrong.

How do you treat that employe who votes differently from what you do? Oh, you say you do not interfere with his right of suffrage. But you call him into your private office, and you find fault with his work, and after a while you tell him there is an uncle, or an aunt, or a niece, or a nephew that must have that position. You do not say it is because he voted this or that way, but he knows and God knows it is. If that man has given to you in hard work an equivalent for the wages you pay him, you have no right to ask anything else of him. He sold you his work; he did not sell you his political or religious principles. But you know as well as I do there is sometimes on that sacred chest, the ark of the American covenant, a shadow corporate or monopolistic.

I do not wonder at the vehemence of Lord Chief Justice Holt, of England, when he said: "Let the people vote fairly. Interference with a man's vote is in behalf of this or that party. I give you notice that if an offender against the laws comes before me I will charge the jury to make him pay well for it." No shadow plutocratic, or mobocratic, or capitalistic. Every man voting in his own way—God and his own conscience the only dictator.

Another powerful foe of that sacred chest, the ark of the American covenant, the ballot box, is bribery.

You know something of the hundreds of thousands of dollars that were expended to carry Indiana in 1880. You know something of the vast sums of money expended in Brooklyn and New York in other years to carry elections. Bribery is one of the disgraces of this country. And there will be more money used in bribery this autumn's election than in any previous election. It is often the case that a man is nominated for office with reference to his capacity to provide money for the elections or with reference to his capacity to command money from others. You know the names or men who have at different times gone into the gubernatorial chair or congressional office buying their way all through. I tell you no news. Your patriotic heart has been pained again and again with it.

Very often it is not money that bribes, but it is office. "You make me President and I'll make you a cabinet officer; you make me governor and I'll make you surveyor general; you make me mayor and I'll put you on the water board; you give me position and I'll give you position." That is the form of bribe often and often in these great cities. I do not say it is in our city, but you know again and again throughout the land these have been the forms of bribe offered. So it is often the case that by the time a man comes to an office to which he has been elected he is from the crown of head to the sole of foot mortgaged with pledges, and the man who goes to Albany or Washington to get an office is applying for some position which was given away three months before the election. Two long lines of worm fence, one worm fence reaching to Albany and the other to Washington, and there are a great many citizens astride the fence, and they are equally poised, and they are waiting to see on which side there is most emolument, and on this side they get down. But bribery kicks both ways. It kicks the man that offers it and the man that takes it. Bribery to-day you will admit to be one of the mightiest foes of the American ballot box.

Another great enemy of the sacred chest is defamation of character. Can you find out from the newspapers when two men are running for office which is the best? How often in the autumnal elections the good man is denounced and the bad man applauded, so that you can come sometimes to no just opinion as to who is the best man, and there are hundreds and thousands of electors who go up to vote so utterly befogged they know not what they do. Is not that a fearful influence to be brought upon the ballot box of this country. It has been so ever since the foundation of this government.

Thomas Paine writes Washington a letter, and publishes it, saying: "Treacherous in all private friendship and a hypocrite in public morals, the world will be puzzled to know whether we had better call you an apostate or an imposter, and whether you abandoned good morals or never had any." That is Thomas Paine's opinion of George Washington.

John Quincy Adams declared that he was solaced in regard to the scandals and the anathemas inflicted upon him by the fact that his father, John Adams, had to go through the same process, and John Quincy Adams declared he really thought in that present election there were men who gave their entire time to manufacturing falsehood in regard to him. Martin Van Buren was always pictorialized as a rat. Thomas H. Benton and Amos Kendall were always pictorialized as robbers with battering rams breaking in the door of the United States bank.

On the day on which Thomas Jefferson was inaugurated president of the United States, March 4, 1801, the following appeared in the *Sentinel*, of Boston: "Monumental Inscription. Yesterday expired, deeply regretted by millions of grateful Americans, and by all good men, the Federal administration of the government of the United States, animated by Washington, Adams, Hamilton, Knox, Pickering, McHenry, Marshall and Stoddard; aged 12 years. Its death was occasioned by the secret arts and open violence of foreign and domestic demagogues. As one tribute of gratitude in these times this monument to the talents and services of the deceased is raised by the *Sentinel*." Under such defamation as that Thomas Jefferson went into office.

My father told me that when Andrew Jackson was running for president of the United States the whole land was flooded with coffin handbills—pictures of six dead men, in allusion to the six deserters which Andrew Jackson had had shot, and all the pictorials of those times represented Jackson as taking his office from the hand of the devil.

I saw at Put-in Bay, O., in a museum, a prominent paper of 1844, which spoke of Henry Clay as a gambler, a libertine and a murderer; and the manner in which he was defamed and the outrages which were heaped upon him may be well guessed from Mr. Clay's eulogy of his native state, Kentucky. He said: "When I seemed to be assailed by all the rest of the world, she interposed her broad and impenetrable shield, repelled the poisoned shafts that were aimed for my destruction, and vindicated my good name from every malignant and unfounded aspersion."

Defamation! It is the curse of the American ballot box. Just as soon as in the great cities a man is put up for office he is made the target. The fact that he is up is prima facie evidence that he must be brought down. His public life and his private life are scrutinized, and all the electric lights are turned on. How often it is that men have gone down under such things. In every autumnal election the air is filled with carrion crows scenting carcasses. Caw! Caw! Caw! There are newspapers in the United States that in the great autumnal elections take wild license for liberty. They are filled with calumny. The editorial columns of such papers reek with it; their columns are stuffed with it. There are newspapers in the United States which in the great popular elections breakfast and dine and sup on indecency. They wallow in it. Swine like the mire. They give more for one quill full of it than a whole hogshead of decent product. There are in these great autumnal elections men sitting in editorial chairs who write with a quill, not plucked from the stupid goose or the sublime eagle, but from a turkey buzzard! Ghouls! Ghouls! They tip the city sewer into their editorial inkstands. Defamation of character is one of the curses of the American ballot box today. In your great Presidential elections who can tell from what he reads who is the man he ought to vote for? Bad men sometimes applauded, good men denounced.

Another powerful foe of the sacred chest, the ark of the American covenant, the ballot box, is the rowdy and drunken caucus.

The ballot box does not give any choice to a man when the nominations are made in the back part of a groggery. When the elector comes up he has to choose between two evils. In some of the cities men have come to the ballot box to vote, and have found both names such a scaly, greasy and stenchful crew they had no choice. You say vote for somebody outside. Then they throw away their vote. Christian men of New York and Brooklyn, honorable men, patriotic men, go and take possession of the caucuses. First having saturated your pocket-handkerchief with cologne or some other disinfectant, go down to the caucus and take possession of it in the name of the Lord God Almighty and the American people, though after you come back you should have to hang your hat and coat in the back yard for ventilation.

In some of the states politics have got so low that the nominees no more need good morals than they do a bath tub. Snatch the ballot-box from such men. Where is the David who will go forth and bring the ark of the covenant back from Kirjath-jearim? Do you not think politics have got to a pretty low ebb in our day when a Tweed could be sent to the legislature of New York, and a John Morrissey, the prince of gamblers, sent to the American Congress?

Now, how are these things to be remedied? Some say by a property qualification. They say that after a man gets a certain amount of property—a certain amount of real estate—he is financially interested in good government, and he becomes cautious and conservative. I reply, a property qualification would shut off from the ballot box a great many of the best men in the land. Literary men are almost always poor. A pen is a good implement to make the world better, but is a very poor implement to get a livelihood ordinarily. I have known scores of literary men who never owned a foot of ground, and never will own a foot of ground until they get under it. Professors of colleges, teachers of schools, editors of newspapers, ministers of religion, qualified in every possible way to vote, yet no worldly success. There has been many a man who has not had a house on earth who will have a mansion in heaven.

There are many who through accidents of fortune have come to great success while they are profound in their stupidity, as profound in their stupidity as a man of large fortune with whom I was crossing the ocean, who told me he was going to see the dykes of Scotland! When a member of my family asked a lady on her return from Europe if she had seen Mont Blanc, she replied: "Well, really, I don't know; is that in Europe?" Ignorance by the square foot. Property qualification will not do. The only way these evils will be eradicated will be by more thorough legal defense of the ballot box and a more thorough moralization and Christianization of the people. That ark of the covenant was carried into captivity to Kirjath-jearim, but one day the people hooked oxen to a cart, and they put his ark on the cart, and the cart was taken to Jerusalem—the ark of the covenant coming with the shouting and thanksgiving of the people. And though the American ballot box, the ark of the American covenant, our sacred chest, has been carried again and again into captivity by fraud and inquity and spurious voting, I believe it will be brought back yet by prayer and by Christian consecration, and will be set down in the midst of the temple of Christian patriotism. Whose responsibility? Yours and mine.

A poor soldier went to a hair dresser in London. He wanted to get back to the army. He had overrun his furlough, and wanted some help to get back in quick transit. The money was given to the poor soldier, who said to the man who had offered the kindness: "I have nothing to give you in return but this little worn out receipt for making blacking." He gave it not thinking there was any value in it especially, and the man who took it did not suppose there was any special value in it; but it yielded the man who took it $2,500,000, and was the foundation of one of the greatest estates in England. And that little vote, that insignificant vote which you take out of your pocket—insignificant in your sight and insignificant in the sight of others—may start an influence that will last all through the progress of this government.

SOME CONCLUSIONS IN REGARD TO VOTING.

I charge you then as American citizens to remember your responsibility on the first Tuesday of November. It will begin early, the snow storm of suffrages. It will snow all day—snow on until noon, snow on until night. The flakes will fall in every town and village and neighborhood, the white flakes. The octogenarian will come up, his hand trembling, and with spectacled eye he will scrutinize the vote and drop it and pass on. The capitalist will come up with bediamoned finger and the laborer with hard fist, and the one vote will be as good as the other. Snow storm of suffrages, and then these white flakes will be gathered together and compacted into an avalanche that will slide down in expression of the will of the people. Stand out of the way of it! In the awful sweep of this white avalanche let political fraud go down a hundred feet under.

You have not only a vote, you have a prayer. That prayer may be mightier than the vote. Oh, as citizens of this beautiful city, and of this state, and of this nation, let us do our whole duty. We cannot live under any other form of government than that which God has given us in this country. The stars on our flag are not the stars of a thickening night, but the stars sprinkled amid the bars of morning cloud. We are going to have one government on this entire continent. Let the despotisms of Asia keep their feet off the Pacific coast, and let the tyrannies of Europe keep their feet off the Atlantic coast. We are going to have one government. Mexico will follow Texas into the Union, and Christianity and civilization will stand side by side in the halls of the Montezumas. And if not in our day, then in the day of our children, Yucatan and Central America will come in dominion, while on the north Canada will be ours, not by conquest—oh, no, American and English swords may never clash blades—but we will woo our fair neighbor of the north, and then England will say to Canada: "You are old enough for the marriage to-day," and then, turning, will say: "Giant of the west, go take your bride." And then from Baffin's bay to the Carribbean there will be one government under one flag, with one destiny—a free, undisputed, Christianized American continent. God save the city of Brooklyn! God save the commonwealth of New York! God save the Union!

Extenuating Circumstances.

Wife—"I was so annoyed, my dear, to-day to find one of my pictures displayed in a photographer's show window."

Husband—"Why didn't you go up stairs and tell him to take it out?"

Wife—"I declare I didn't think of that—and, besides, the picture is a very good one!"—*Life.*

A Candid Boy.

"I'll take your caramels and gumdrops, Mr. Peduncle," said Willie, candidly, as he pocketed the confectionery given him by the young man, "but I'll tell you right now that Irene isn't at home, and isn't going to be, either, unless Mr. Hankinson comes. She told the girl so herself five minutes ago. I heard her."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Taking the Bull by the Horns.

Tommy (anticipating things)—I wasn't at school yesterday, Miss Bangs.

His Teacher (severely)—No; you were not.

Tommy (decisively)—Miss Bangs, I've got to turn over a new leaf or get into trouble.—*Time.*

Cast Iron Vengence.

"Do you remember how, ten years ago, you swore that you would kill Overmunk?"

"Yes."

"He still lives."

"I know he lives and I am avenged. He is married to my divorced wife."—*Nebraska State Journal.*

A Base Colonizer.

"Did you hear about that Pennsylvania voter who registered here to-day?" asked a man of a Wheeling Democratic politician.

"No; where was it? I must tell the committee about the double-dyed colonizer and repeater. Where did he register?"

"At one of the hotels."—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

His Favorite Line.

"Do you read Shakespeare much, Mr. Soaker?"

"Shakespeare? I sh' shay I did read Sh-Shakeshpeare—all 'er time readin' Sh-Shakeshpeare."

"What is your favorite line—all readers have a favorite line, I believe?"

"Yesh, all have 'em. I've had 'em again and again. I think th' line 'damed be he that firsh callsh, I hold enough' 'sh 'bout as good 'sh anything Sh Shakeshpeare ever sh-shaid."—*N. Y. Sun.*

A Politician for Food Only.

"What are you doing now?" inquired one tramp of another when they met in a country road.

"Taking part in the political campaign," said the second tramp.

"Well, you're a sweet looking politician. Do you make speeches?"

"No; I travel from barbecue to barbecue."—*Chicago Mail.*

It Depended on Circumstances.

"Isn't your friend Spongely a hard drinker, Mr. Harkins?"

"Sometimes he is and sometimes he isn't. It all depends on circumstances. When Spongely is drinking at some other man's expense he drinks very easily."—*N. Y. Sun.*

Room for It.

"I'd rather be right than be President," remarked an Austin politician, who is very unpopular.

"You would rather be right than be President, would you? Well, it seems to me you don't lack opportunities of being right," replied a candid friend.—*Siftings.*

One of the Knowing.

Maud and Mabel, aged respectively 7 and 8, are out for a walk with their dolls in the park.

Maud—How do you like the way my doll's dressed to-day?

Mabel—She's just too lovely for anything. On'y don't let her wear her hat tipped over her nose, it makes her look fast.—*The Rambler.*

Ringing Noises

In the ears, sometimes a roaring, buzzing sound, or snapping like the report of a pistol, are caused by catarrh, that exceedingly disagreeable and very common disease. Loss of smell or hearing alone result from catarrh. Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier, is a peculiarly successful remedy for this disease, which it cures by purifying the blood. If you suffer from catarrh try Hood's Sarsaparilla, the peculiar medicine.

"I have been a sufferer from catarrh for a good many years. I tried nearly everything I heard of, with little or no benefit, until I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which I am now using with good results, I can recommend it heartily to all in need of a good medicine."—MRS. A. B. DUNHAM, Omaha, Neb.

"I used Hood's Sarsaparilla for catarrh, and received great relief and benefit from it. The catarrh was very disagreeable, especially in the winter, causing constant discharge from my nose, ringing noises in my ears, and pain in the back of my head. The effort to clear my head in the morning by hawking and spitting was painful. Hood's Sarsaparilla gave me relief immediately, while in time I was entirely cured. I am never without the medicine in my house, as I think it is worth its weight in gold."—MRS. G. B. GIBB, 1029 Eighth street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

"When I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla catarrh troubled me less, and now I am entirely cured."—JANE HINEY, Lumberton, Ohio.

N. B.—Be sure to get

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists, $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

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100 Doses One Dollar.

The Farm.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Rabbits Gnawing Young Trees.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I saw in the last number of the BLADE a solicitation for a remedy against rabbits barking fruit trees. I will give you my remedy which I have used with success for a succession of years. Put a half gallon or more of coal tar in a ten-gallon kettle; add a bucket or two of water, or as much as judgment may dictate. Boil the water and tar thoroughly and set off to cool till next day, when the tar will be settled to the bottom, which can be removed with a ladle or piece of board; then add to the tar water, soap—soap that will most easily dissolve—and boil again. Add sufficient soap to bring the compound to the consistency of thick cream; then with a brush, or any kind of mop, give the trunks of the young trees a good coating of the mixture late in the fall, and I think you need have no fear of rabbits disturbing the trees the following winter.—R. B., Gallatin county, Ky.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I send you our remedy against rabbits or any stock barking young trees. Make a whitewash of lime and fresh cow droppings, with sufficient water to make a moderately thick wash. Apply with an old broom or whitewash brush as high up the trunk of the tree as you desire to protect. This will prevent sheep or rabbits from injuring them. W. T. BLACKSTONE, Cumberland, Ohio.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I wish to inform the readers of the farm column how to prevent rabbits from gnawing apple or any other fruit trees. Just wrap each tree thoroughly with Democratic or political prohibition newspapers, tying them on firmly with cotton twine, and no honest rabbit will come near them.—J. F. S. P. S.—Any kind of newspaper will do.

Wintering Stock.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—A reader of the BLADE wishes to know of some one that has had experience in wintering stock with part hay and part corn meal, or all meal. A number of years ago I wintered twelve head of cows from December to April 1, with four quarts of corn meal per day, and no other feed. They had a warm stable. They did well. I also heard Mr. Miller in Chantauqua county, N. Y., state that he wintered twenty head of cows with three quarts of meal per day no other feed.—JAMES GRAY, Belfere, Kan.

Heaves in Horses.

EDITOR BLADE FARM.

Last April I read in the Farm Department a remedy for the heaves in horses. As the paper is not at hand, I do not remember the initials, but said they could not be cured. I positively know they can be have cured a number, and this is the receipt: Get two ounces of nitric acid, put two feeds of oats in a tile vesel, in the morning put one tea spoonfull of the acid in two quarts of new milk, stir it up well and turn it on the two feeds of oats and equalize it well, cover it up and let it stand until noon and then give the horse one feed, and at night the other, and so repeat until the two ounces is gone. To kill Canada thistles: Cut close to the ground the full of the moon, in August, when the sign is the hart, and any other bad weed.—JAMES GRAY, Belpere, Kansas.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Foot Rot in Cow.

N. H. M., Campbellsville, Kentucky: Foul claw, or foul in the feet of cattle is the result of overgrowth of the hoof, which strains the parts, irritation from pebbles, slivers, thorns or dirt, or it may be from a scrofulous condition of the animal. It is most frequently, but not always seen in the hind feet. If the disease has not run to any length of time it may be cured without great difficulty, but when the foot has been neglected, the foul may extend up as far as the fetlock. In desperate cases a veterinary can, without much danger to the life of the animal, take off the foot through the fetlock joint. The best thing when this has to be done is to fatten the animal for the butcher. To treat the disease, first poultice the foot for about two days with linseed meal or bran. Then cut away all loose horn, and after washing the hoof with soap and water, remove all dirt. Look carefully for a thorn or sliver, and remove with pincers if found. After all foreign substances have been removed, if the pus has burrowed in the tissues, syringe the foot well with a solution of carbolic acid and water—one part of acid to 12 of water. Soak small pledgets of tow in this, and fasten them in the wound with bandages. After the parts affected have been disinfected with the above, take of oil of turpentine, 4 ozs.: Lard, 4 ozs.; powdered sulphate of copper, 1 oz.; melt the lard and turpentine, and add the copper, and apply to the wound. The last named prescription is frequently sufficient without the carbolic acid and water; but it would be better to use all if the bone has run any length of time. After the hoof has a healthy look, take pine tar, put it on lint or oakum, and bind on the foot. The animal should be kept in a clean stable, if possible, or on ground where there is no sand or pebbles, until well.

Cramps in Horse's Leg.

J. S., Little Falls, Minnesota: Cramps occur to a great extent in animals who are overworked, or are kept at work until they are fatigued. In the first place keep the animal in as comfortable a place as possible, and out of direbt draughts of air. As soon as the horse is attacked with cramps, dip a soft cloth in hot water and wrap the leg. Have ready a bottle, in which there is an ounce of spirits of camphor, a tablespoonful of turpentine and half an ounce of laudanum. Heat a quart of vinegar, stir in the contents of the bottle; bathe the leg with this, and dip flannel strips in it, and squeeze them in the hand until none of the solution runs out of the strips then wrap the leg that has been bathed with the strips. This bathing should be done once a week for about four weeks. The vinegar should be as hot as the hand will be bear. Make the following into 12 powders and give the animal one in the morning and one in the evening: One ounce calchicum seed, one ounce and a quarter nitrate of potash. After this give the following for one dose twice daily for about four days: Bicarbonate of soda, one-fourth ounce; powdered gentian, one-fourth ounce; powdered nox vomica, 10 grains. Feed but little, cover for two weeks, and see that the oats and hay are sweet and clean from dust or mould.

F. W. H., Word Lake, Nebraska: The shoulder of your mule was injured while the animal was running away should have been healed long ago, if properly treated. If the skin was broken and the flesh abraden, it may be that there is a splint of wood or other substance in the part that was hurt. It was only bruised, a rowel was unnecessary as bathing with smart vinegar in which there was an ounce of spirits of camphor and half an ounce of laudanum would have brought the animal around all right, if not worked for a week or two. Was the skin broken before the animal was hurt? Is there at present a hard spot in the center of the sore? If so, take a very sharp knife and cut around the hard substance and take it out, and open the part affected so that you may be certain whether or not there is a splinter in it. If there is no hard spot to cut out, make a slit with a knife on the place that was injured, two inches or more if necessary in length. Put your finger in the slit and feel if there is a splint present. If so, it must be removed. Poultice the part about two days with a linseed meal poultice, after which inject into the wound carbolic acid and tepid water, in the proportion of two drachms of the acid to a pint of water. Afterward wash the part twice a day with chloride of zinc and water, one drachm of the zinc to a pint of water. Lay a piece of soft linen over the sore and bind it on. The animal should not be worked until the part is well healed. If there is a veterinery in your vicinity, he should be called to open the part injured.

Something Wrong About Lambs.

R. F. Milbank, Dakota Territory:—Your sheep that lie down and keep their heads and feet going, and throw their heads back and die, are no doubt attacked with a disease known as paralysis or trembles. This is brought on by the lambs getting chilled, or lambs that are poor and get wet in cold weather. Henry Stewart in the "Shepherd's Manual," says of this disease: In this disease, in addition to the base of the brain, the spinal marrow and the nervous system connected therewith are affected, the congestion occupying a considerable portion of the vertebral canal. Its effects are varied. In some cases the animal loses the power over some of its limbs; the hinder half of the bodies of some are rendered incapable of motion; in others, the sheep stands, trembles violently, with the head drawn back or to one side, the jaws are tightly closed, and froth is forced through the teeth and lips; the breathing is hurried, and the fit which lasts for a short time, recurs at short intervals. At other times, the animal which appears perfectly well, will suddenly spring from the ground, scream and fall dead. Others will fall, deprived of motion, and then remain sprawling, with limbs stretched out until they die of starvation. The power of swallowing is gone, and there is generally very great difficulty of breathing in consequence of the affection of the pneumogastric nerve and the resulting paralysis or spasmodic condition of the muscles of the throat and chest. Animals in poor condition subjected to cold and exposure, suffer mostly from this peculiar form of disease.

The proper treatment for these varied cases, depends whether the patient is in the active or collapsed condition. On the first attack, bleeding from the facial vein is the proper remedy and generally gives immediate relief. But after the animal has passed through this stage a condition of collapse follows, and instead of depletion, the opposite course is necessary to be taken. Tonics and stimulants are then used. Warm milk or gruel, sweetened and mexed with ginger, followed by a teaspoonful of aromatic of ammonia, or one scruple of carbonate of ammonia mixed with gum water of cold linseed tea, should be given. If the bowels are constipated, a dose of linseed oil (but no salts), should be given. The body may be swathed in a rag dipped in hot water, to which an ounce of ammonia water has been added. On recovery, the food should be generally improved in character, and a daily dose of one scruple of sulphate of copper may be given with some meal, or mixed with molasses and placed on the tongue. This disease is the most frequent one of the kind from which our flocks suffer.

Cheese Adulteration.

Bell's *Messenger*, London, says: It seems that American cheese is getting somewhat into disrepute. In our late issue, Mr. A. C. H. Froemcke, of New York, cautioned our readers against the purchase of partly-skimmed cheese branded "full cream," consignments of which, he states, are being shipped to this country; and it is clear that grocers and provision dealers must be careful to avoid being imposed upon by fictitious marks of this character. We also give a report in our present issue of a meeting this week of the Warrington Farmers' club, where there were several very severe criticisms indulged in at the expense of American cheese. A resolution was adopted to the effect that the attention of the authorities should be called to "the fraudulent sale of mixtures of tallow-grease, cotton-seed oil, and other fats with the product of milk in the manufacture of American cheese, and its subsequent sale in this country as pure cheese,"—the object of the farmers being that prosecutions should be instituted to repress this kind of fraud. It is certainly somewhat curious that, while under the sale of food act there are constant prosecutions for the alleged adulteration of butter, there are none so far as cheese is concerned, and we do not believe the inference is sound that butter is frequently adulterated and cheese never. The public analysts have not shown any disposition to tackle cheese. Is the reason because they like something that is easily analysed and is not likely to get them into trouble if any inaccuracy in the work be discovered? At any rate, our American friends must not assume, in consequence of this apathy on the part of the authorities, that they can send us what they like with impunity, and that cheese is never to be analysed in this country. We may wake up suddenly in regard to this matter, and the results may be unpleasant for those who send over here cheese that is not what it is represented to be.

Marketing Fruit.

The English horticultural writers describe the approved methods of packing fine fruit for market, by wrapping in tissue paper, packing in soft moss, and various modes adapted to good pears and other fruit; but in this country, where crops are supplied from the loaded orchards *by* thousands of barrels, the refined modes cannot well be adopted, but it is even more important that the wholesale work be done in the very best manner, with clean barrels for apples, neat half-barrel kegs for pears, and all honestly filled with perfect specimens throughout, the shippers abhorring all kinds of fraud and sham in the smallest degree.—*Country Gentleman.*

Money in Hogs.

Advices from the West indicate that the farmers with good droves of healthy hogs are liable to come out best at the end of the year. Many farmers must look to the hog for their main source of profit. There has been no inducement, so our informants state, to keep hogs back after they were fit for market, and as a consequence there is a very small surplus stock in the country. Whenever hogs are unusually plenty, the receipts of corn at this season are small, for a good proportion of the crop will be needed for the hogs. This year there have been unusually large receipts of the new crop of corn. In fact, all the usual signs indicate sewer hogs on western farms than for a number of years. To use a dialogue very common just now—"What's the matter with the hog farmer?" "He's all right!"—*Rural New Yorker.*

Horse Breeding in England.

A correspondent of the London *Live Stock Journal* writes:

"Judging from the articles and reports which are appearing just now in the American newspapers, it would seem that horse-breeders on this side of the Atlantic are all wrong, and have been wrong for a couple of centuries. A truce to all this nonsense! Breeders in England must respect all foreign markets, but in regard to altering our minds, we must give no hearing ear to those who are but novices in the business. Let any American stay long enough in this country to study horses engaged in London traffic between the Thames at Gravesend and the Thames at Twickenham Ferry, and he will not only learn that in England we can mind our own business, and give heed to our own requirements, but carry away something that will be useful in conducting the traffic in his large commercial cities as well. It is of the greatest importance that horse breeding in this country should not be entirely swung off its balance by the outside demand."

It Was Safe Enough.

"There's a 50-cent piece lying on the sidewalk," said Bjones, looking out of the window. "Go and pick it up, Merritt, and hurry because there is a lady coming down the street and she'll be sure to see it."

"There's no hurry," returned Merritt, poking out his head, while he slipped on his coat; "that's Miss DeVere. She has her tailor-made suit on and she couldn't pick up anything."—*N. Y. Sun.*

KEELY AND HIS MOTOR.

THE INVENTOR OF THE QUAKER CITY

The Man May be a Crank on His Motor but He Has Made Some Discovery or Other Which He is Keeping Secret, but Which Shows Some Odd Results, to Say the Least.

In a little, two-story, red brick workhouse at No 1422 North Twentieth street, Philadelphia, a man is incessantly toiling, to whom the world will one day accord high honors. The man is John Worrell Keely, the best advertised, the most abused and the most highly lauded man in America. All of Mr. Keely's friends, and many of his enemies, believe that he has not only discovered but has also learned how to use a hitherto unknown force in nature, a force that in its manifold and magic workings as far transcends all other known mechanical or physical forces as the power of a Corliss engine exceeds the strength of a puny baby's arm.

When Mr. Keely gets his instrument perfected he will be able to skim through the air from New York to London in a day or two; draw a train of cars from Boston to Chicago in a jiffy; bore through a mountain of solid rock a hole as big as the Hoosac tunnel in a few hours; bring with his telescope the planet Jupiter as near to us as the state house dome; make with his microscope the tiniest animalcule that swims in the tiniest drop of water look a great deal bigger than the biggest whale; in short, solve all the mysteries of life and death—

If—

Yes, in all seriousness, if he continues to make the same astounding progress he has made in gaining control over forces the very existence of which is unknown to modern science.

Mr. Keely is about six feet tall, strongly built, very muscular in form, slightly stoop-shouldered, and is remarkably well preserved for a man 60 odd years old, who has spent 30 years in the most intense and incessant thought and labor. His face, with its thoughtful, swelling and furrowed brow, its shaggy eyebrows, overhanging, deep-set and glittering eyes, its strong nose, large and firm mouth, square and shaven chin, its jet-black mustache and burnside, and its whole expression that of a thinker, is a magnificent study for an artist.

The walls of the little room up stairs in which we stood were hung with large physiological charts, the study of anatomy, physiology and hygiene being included in Mr. Keely's comprehensive researches. A leather-covered sofa, a few easy chairs and a simple table comprised the furniture of the room.

On a movable wooden stand, about three feet high, which resembled a truncated cone in front, but which was perfectly hollow, as could be seen from behind, was the strange piece of mechanism with which Mr. Keely is now conducting his researches. It was suspended from a metallic crane-like brace which projected from the top of the stand. This instrument, or machine, Mr. Keely calls his "compound disintegrator," and there is probably nothing like it either in the heavens above or the earth beneath. It is made entirely of metal, is perfectly round, and looks more like a wheel or pulley than anything else. It is about two feet in diameter with a rim some six inches wide. The whole thing is no larger than a cheese box. In the center of the apparatus, at its hub, so to speak, from which spokes or braces entered to the rim, is a bore like that in the hub of a carriage wheel. Its diameter is about 1½ inches. Scores of steel wire rods, about 2¼ inches long, occurred at one end and free to vibrate when struck or snapped, looking something like the tongues of a music box, are fastened to small metallic circular forms, affixed to the body of the apparatus. Radiating from another and larger circular frames are 40 tubes or keys screwed into its rim, standing out like miniature cannon from the port holes of a fort.

Innumerable wires in seeming confusion, keys, stops, cylinders, resonant tubes, prongs, and metallic pieces of nameless shapes are all over and through the apparatus. No drawings, however accurate, would give one who had not seen the thing an exact idea of how it looks. The whole apparatus, constructed as it is of various metals—gold, silver, platinum, copper, brass and steel, is tuned—or "graduated," and has a range of 140 octaves, so Mr. Keely asserts.

Taking a solid steel cylinder, about five inches long and one and one-fourth inches in diameter, Mr. Keely placed it in the center of an apparatus, like an axle in a wheel. One end of the cylinder is covered with gold leaf roughly laid on. Then the necromances seized a long horse-hair bow and drew it across an upright tuning-fork standing on the table at the other end of the room. There was no means of connection between the tuning-fork and the apparatus other than the open atmosphere.

"Look at the cylinder!" cried Mr. Keely.

Turning my eyes to the center of the apparatus, I saw the cylinder in motion, while all its surroundings were stationary.

"Three hundred revolutions a second," said the inventor. "Whirling there in space, just like the earth on its axis; and it would go on forever, without receiving any new impetus, as long as the earth revolves, if the conditions could remain the same. I had it going one time 14 weeks on a stretch."

"What makes the thing revolve?" I asked.

"The currents of the earth," said Mr. Keely, dryly.

"And what set the thing in motion in the first place?"

"Compound inter-etheric force," was the tantalizing reply.

The thing kept on whirling there in space, absolutely untouched by any other body, whirling so swiftly that only by the jagged edges of the gold leaf on the end could you see that it was in motion at all.

The wizard picked up his horse-hair bow again, drew it once across the tuning fork and the cylinder stopped. The key he struck this time was a different one. Then he called forth the first note again, and the cylinder began to spin and kept on spinning all the afternoon.

Electricity was it? Well, scarcely, when the cylinder was in space as free as a bird in the air, and when the air is not considered a very good conductor. Perhaps it was "compressed air." That's what Keely's detractors say he has been experimenting with these 30 years.

Placing on the stand near the apparatus a siren, or acoustic reed instrument familiar to scientists, Mr. Keely connected it by means of a very small wire with one of the stops, or keys, in the "disintegrator," and also by means of a rubber tube with a pair of foot bellows. Working the bellows, the siren gave forth a sound shriller than the piping of winds, the notes going higher and higher until I could no longer distinguish them.

"That sets every part of the 'disintegrator' to vibrating," said Mr. Keely, "except the revolving cylinder in the 'neutral center' of the apparatus."

On a stand a few feet away from the 'disintegrator' stood two glass cylinders or tubes, about two and a half feet high and six or seven inches in diameter, both nearly filled with water and fitted with brass covers. At the bottom of one was a brass weight of 5½ pounds. Floating on top of the water in the other cylinder was a piece of ordinary cork. Detaching the silver and platinum wire from the "receiver" in the other room, Mr. Keely affixed it to the cover of the cylinder containing the brass weight, the other end of the wire being still attached to the "disintegrator."

A few vigorous kicks on the bellows, a few piercing notes from the siren, a hasty pulling in and out of stops in the "disintegrator," a swift glance from Mr. Keely at the brass weight lying still at the bottom of the water, and a troubled look came over his face for an instant. He rushed from the room, and in a second appeared again with a harmonica in his mouth. He blew it softly, as if in appeal to the dead unconscious metal. Then louder and stronger grew the notes. Suddenly the brass weight, as if it had been a living, reasoning being, charmed by the vibrations to which it would respond, rose slowly, slowly, with gentle, undulating, swaying movement, up through the water to the top of the cylinder. And there it stayed.

"Do you see it? Do you see it?" cried the magician, his cheeks flushed, his eyes aflame with delight, and the perspiration standing out on his brow. Orpheus with his wonderful lyre was no longer a mere fable to me.

"Now I'll bring it down," said the wonder worker, and placing the harmonica again to his mouth he blew it gently, once, twice, thrice. As slowly and gracefully as it has risen to the surface of the water, the brass descended to the bottom.

Compressed air, was it? Or electricity? Air and brass, you know, are such excellent conductors.

Mr. Keely next attached the wire to the cylinder containing the cork, which sank and remained on the bottom in obedience to the wooing of his harmonica, until he let it rise again.

In one case the attraction of gravitation and in the other the specific gravity of a body overcome and set at naught by musical notes!

Removing the wire from the glass cylinder Mr. Keely attached it to a small iron cannon in a room behind the one in which the "disintegrator" was placed. The cannon had no "touchhole" or fuse. He put a leaden projectile weighing about half a pound into the gun, pointed it at a thick piece of iron leaning against the wall, went back to the "disintegrator," pulled out a few stops and pressed in a few others, turned a key, and the ball flew against the iron with such force as to be completely flattened. It struck the metal with so great a velocity, and the heat thereby generated was so great, that you could not hold the flattened ball in your hand. The most astonishing part of this experiment was that there was absolutely no recoil to the gun, as shown by chalk marks on the floor in front and behind the wheels of the carriage.

Compressed air, was it? Then Mr. Keely has discovered a means of conveying compressed air through a solid wire no thicker than a darning needle.

On a wooden stand in the same room with the cannon were two steel hemispheres of exactly the same size. Mr. Keely fitted the smooth surfaces together and attached to the lower one a 108 pound weight by means of a hook through a small hole in the top of the stand. He made the wire connection with the "disintegrator," pressed a few stops, and you could not pull the hemispheres apart, neither could Samson have done it. But the horse-hair bow, drawn across the tuning-fork in the other room accomplished what human strength could not do.

Perhaps the hemispheres were held together by Spaulding's prepared glue, but I didn't see any of it lying around.

Another of Mr. Keely's experiments was to put the wire around a big iron cylinder weighing 400 pounds, and when the "compound inter etheric force" had run through the wire, to lift the cylinder up on one finger and carry it around the room as easily as if it were cork.

A few months ago he moved, single-handed, so it is said, a 500-horse power engine from one part of his shop to another, not making a scratch on the floor. Engineers declared that they could not have removed it without a derrick, which would have necessitated taking off the roof of the shop.

Mr. Keely was studying one day last year the action of currents of ether playing upon some fine sand which he had scattered on the floor. The ether was rolling the sand into ropes of fantastic shapes when it came in contact with a block of marble, used for keeping a door open. The marble crumbled into dust before his eyes. The lesson of this was not lost upon Mr. Keely, and in a short time he had made his "compound disintegrator."

The news of this discovery was noised abroad, and 12 California millionaires last fall met by appointment at Mr. Keely's workshop, bringing with them some gold quartz. The inventor simply touched their gold quartz with a little machine he held in his hand, when it instantly crumbled into atomic dust, in which the specks of gold they had contained stood out like boulders in a bed of sand. Then Mr. Keely pocketed his checks for $120,000, while the millionaires formed a syndicate and gathered in all the seemingly worthless mining stocks, worthless because the mines were disused on account of the working expense.

The "compound disintegrator" with which the experiments were performed belongs to this syndicate of millionaires, none of whom are stockholders in the Keely motor company.

Now what is Mr. Keely's secret? What is it that disappointed stockholders, a curious public and the courts of law have been trying to squeeze out of him? Is it some real, definite, palpable thing, like the recipe for making a patent medicine? Scarcely. Keely makes no secret of the fundamental principle upon which he works, and to which he has clung ever since his first discovery, when, as a boy of 12 years, he walked along the shore holding sea shells to his ear, and noted that no two gave forth the same tone. Mr Keely attributed all the so-called forces of nature to various modes of vibration. His secret, however, he has promised shall not die with him. It may be given to the public at any time.

This man is without doubt the most profoundly interesting character in the world to-day. Toiling day and night for 30 years with hand and brain, never once losing courage or faith in the reality of his discovery, trying to master its laws and reduce it to his complete subjection, pursuing his researches into fields covering almost the whole of nature's realm, keeping his heart warm and youthful and his faith in man and God unshaken in spite of malignant slander, ridicule, accusations of fraud, discouragements and failures in his experiments and business affairs that would have killed a less heroic soul—such a man is John Worrell Keely.

The Liberal Soul.

"There you go again," said the milkman, as his wife waited on a little boy, "giving nearly double measure as usual. Why is it that a woman never can be trusted to sell milk?"

"'The liberal soul shall be made fat,'" quoted the wife.

"Mary Jane," expostulated the husband, as he looked at the ample form of his spouse, "when a liberal soul already kicks the beam at 207 pounds that soul ought to be satisfied. (Firmly.) I'll sell the milk myself hereafter, Mary Jane."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Too Bad of John.

"Oh, it is awful!" cried the inconsolable widow. "Poor John! He sunk $200,000 in Wall street and then blew his brains out."

"Poor John! Wasn't it horrible?"

"Y-yes. If he'd only blown his brains out first."—*N. Y. Sun.*

The Probable Reason.

A man in Belgium goes to prison only two years for killing his uncle in a duel. It does not appear what brought the duel about. Possibly it was the result of a little dispute about the young man's overcoat.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Pleasant Prospect for the Young Man.

"Hi, there!" yelled the anxious parent from above. "Maria, ain't that young man left yet?"

"No, pa, but he will be in about five minutes. He'll be awfully left.—*New York Sun.*

A Soft Answer.

"Are you on friendly terms with the defendant?" demanded a lawyer of a witness in our Circuit court yesterday. "Well, I ain't throwing no bouquets at him," was the quaint answer.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Pyle's Pearline Possesses Peculiar Purifying Properties

Truth will Out

Therein lies the secret of the marvelous success of PYLE'S PEARLINE Washing Compound. Those who use it like it, and tell their friends. Over one million families now use it. The sale increases—each month shows decided gains.

Do you know the truth? PEARLINE washes clothes, coarse or fine—dishes—paint—everything—in half the time, with half the labor, and better than anything else known. As it saves the worst of the rubbing, so it saves the worst of the wear; your clothes and paint last longer and look better, if washed with PEARLINE. Harmless to fabric or hands, and economical. There is nothing else like PEARLINE.

Beware of imitations being peddled or sold by means of prizes—they are dangerous—such means are not necessary to sell a good article.

Pearline is manufactured only by JAMES PYLE, New York.

THE FRENCH GUILLOTINE.

At First They Thought It Was Funny, but They Changed Their Minds Afterwards.

And yet it is evident that the guillotine was not at first a terror-inspiring object. One general of the revolutionary army had a guillotine engraved on his seal. The ladies of tours wore guillotine ear-rings, and the "avenger of the people" danced with them at the proconsular halls. The guillotine was *a la mode*. Its inventor, Dr. Guillotin, in a speech before the national assembly on December 1, 1789, had said, "With my machine I slice off your head in the twinkling of an eye, and you do not suffer." People, it must be presumed, soon grew accustomed to the fatal machine, for it even entered the salons, and MM. de Goncourt relate, in their "History of French Society During the Revolution:" In extremely good company at dessert, after supper, a little mahogany guillotine was placed on the table, and the ladies, acting the role of Sanson, placed under the knife dolls whose heads were portraits of some enemy—Lameth, Robespierre, Bailly, or Lafayette.

The head was cut off, and red fluid flowed from the neck; the doll was a bottle, and the blood some amber-colored liquor. Society in its *insouciance* treated as a toy the instrument which was soon to decimate its ranks. But except in prints the guillotine is not often represented. It is occasionally found on patriotic snuff-boxes, which themselves take the form of a Phrygian cap. There is one iron pike-head at the Carnavalet museum on which is engraved an old-fashioned guillotine worked by a rope. On the knife is engraved a Phrygian cap, and the inscriptions above and below are "Ca ira" and "Vive la Republique." When the guillotine was first used the knife was held suspended by a rope, and at a given signal a soldier with averted eyes cut the rope with his sword. Afterward the working of the machine was improved and made more expeditious as its use became extended.—*Theodore Child, in Harper's Magazine.*

A REMARKABLE RACE.

How Jug-o'-Rum and Ole Bill Circumvented a Cyclone.

Andrew Gray, a bronzed Western cowbow, who is known among the Indians of Northwestern Texas by the suggestive title "Jug-o'-Rum," spent a few hours in this city yesterday, says the Binghamton (N. Y.) *Republican*. He was interviewed by a *Republican* reporter, and gave a graphic description of a cyclone that once on a time made a dash for Mr. Jug-o' Rum, and from which he narrowly escaped. Said he:

"I was drivin' across the prairie one afternoon when I heard a roarin' noise behind me, and lookin' round I seed the tarnelest cyclone humpin' itself after me that ever was organized for destruction. I was ridin' a steed that had took the prize fur speed at the Whitney's Point fair, and made up my mind that if it was to be a race atween us I wouldn't be left at the quarter pole. I seed a piece of woods about 70 miles ahead, and concluded that if I could reach that I would be safe, so diggin' spurs into Ole Bill I made fur it.

"Fur a time it was neck and neck atween us. The cyclone seed what my game was and strained every muscle to ketch me afore I got to the woods. I could hear it spit on its hands and dig its toenails into the yieldin' sile, and the way Ole Bill shoved Texas behind him and reached out for Injun Territory was terrific. Bang! bang! went my revolver, and come to examine it I found that the friction of the wind had het the iron so hot that it went off—combusted spontaneous like, ye know—and it was only through the best of luck that I escaped bein' shot.

"But bimeby we reached the woods and I knowed I was safe. Ye see, them Texas breed of cyclones ain't used to travellin' through trees and brush. I dashed among 'em with the pantin' cyclone not forty yards behind me. The minuit it got in the brush there was fun. Ole Bill galloped on and never slacked his pace an instant. I could hear the cyclone swearin' behind me as it got the brush tangled in its whiskers, and sich thrashin' and flounderin' ye never heard. Well, sir, it saved me. That was two months ago and they's a city now where that piece of woods stood, but the people pint out to this day where me and Ole Bill sarcumvented the cyclone."

How He Offended Her.

They were on their way home from the theater.

She was silent.

He tried to talk for two, but could not.

Finally her silence became unbearable.

"Francesca," he asked, "have I offended you?"

"No, Algernon, but I am waiting to see if you will offend me."

"How could I do that, darling?" he murmured and with the murmur he walked her past the last oyster counter on the route and turned the corner.

"Mr. Maginnis," she exclaimed in cold, unsympathetic tones, "it is not necessary to ask me how you could, it is sufficient to say that you have."

And to this day Algernon wanders about with an unexplained sorrow gnawing at his heart.—*Washington Post.*

A Good Reason.

Mrs. Dumpsey—Now, Johnny, remember, I don't want you to get to quarreling with the new boy who has moved in next door.

Johnny Dumpsey—Don't be afraid, mamma, I shan't quarrel with him. He is as much as three inches taller than I am.—*Burlington Free Press.*

Hygienic Marketing.

Lady—"I would like to look at some currents, if you please."

Fruiterer—"Here are some very nice English currents."

Lady—"I don't think they would do. My physician recommends electric currents. Have you any of those?"—*Lowell Citizen.*

If He Had a Million.

"I say, Slimmer, if you had a million dollars, what would you do?"

"Oh, I don't know. Guess I'd borrow enough to pay my debts and go abroad. Live mighty comfortable abroad on the income of a full million".—*Harper's Bazar.*

He Explained It.

"I wonder what makes you so saucy," said Mrs. Squildig to her little son.

"I spec' it's because you give me so much saucy parilla for medicine," explained the precocious child.—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

Not Unlikely.

First Actor—Mr. Buskin prides himself on his "eye for situations."

Second Actor—Huh! If he hadn't a pretty sharp eye for situations he'd never get one."—*Phila. Record.*

MUSTANG LINIMENT
CURES HOLLOWHORN, CAKED BAGS, GRUB & HOOF DISEASE IN CATTLE!

MUSTANG LINIMENT
HEALS INFLAMMATION, OLD SORES, CAKED BREASTS & INSECT BITES!

MUSTANG LINIMENT
CURES SWINNEY, SADDLE AND HARNESS SORES IN HORSES & MULES!

MUSTANG LINIMENT
IS FOR MAN & BEAST. PENETRATES MUSCLE & FIBRE TO THE VERY BONE.

MUSTANG LINIMENT
CURES PILES, BURNS, CUTS, CORNS, BRUISES, CHILBLAINS & FROSTBITES

MUSTANG LINIMENT
CURES RHEUMATISM, LAME BACK AND STIFF JOINTS. RUB IN HARD!

MUSTANG LINIMENT
SHOULD ALWAYS BE KEPT IN SHOP, KITCHEN, STABLE AND FACTORY!

MUSTANG LINIMENT
CURES FOOT ROT, SHOULDER-ROT, SCREW-WORM AND SCAB IN SHEEP!

WASHINGTON NEWS.

THE PUBLIC DEBT.

Condition of the Finances as Reported by a Democratic Treasurer.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 3.—The following is a recapitulation of the debt statement issued to-day:

Interest Bearing Debt.	
Bonds at 4½ per cent	$197,302,000
Bonds at 4 per cent	682,068,150
Refunding certificates at 4 per cent	129,620
Navy pension fund at 3 per cent	14,000,000
Pacific railroad bonds at 6 per cent	64,623,512
Principal	958,123,282
Interest	7,169,196
Total	$965,292,478
Debt on which Interest has Ceased Since Maturity.	
Principal	$2,365,685
Interest	163,110
Total	$2,528,795
Debt Bearing No Interest.	
Old demand and legal tender notes	346,737,823
Certificates of deposit	11,580,000
Gold certificates	140,613,658
Silver certificates	229,783,153
Fractional currency, less $8,375,934, estimated as lost or destroyed	6,921,316
Principal	$735,635,949
Total Debt.	
Principal	$1,696,124,917
Interest	7,332,307
Total	$1,703,457,224
Less cash items available for reduction of the debt	391,675,218
Less reserve held for redemption of U. S. notes	100,000,000
Total	$401,675,218
Total debt—less available cash items	$1,211,782,005
Net cash in the treasury	74,491,969
Debt less cash in the treasury November 1, 1888	1,137,290,036
Debt less cash in the treasury October 1, 1888	$1,141,875,655
Decrease during month	4,585,619
Decrease of debt since June 30, 1888	29,294,620
Cash in Treasury Available for the Reduction of the Public Debt.	
Gold held for gold certificates actually outstanding	$140,613,658
Silver held for silver certificates actually outstanding	229,783,152
U. S. notes held for certificates of deposit actually outstanding	11,580,000
Cash held for matured debt and interest unpaid	9,697,992
Fractional currency	416
Total available for reduction of the debt	$391,675,218
Reserve Fund.	
Held for redemption of U. S. notes, acts of January 14, 1875, and July 12, 1882	$100,000,000
Unavailable for Reduction of the Debt.	
Fractional silver coin	$24,088,768
Minor coin	90,414
Total	$24,179,183
Certificates held as cash	33,958,116
Net cash balance on hand	74,491,900
Total cash in treasury as shown by the treasurer's general account	$624,304,487

GIVEN HIS PASSPORTS.

Lord Sackville Too Much of a Load for the Administration to Carry.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 31.—By direction of the President, the Secretary of State to-day informed Lord Sackville that for causes heretofore made known to her majesty's government his continuance in his present official position in the United States is no longer acceptable to this government, and would consequently be detrimental to the relations between the two countries.

THEY WILL BE MISSED.

Lord Sackville's Daughters Looked Upon as Society Ornaments.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 1.—One of the Democratic papers of this city, which published yesterday a scandalous story in regard to the snubbing of Lord Sackville's daughters by Mrs. Cleveland, has the following in its society columns to-day:

"In the event of Lord Sackville West's recall or resignation, the Misses Sackville West will be greatly missed by their large circle of Washington friends. Miss Sackville West, who has so gracefully dispensed the hospitalities of her father's house since he has been Her Majesty's minister in Washington, has won the admiration of all who have met her in this and other cities. Her sweet face, cordial and dignified manner and total forgetfulness of self have made her extremely popular. On the part of the young ladies they will leave this country with regret. They love America as their home, and all the pleasant associations of their young womanhood are on this side of the Atlantic. The Misses Sackville West have been visiting friends very quietly since they left Beverly-by-the-Sea, on their route home to this city. They spent a few days with Mrs. John V. L. Pruyn in Albany, a short time with Mrs. John B. Trevor at her superb country place, Glenview, on the Hudson, and a part of a week with Mrs. Whitney in New York city. Lord Sackville had intended taking his annual leave early in the year, and taking his daughters with him to England in order to attend to a private matter pertaining to the transfer of Knole and the estate in Kent.

GIVE THANKS.

The People Have Good Cause to be Thankful—A Proclamation.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 1.—A proclamation by the President of the United States:

Constant thanksgiving and gratitude are due from the American people to Almighty God, for His goodness and mercy which have followed them since the day He made them a nation and vouchsafed to them a free government. With loving kindness He has constantly led us in the way of prosperity and greatness. He has not visited, with swift punishment, our shortcomings, but with gracious care He has warned us of our dependence upon His forbearance and has taught us that obedience to His holy law is the price of a continuance of His precious gifts.

In acknowledgment of all that God has done for us as a nation, and to the end that on an appointed day, the united prayers and praise of a grateful country may reach the Throne of Grace, I, Grover Cleveland, President of the United States, do hereby designate and set apart Thursday, the 29th day of November instant, as a day of thanksgiving and praise, to be kept and observed throughout the land.

On that day let all our people suspend their ordinary work and occupations, and in their accustomed places of worship, with prayer and songs of praise, render thanks to God for all His mercies, for the abundant harvests which have rewarded the toil of the husbandman during the year that has passed, and for the rich rewards that have followed the labors of our people in their shops and their marts of trade and traffic.

Let us give thanks for peace and for social order and contentment within our borders, and our advancement in all that adds to national greatness.

And mindful of the effective dispensation with which a portion of our land has been visited, let us, while we humble ourselves before the power of God, acknowledge His mercy in setting bounds to the deadly march of the pestilence, and let our hearts be chastened by sympathy with our fellow countrymen who have suffered and who mourn.

And as we return thanks for all the blessings which we have received from the hands of our Heavenly Father, let us not forget that He has enjoined upon us charity; and on this day of thanksgiving let us generously remember the poor and needy, so that our tribute of praise and gratitude may be acceptable in the sight of the Lord.

Done at the city of Washington on the 1st day of November, 1888, and in the year of independence of the United States the 113th.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto signed my name and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

GROVER CLEVELAND.

By the President.
T. F. BAYARD,
Secretary of State.

Justice Matthews Recovering Slowly.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 5.—Justice Stanley Matthews, of the Supreme court, who has been ill for many weeks and quite unable to attend to his judicial duties, is beginning slowly to convalesce, and his friends think he is out of danger. He has been attended recently by Dr. Pepper, the eminent physician of Philadelphia who attended Gen. Sheridan, and who states that no reason exists why he should not recover his former robust health. The trouble from which he had been suffering is abdominal catarrh. It will be many weeks, however, before he is able to appear on the bench of the Supreme court, but he will doubtless be seen there before the end of the present term.

It is estimated at the Treasury department that there has been a decrease of about $4,000,000 in the public debt during October.

THE ELECTION.

GROVER CAN'T VOTE.

He Does Not Live in the United States—At the White House.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 6.—The politicians have all left Washington to day. They have all gone home or to New York to take a closer view of the canvass. The departments are comparatively deserted. Robert A. Parke, the passenger agent of the Southeastern District Pennsylvania railroad, said he thought at least 25 per cent. more have gone from the city than at the last election. The trains since Saturday night have been running heavy. Saturday, yesterday and to-day many Pennsylvania, New York and Indiana voters went home. to-day those leaving are chiefly Maryland and Virginia men.

There is a special wire in the White House at all times and on election night the operator will be on hand to receive the press reports and such private dispatches as may be sent to the President from Chairman Brice and others. The question of the President's voting has been authoritatively settled by a statement from Col. Lamont to the effect that the President will not go to Buffalo at this election time.

THIS IS TOUGH.

Not Cynthia, but the Fact That She Cannot Vote.

NEW YORK, Nov. 6.—Mrs. Cynthia Leonard, the candidate of the Equal Rights party for mayor of this city, registered in the thirty-fourth election district of the seventh assembly district, and then secured a mandamus to compel the inspectors of that district to receive her vote. The matter came up for argument in the Supreme court chambers yesterday afternoon, when Lawyer Nelson Smith appeared in Mrs. Leonard's behalf and entered upon a long argument, claiming that under the constitution of the nation his client was entitled to suffrage, and that no state law could abridge the privileges of any citizen. Judge Lawrence remarked that he did not wish to listen to any dissertation on natural rights and denied the motion. Mrs. Leonard and Anna P. Johnson, who were in court, agreed in declaring that the judge was wrong.

THE FIGHT WARMING UP.

Tammany Reported to be Trading Cleveland for Grant—County Democracy Trading Cleveland for Hewett.

NEW YORK, Nov. 6—1 p. m.—The fight for Congress in the Fourth Assembly district is between Timothy J. Campbell and ex Judge John Henry McCarthy. At noon the general impression was that McCarthy would be elected by a small majority, although Campbell's followers felt confident that their man would pull through all right.

THROWING CLEVELAND OVERBOARD.

It was reported that the Tammany Hall people in the 31st election district of the ninth assembly district were selling out Cleveland for Grant. A committee from the national Democratic headquarters made an investigation, and one of the members afterwards reported the cutting had been stopped.

GEN. HARRISON'S VOTE.

The Clouds Break Away to Allow Him to Vote.

INDIANAPOLIS, Nov. 6.—Toward 11 o'clock the rain ceased, and there are signs of clearing, but the atmosphere is damp and the streets sloppy. Reports of many arrests are coming in, both sides swearing out warrants charging attempts to commit fraud. At 10:30 there was a crowd of 100 standing around and in the livery stable on Seventh street, where the citizens of the third precinct of the Second ward vote.

The rain ceased shortly before two men wearing fall overcoats with collars turned up walked quietly along Seventh street and entered the polling place. It was Gen. Harrison and his son Russell. The distance from their residence to the polling place is some three and a half squares. The chute being open when the general arrived, he walked up to the window, and in the quietest possible manner handed in his ballot.

Russell Harrison has no vote, being a citizen of Montana.

After Mr. Harrison had voted, the crowd gathered about him and a short season of hand shaking took place. Among those who greeted him was H. D. Pierce, nephew of the late Vice-President Hendricks.

After remaining about twenty minutes and chatting familiarly with a score or more of acquaintances present, the General and his son buttoned up their overcoats and walked back to the house.

The General seemed in excellent spirits, if he felt any anxiety over this eventful day's work, not a shadow of it was manifest on his smiling countenance. Around the General's residence everything is very quiet.

JUDGE THURMAN.

He Goes Mournfully to the Polls to Cast His Vote.

COLUMBUS, Nov. 6.—At 1:30 this afternoon Judge Thurman and his son, Allen W. Thurman, alighted from a coupe at the polling place of the Sixth ward and Precinct A and cast their ballots for the Democratic ticket.

Owing to the rain the coupe was driven up within a few feet of the window, and with assistance the judge walked across the pavement and handed in his ticket.

ELECTIONS THIS YEAR.

What the American People are Voting for To-day.

All the states elect presidential electors. The electors thus chosen will meet at their respective state capitols Wednesday, December 5, and cast their ballots for President and Vice President of the United States.

Alabama elected state officers and legislature August 6, and votes for Congressmen to-day.

Arkansas elected state officers and legislature September 3, and votes for Congressmen to-day.

California to-day elects part of its legislature and Congressmen to-day.

Colorado elects state officers, legislature and Congressmen to-day.

Connecticut elects state officers, legislature and Congressmen to-day.

Delaware elects legislature and Congressmen to-day.

Florida elects governor, lieutenant governor, legislature and Congressmen to-day.

Georgia elected governor and legislature October 3, and will elect Congressmen to-day.

Illinois elects governor, lieutenant governor, secretary of State, treasurer, auditor, attorney general, legislature and Congressmen to-day.

Indiana elects State officers, legislature and Congressmen to-day.

Iowa elects minor state officers and Congressmen to-day.

Kansas elects state officers, legislature and Congressmen to-day.

Kentucky elects Congressmen to-day.

Louisiana elected State officers and legislature April 16, and will elect Congressmen to-day.

Maine elected Governor and other state officers, legislature and Congressman Monday, September 10, and will choose presidential electors to-day.

Maryland elects Congressmen to-day.

Massachusetts elects state officers, legislature and Congressmen to-day.

Michigan elects state officers, legislature and Congressmen to-day.

Minnesota elects state officers, legislature and Congressmen to-day.

Mississippi elects Congressmen to-day.

Missouri elects state officers, legislature and Congressmen to-day.

Nebraska elects state officers, legislature and Congressmen to-day.

Nevada elects legislature and Congressmen to-day.

New Hampshire elects governor and other state officers, legislature and Congressmen to-day.

New Jersey elects legislature and Congressmen to-day.

New York elects governor, lieutenant governor, legislature and Congressmen to-day.

North Carolina elects state officers, legislature and Congressmen to-day.

Ohio will elect secretary of state, and Congressmen to-day.

Oregon elected Congressmen and legislature June 4, and votes for Presidential electors to-day.

Pennsylvania elects a Supreme Court judge, legislature and Congressmen.

Rhode Island elected state officers and legislature April 4, and will elect Congressmen to-day.

South Carolina elects state officers, legislature and Congressmen to-day.

Tennessee elects governor, legislature and Congressmen to-day.

Texas elects state officers, legislature and Congressmen to-day.

Vermont elected state officers, legislature and Congressmen September 4.

Virginia elects Congressmen to-day.

West Virginia elects state officers, legislature and Congressmen to-day.

Wisconsin elects state officers, legislature and Congressmen to-day.

The acting Secretary of the Navy has detached Commander Allan D. Brown from duty at the Naval Academy and ordered him to the command of the United States steamer Kearsage now being prepared at Norfolk. She will be put in commission as soon as possible and sent to protect American interests in Hayti.

CROPS AND TRADE.

Weather Unfavorable for the Gathering of the Cotton—General Remarks.

MEMPHIS, Nov. 2.—The regular monthly crop report for the Memphis district, which embraces West Tennessee, North Mississippi, North Arkansas and North Alabama, to be published to-morrow by Hill, Fontaine & Co., will say:

"The weather during October in the main was unfavorable for gathering cotton and much less favorable than last year. The complaint is general of too much rain, which had a damaging effect on the crops.

Frosts have fallen at periods during the month, but with only two exceptions no injury to the crops has been sustained from this cause. The unfavorable season, however, has had its effect, and the prospective yield of the district, which in our report made last month indicated an increase of 5 per cent over last year, now indicates a decreased yield as compared with 1887 of 3 per cent.

The estimates of the prospective yield, which our correspondents have given, are based on the lateness of the season and the slowness of the bolls in opening, especially in the bottom lands.

The present favorable weather may improve the outcome of the crop, but with the most favorable conditions, the yield within the Memphis district will not be in excess of last year. There is a diversity of opinion regarding the effect of a killing frost. Many of our correspondents say it would be beneficial, while others hold a contrary opinion, and say it would cut off the yield in the lowlands. At all events it would settle the doubts which exist whether or not the bolls with which the plant is now heavily laden would open under its influence.

Picking is progressing rapidly, and up to date 43½ per cent of the crop had been gathered. Labor, however, is scarce in many localities of Mississippi and Arkansas, and is in demand to pick the cotton which is now open in the fields. The lateness of the season is shown in the light receipts to date, but as there is no disposition on the part of the planter to hold his crop a very heavy movement of the staple can reasonably be expected from now until late in December.

Bank Clearings of Excellent Proportions—A Review of the Business of the Week Just Closing.

NEW YORK, Nov. 3.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says: "The simple fact that bank exchanges outside of New York in the last week but one of a presidential campaign exceeded those of last year by 10½ per cent, the clearings of last year having been exceptionally large, proves that the volume of legitimate business is unprecedented, for only a part of the increase can be attributed to excess of speculative operations. In stocks the sales here have been only about 1,100,000 shares for the week, in wheat about 36,400,000 bushels, in cotton about 350,000 bales, and in other markets rather smaller than usual.

Reports indicate marked improvement in the volume of trade at Nashville, Memphis and Detroit, and a satisfactory business at nearly all other cities, but at Philadelphia, Pittsburg and Kansas City the prevailing quiet is attributed to political excitement.

A shade of stringency in money is noted at St. Louis, and an active demand at Kansas City, with some doubt about business prospects in Western Kansas, which leads to caution in dealings with that section. Improvement in collections is noticed at southwestern and northwestern centers.

In the iron business, though the sales in October are thought to have considerably exceeded production, other transactions of considerable magnitude are noted, including sales by the Thomas Company for 1889 delivery at $18. The closing of contracts for 21,500 tons rails for the Vanderbilt roads made the week one of exceptionally large transactions, but quotations are still $27.50 to $28 at eastern mills. Bar iron is easier, but prices grow more irregular, and former quotations for nails are not maintained. The wool market is firm.

The dry goods trade has been comparatively quiet, the demand for men's woolens and knit goods being quiet, and for dress goods quite irregular, while cotton goods are generally firmer without large transactions. It is reported that an advance of 5c in carpets will be soon effected. Boots and shoes are selling freely at full rates, especially in the west. The coal trade is somewhat dull.

The stock market, after a little depression, is less active but stronger, and the average price on the more active stocks is a fraction higher than a week ago. The treasury has taken in during the week $4,400,000 more gold than it has paid out, but has put out $3,000,000 more silver certificates and legal tenders, and the money market here is fully supplied, with low rates unchanged. The exports increased the last month about 6 per cent., while the imports fell below last year's about 7 per cent. Wheat, corn, coffee, lard and petroleum a little lower than a week ago, the general average of prices, nevertheless, remains substantially unchanged.

The business failures the last seven days number 275, compared with a total of 234 last week and 224 the week previous. For the corresponding week of last year the figures were 245.

A NEW ENEMY.

Singular Combat in a Cemetery Between a Man and an Owl.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Nov. 1.—Joseph D. King, a painter, has been repainting the iron fences at the Grove Street Cemetery during the past two weeks. Yesterday he walked out there to see if the heavy rains of Saturday night had damaged his work so as to require it to be done over. He walked down one of the paths when he was startled by the flap of a large wings. Looking up he saw an immense bird flying toward him. It was as large as a buzzard, its head being the size of a quart measure, while two horns apparently protruded from the head. Its eyes burned like coals of fire in Mr. King's eyes startled imagination. Seeing that the bird meant to attack him, Mr. King picked up a short club, and as the bird pounced upon his head he struck it a stunning blow, knocking it to the ground.

Before Mr. King could recover from the impulse of the blow the bird attacked him again and got another rap, which was followed up with several more. Even then it lay on its back and fought with its talons. Securing a strong string Mr. King got it about the legs of the bird and disabled it. He went to a neighboring house and got a basket, in which he placed his captive and this morning he exhibited it. It is a fine specimen of the tawny horned owl, and weighs six pounds. This is the first instance known locally of an owl attacking a man.

In Ansonia last week a beautiful gray owl, fully as large as the one Mr. King captured, flew through the window in the house of J. C. Ricklaw, on Cliff street, smashing the glass into splinters. It was captured the next morning, and, after pining in captivity for several days, refusing to eat, it was chloroformed.

ROYAL TIMES IN GREECE.

Twenty-fifth Anniversary of King George's Accession to the Throne.

ATHENS, Nov 1.—The festivities in honor of the twenty-fifth anniversary of King George's accession to the throne were carried out on a grand scale. The weather was splendid. The buildings of the city were profusely decorated and the streets were thronged with visitors. The native population were dressed in picturesque costumes.

In the morning the King and the Duke of Spara, the Crown Prince, rode on horseback at the head of a grand procession to the Cathedral, where a *te deum* was celebrated in the presence of the royal family and many distinguished guests. At the conclusion of the service a salute of 101 guns was fired. Returning to the palace, the King addressed the people from a balcony, thanking them for their expressions of loyalty.

A reception followed in the throne room, and ministers, diplomats and other notable persons offered their felicitations to the king. Mr. Fearn, the United States minister, presented a telegram of congratulations from President Cleveland. The rulers of all the European countries sent similar messages, and a special envoy presented a letter from the Shah of Persia.

There was a torchlight procession in the evening, and the city was brilliantly illuminated.

A royal decree has been issued promoting the Duke of Sparta to be captain of infantry.

The anniversary was celebrated by festivities throughout the provinces.

CHICAGO CAPITAL.

It is Reaching Out to Control the Street Car Lines of the Country.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., Nov. 1.—The cable railway deal in this city has been finally consummated. Messrs. Hellman, Crank, and the other principal owners part with three-fourths of their stock to a syndicate of Chicago capitalists, headed by C. B. Holmes, president of the Chicago Cable Railroad company. The terms of the sale are private.

The syndicate comprises 50 well known Chicago business men, among whom are C. L. Hutchinson, president board of Trade; J. J. Mitchell, president of the Illinois Trust and Savings' bank; Maj. J. J. J. McWilliams, of Marshall, Field & Co., Benjamin Allen, W. H. Gillett and William Monroe, of the Canadian bank.

BROKE UP THE BANQUET.

A Canadian Colonel Stirs Up the Animals by a Speech.

TORONTO, Ont., Nov. 5.—At a public dinner of the Caledonian society, Tuesday night, Col. George T. Denison, Stipendiary Police Magistrate of this city and commander of the governor general's body guard, a militia cavalry regiment, in responding to the toast, "The Army and Navy," said Canada was entering upon a great crisis.

"I tell you," he went on, "things are crowding upon us very fast. We shall probably soon be called on—I mean those of us who are loyal to the British flag—to defend the life of the country. Within the past two months we have seen one thing after another showing a most bitter and hostile feeling towards this country on the part of the United States. Only this very evening came a telegram from Washington saying that Mr. Cleveland is going to issue his retaliation proclamation. Let him do it. I have every faith in Canada.

We have the country and the people, and we can hold our own. All that is necessary for us is to be true to ourselves. I am sorry to see that some of us have no confidence in our future. I hope our volunteers will mark these traitors in this country and put them in the rear when trouble comes. I do not like to see letters in our papers advocating annexation. It is nothing but rank treason."

Col. Denison concluded by repeating that Mr. Cleveland was trying to provoke Canada and Great Britain to war and calling on all loyal Canadians to be ready for it.

Joseph Tait, a prominent Toronto Liberal, made a speech attacking Col. Denison. He claimed that every man who favored the annexation of Canada to the United States was perfectly entitled to entertain his opinions and also to preach them publicly. Tait and others then left the banquet amid cheers and counter cheers.

Col. Denison, as police magistrate, is under the control of the provincial government of Ontario and it is thought the government, which is Liberal, will reprimand or dismiss him.

A NEW EXPLOSIVE.

"Extralite" Brought Into Use in the Eastern Quarries.

NEW BRITAIN, Conn., Nov. 1.—(Special.)—Rudolph Ericsson, a young Swede, is employed in a drug store in this city. Before he came to America he worked with his uncle in a gunpowder factory in the old country, and together they experimented to find a new explosive that would be as powerful as dynamite but less dangerous to handle. A few months ago young Ericsson received a letter from his uncle, in which the latter stated that his experiments had at last been successful. He enclosed the formula of the new explosive, and Rudolph got it patented under the name of "Extralite."

The new explosive looks like moist corn-meal. It can be made as easily as corn-meal can be cooked, and in much the same way. Last week Mr. Ericsson made a quantity of it in a stove in Currans drug store, and then experimented with it before some persons whom he is trying to interest in its manufacture. A mass of rock at Shuttle Meadow mountain was selected as the scene of the experiments. The first trials were to prove that the mixture could not be exploded in the open air.

A small fire was started and two pounds of "Extralite" was put in. The stuff would neither explode nor burn. It was then thoroughly mixed with kerosene oil, when about half of it burned, but did not explode. A small dynamite cartridge was inserted in a roll of the stuff. The cartridge exploded with a fuse, but the "Extralite" did not explode. When some of the substance was placed in a flat stone and struck with a hammer the only result was to reduce it to a finer powder.

A hole two feet deep was drilled into the hardest rock to be found in a neighboring quarry. Three rolls of the explosive, each containing three ounces, were tamped down in the hole and connected with a fuse. The explosion shook the ground and the air was filled with flying boulders. The result achieved would have required two pounds of gun powder or one pound of dynamite, while only nine ounces of Extralite were used. The manufacture of the explosive will be commenced in New Britain at once. The street commissioners of Hartford have decided to use it in the city's quarries. The French government is said to have paid one million francs for the right to use it.

BADEAU'S DEFICIENCY.

His Friends Claim That it is a Case of Pure Persecution.

NEW YORK, Nov. 2.—The report of a deficiency of nearly $6,000 in the accounts of Gen. Adam Badeau during the time he was consul general at Havana was much discussed among the gentleman's friends.

"It is simply persecution," said D. P. Hays, of Hays & Greenbaum, Gen. Badeau's lawyers. "It is true there were $5,000 or $6,000 in dispute, but it was not a money deficiency at all. It was merely a disallowance of claims.

"Gen. Badeau sent in claims for clerk hire and other expenditures, and was surprised to find them disallowed.

"He has not heard anything about the matter for years, and paid no further attention to it. About a week ago he received notice from his bondsmen, Gen. Porter and the heirs of Gen. Grant that the old claims had been resurrected.

"He promptly notified them that he would pay the money to the Government, if the courts decided against him; that he was going to contest the case and felt assured of the justice of his cause. Under no circumstances would he expect them to pay.

"This matter is similar to the litigation growing out of Gen. Badeau's London mission. He was sued by the government for disallowed claims, and he won the suit. It was appealed and he won again. It is simply persecution."

Gen. Badeau is visiting friends at Jamaica, L. I. His lawyers say he is in prosperous circumstances.

EASTERN AFRICA.

Praying for United Action of the Powers in Reference to the Congo.

LONDON, Oct. 31.—The *Daily News'* correspondent at Berlin says he has been informed that England adheres to the opinion that the Powers should agree upon a plan of action in East Africa, but that each Power should act independently. The leading Vitu chiefs have signed a memorial to Emperor William expressing cordial feelings toward German officials.

The *North German Gazette* again pleads for the united action by England and Germany in the Congo State. It says that the Arab movement has a three-fold object—to recover the Soudan, to regain the Eastern Congo stations and to foment a revolt in East Africa.

The *Cologne Gazette*, in an inspired article, says that Germany's first duty is to demand satisfaction for the murder of her subjects, and then to co-operate with the powers to suppress the slave trade. The best means to accomplish that end, it says, is to blockade, with the assistance of England, all the ports and main roads.

THE KEELY MOTOR.

Another Chapter In Its History Made in the Philadelphia Courts.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Nov. 2.—Another chapter of Keely motor history was recorded yesterday in the court of common pleas. W. Barnett Le Van, one of the experts appointed by the court to make examination of the motor assigned to Bennett C. Wilson by John W. Keely in 1869, filed a minority report giving the results of his investigation. Mr. Le Van stated that in his opinion the machines exhibited to the experts by Mr. Keely do not conform in construction, principle, or operation to the invention described in the complainants bill as having been assigned to him by the inventor.

The machine mentioned in the assignment was described as a reacting vibratory motor, independent of any outside appliances to produce motion and powers, while Mr. Le Van reported that the generator shown him by Mr. Keely was a stationary structure, dependent upon the manipulation of an operator, and could by no possibility be made self operating.

MADE GOOD THEIR ESCAPE.

Train Robbers Who do Their Thieving on the Latest Approved Plan.

EL PASO, Tex., Nov. 1.—The Mexican Central passenger train due here at 7:25, yesterday morning, was held up 62 miles below El Paso, at 4:30, by three masked men. They came on the engine over the tender and at the point of a six-shooter forced the engineer and firemen to stop the train and get off. They divided the train and left the passenger cars and ran on six miles when they again stopped and robbed the express car, getting over $2,000. Express Messenger M. T. Villegas jumped out of the car at a side door, while the robbers were breaking the end door, and ran off in the darkness with the keys to the safe, thus preventing the robbers from getting the valuable contents of the safe.

The robbers then came on with the engine nearly to Juarez and abandoned it. They cut telegraph wires and it was nearly 8 o'clock before telegraph was received at Juarez telling of the robbery. The men were Americans and are supposed to have come across the river, but there is no clue to them.

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AN AWFUL CRASH.

A Fearful Explosion in a Pennsylvania Mine—Sixteen Persons Killed—Others Will Die.

WILLIAMSPORT, Pa., Nov. 5.—The officers of the Kettle Creek Coal Mining company belonging in this city are in receipt of information that a terrible explosion occurred at their mines, located in Clinton county, on the line of the Philadelphia & Erie railroad, Saturday evening. The superintendent, Geo. L. Miller, upon hearing a heavy report at the No. 2 drift, proceeded to the spot, when he at once saw that a violent explosion had taken place. The necessary arrangements were quickly made to carry the air to the face of the work, and men entered the mine to learn the particulars of what had occurred. An appalling state of affairs was found inside.

The twenty-one men who had been working in the drift only three or four had escaped death or injury. At the end of an hour's hard work fourteen dead bodies were recovered from the drift. Two of these who were injured subsequently died. One man was missing, and his remains were found in the woods where they had been blown by the force of the explosion through the air shaft. The total number of killed or fatally injured was found to be seventeen. All but four of them were Hungarians or Italians, whose names are not furnished.

The driver, named J. Farrel, was entering the drift when the explosion occurred. He was thrown toward the mouth and escaped. His mule was killed.

The force of the explosion was shown in the fact that bodies were blown clear out of the mouth of the drift. Everything possible was done for the injured by the mine people. The bodies of the dead were taken charge of by an undertaker and prepared for interment. The coroner of the county was notified and will hold an inquest to-morrow. The mine inspector of the district has also been summoned, but at latest reports had not arrived.

A dispatch from the superintendent to-day states that there is nothing new in reference to the disaster. They have all the help they require and are preparing for the inquest. Capt. Bly, the president, and other officers of the company, will leave here to-morrow for the scene of the disaster. Although the accident occurred before dark yesterday, it was not given out by the officials of the company here until to-day, they having been advised of it late last night.

It is thought that in making a blast a "gas feeder" was struck, filling the chamber with gas, which coming in contact with a naked lamp produced the explosion. A "gas feeder" is a pocket of gas imbedded in the coal. As soon as a pick is struck into it the gas escapes and if anything ignites it an explosion follows. It is generally conceded that there was good ventilation and the mines were fully supplied with air appliances. The superintendent says the accident could not have been foreseen and that no blame attaches to anyone.

HEARD FOR MILES.

Many Residences Completely Destroyed—Trees Torn Up by their Roots.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Nov. 5.—A *Chronicle Telegraph* special from Shannopin says the cause of the nitro-glycerine explosion is a mystery. It is supposed, however, that a tramp, who was seen in the neighborhood, yesterday, being ignorant of the danger, in some way agitated the stuff and the explosion followed.

There was between two and three tons of glycerine in the magazine and the concussion shook the very foundations of houses between Rochester, Pa., and Pittsburg.

The earth was torn up for a distance of 500 yards; trees an eighth of a mile away were rent asunder, and many houses were wrecked.

The residences of George and William Wilson and Thomas McCoy, situated a half mile away, were completely shattered and the occupants thrown through the windows.

Fortunately they were not severely injured, and as far as can be ascertained no one was killed, with the possible exception of the tramp.

The loss will be heavy, but cannot now be estimated.

PITTSBURG, Nov. 5.—The magazine belonged to the torpedo company of Delaware. The explosion was terrific and was felt twenty-five miles away. Houses and shanties were shattered in the immediate vicinity.

At Sewickley, five miles distant, the shock was so heavy that people ran panic stricken from their houses.

It was reported that a large number of persons had been killed and injured, but it is now believed that no one was hurt, although nothing definite is known.

A Frightful Explosion at South Windham.

PORTLAND, Me., Nov. 5.—About 11:30 this morning a terrible explosion was heard at South Windham. It was soon learned that the powder mills at Gambo, about two miles distant, belonging to the Oriental Powder company, had been blown to atoms.

The explosion originated in the Kernel mill, but how, it is unknown. There was only a fraction of a second between the first explosion and those of the others. There were only two men in the mills at the time and both are fataly hurt. Walter Childs, aged 40, was mangled about the head and had his legs and arms terribly torn, he is still alive but cannot recover. Edward Williams, 35, had just gone out of the kernel mill and was between the buildings. He was struck on all sides and cannot live. The four buildings were wood and each about 28 feet square. The property was not valuable. Everything is a total loss.

FIFTY DOLLARS ALL ROUND.

How the Chinese Manage to Get Into Uncle Sam's Territory.

OTTAWA, Ont., Nov. 3.—It is evident that the large number of Chinese who are arriving at British Columbia ports from China are not destined to remain in Canada, but are taking this means of smuggling themselves into the United States at the boundary dividing that Province from Washington territory. They have to pay the $50 tax per head on landing, which they willingly do, with the prospect of getting into the United States before them.

The Minister of Customs, who has just returned from the Pacific Coast, where he has been looking into the Chinese question, says no matter how strong the United States laws may be, this channel will always be used by the Chinese for that purpose. He says there is no work for them now in British Columbia and no inducements for them to emigrate there, so their real object for leaving China is apparent. However, the Canadian customs benefits in the per capita tax of $50, which has to be paid on landing. That the friendly relations existing between China and Great Britain may not be disturbed, the British government has requested that no more stringent legislation than is now in force may be enacted in Canada against the Chinese.

TO KEEP THEM AT HOME,

And Bring Back Those Who Have Strayed Away.

OTTAWA, Nov. 1.—(Special.)—The government of the province of Quebec are taking steps to induce many of the 500,000 French Canadians who from year to year have left that province to settle in the United States, to return to the land of their birth. With this object in view they have dispatched two commissioners, one to work among their compatriots in the New England states, the other through New York state.

The total population of Quebec, according to the last census was 1,359,027, of whom 1,073,820 were French-Canadians.

Commissioner Proulx is now at work in the manufacturing centres of Massachusetts, where he reports he is meeting with good encouragement.

The French in Canada, although they profess allegiance to the British Crown, have never forgotten the conquest of 1859, when they were compelled to lay down their arms and become subjects of Great Britain.

GOLD HAS NO CHARM.

A Walk Through the Assay Building in New York.

NEW YORK, Nov. 6.—The United States Assay office on Wall street, next to the Sub-Treasury building, is one of the most interesting places to visit in this city. Here are brought every day gold and silver bullion from all parts of the world to be refined and run into bars.

Gold and silver coins from all countries, watch cases, jewelry and silverware of all kinds, every form, in fact, of the precious metals are brought here daily for reduction.

The gentleman in charge of the Assay department took me through the place yesterday. I noticed a vault containing a number of rows of gold bricks. "How much is there?" I asked. "Some $85,000,000, I believe," he replied.

The business done here every day varies. Sometimes as much as $3,000,000 in bullion comes in to be melted down in one day.

Gold and silver are as common to the workmen in this place as so much pig iron. It is no uncommon sight to witness a workman boiling his coffee on a red hot bar of gold worth $10,000, or frying a steak on a hot silver brick.

I saw yesterday one tub of gold. It looked like so much dirt, and water was being run through it to get out the acid. A handful of it would have been worth $100. This, though, was of no particular consequence, I was informed. There was but $280,000 in it, all told.

A while ago the pawnbrokers used to bring their pledges here to be melted down. Gold chains, bracelets, old silver candlesticks and all manner of oddities found their way here from the pawnshops. A stop had to be put to this, as it often happened that a bushel of jewelry yielded but little more than a few ounces of gold, and all this base metal caused a great deal of trouble.

One day last week $25,000 in English sovereigns were melted into bars, and nearly every day the brokers bring in assorted coins of all countries to go into the melting pot.

Deposits that are made at the assay office in gold are payable either in gold bullion or coin, at the option of the depositor. No amount is accepted of less than $100 value. With silver, however, the returns are always made in bullion, and this must be disposed of outside, being generally done through brokers.

The gold used in the Assay department for testing is absolutely pure, being 1,000 fine, and is usually run into long, thin strips that look like so much tape or ribbon. "People often ask me," said a gentleman in this department, "how much gold there is in a twenty-dollar gold piece. There is exactly $20 in a twenty-dollar gold piece, the alloy used being in excess of this valuation."

BASE INGRATITUDE.

Mrs. Charlotta Weiland, Aged Nearly One Hundred, Sent to the Workhouse.

NEW YORK, Nov. 6.—Tottering on the verge of the grave, Charlotta Weiland, within two years of being a centenarian, was committed yesterday by Justice Naeher in Brooklyn to the Flatbush almshouse. In this institution this poor woman, who was reared in wealth and luxury, but defrauded of her all by greedy children and then turned out in the cold world to shift for herself, will probably end her days. The story she told, if true, is one of the most pathetic on record.

Mrs. Weiland was born near Wurzburg, Bavaria, in 1790. Her father was a German statesman, and a member of the Reichs-Parliament. He served with distinction in the memorable campaign against Napoleon and stood at the side of Wellington when the gallant soldier's horse fell mortally wounded at Waterloo. On his return to Germany the Prussian king, Frederick William III., father of the late Emperor William I., knighted him for his bravery.

Mrs. Weiland married a gentleman of rank some time after her father's return. Her husband was an intimate friend of the late Emperor William. She bore him three children, but in 1848, during the revolution in Germany, and when the dead emperor, then Prince of Prussia, fled to England, Mrs. Wellington's husband was also compelled to fly, and came to this country. His family followed, but shortly after their arrival in this country the father died.

Mrs. Weiland has brought with her considerable money, which she deposited in banks, and took up her residence with her children in this city. As she grew older her children began to act coldly toward her and none of them were desirous of looking after her wants.

They had married and were living apart. On the marriage of her daughter a sudden change came over her. The old lady was prevailed on to make a will, and signed over all her property to her children. This occurred two years ago. Then they gradually tired of her, and oftentimes told her she would be better off dead.

Last Thursday she started to visit an old acquaintance in Brooklyn. She failed to find her and wandered around until Saturday, when she fell exhausted to the ground. A policeman of the Thirteenth precinct carried her to the Flushing avenue station.

She was detained there nearly 24 hours, and in the meantime an alarm was sent to various station houses, but no one came forward to claim the unfortunate. She was taken to the Montrose Avenue court, where Judge Naeher tried in vain to find out where she lived. She cried bitterly and could only mumble that she had been robbed of all her possessions. Every endeavor was made to learn her abode, but all the woman could or would say was that she had been turned adrift. It was then that it was deemed best to send her to the alms house. The poor woman was then led to the pen, where she was compelled to take a place among hardened criminals until the van was opened for her and she was driven "over the hill to the poorhouse," there to end her existence.

ANSCHLAG'S CONFESSION.

The Most Deliberate Murder in Modern Times.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 5.—Anschlag, the murderer of the Hitchcocks and of old man Fuegh has prepared a written account of his life and crimes which fills two columns. It differs little from the confessions he has made except that he gives new details of the butchery of the Hitchcocks, the unfortunate Illinois couple whose fruit farm he coveted.

He says that when he saw the deed of the farm made out and signed to him by Hitchcock, who expected to get his money in two days, he was seized with the impulse to kill them as he thought he would have no trouble in holding the land.

He killed the husband in the barn with two blows of a sharp hatchet, and then went to the kitchen and murdered the wife in the same way. Then he hauled the bodies two miles, buried them, changed his clothes and calmly went to work on the farm, where he was arrested. He did not have [illegible] Mrs. Hitchcock's best dress, and laid out ready for church next day. The murder of Fuegh was for the possession of the land and money he was supposed to have hoarded.

The Emperor's Censure Approved.

VIENNA, Nov. 5.—The *Fremdenblatt* says the Vatican fully approves the emperor's censure of Bishop Strossmayer, [illegible] ter to Mr. [illegible] state, has [illegible] sion expressed [illegible] the Panslavist [illegible] sent to Kieff. [illegible] does not [illegible] matter, [illegible] been sufficiently [illegible]

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ON HIS WIFE'S GRAVE.

The Remains of a Man Found with his Throat Cut from Ear to Ear—A Sad Case, Indeed.

BLOOMSBERRY, Nov. 3.—Yesterday morning John T. Bennett was found dead on the grave of his wife with his throat cut from ear to ear. Mr. Bennett was principal of the school here, and, although quite young, was one of Bloomsberry's most trusted and honored citizens.

Last winter he led to the altar, Marie, the only daughter of Theodore Baker, a lady of many accomplishments. Some time ago the bride contracted a severe cold, which gradually grew worse and terminated in consumption. Everything that a devoted husband and medical skill could do was done, but without avail. She died at the age of 22.

Their residence was permanently closed, and Bennett made his home with the Baker family. He was completely prostrated with grief, and remarked to a friend that life was not worth living. Last evening he appeared in better spirits, and told the Baker family that he might visit his brother, who lived two miles away, and they should not be alarmed if he did not return before morning.

This was the last seen of him alive. At daylight this morning Mr. Baker and his son drove to the brother's house and were told that he had not been there.

Joined by the brother, they hastened back, and after a brief search about town, drove to the cemetery, where, lying across the new made grave of his wife, the husband was found with a deep gash in his throat. A blood-stained razor was by his side.

Deputy Coroner Stevenson was notified. The jury empaneled by him rendered a verdict of "death by his own hands." In his coat pocket was found a note written on a half sheet of gilt-edged paper, and addressed to Mr. Theodore Baker, and read as follows:

"The cherished hopes of my life have been forever blasted. When Marie died the happiness I expected to enjoy was at an end. There is nothing now to live for. Gone to meet Marie.

THE DEAD AT NANTICOKE.

The Company Fighting Against the Relatives who Want the Remains of Their Loved Ones.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Nov. 6.—The cases of the twenty-six miners buried in No. 1 slope of the Pennsylvania Coal Company by the disaster at Nanticoke, nearly three years ago, were argued before Judge Rice in Chamber. The attorney for the company argued at length that all had been done that could be done and that it was found by competent engineers and miners that it is a physical impossibility to have the bodies removed from the pit. The attorneys for the relatives claim that it could be done and offered to have the work accomplished, relieving the company from any blame or responsibility in case of any accident. The judge heard both sides patiently and then took the papers. He announced that he would dispose of the same promptly.

YELLOW FEVER.

Georgia Takes Steps to Prove that no Contagion Exists in Her Borders.

NEW YORK, Nov. 2.—Governor Gordon, of Georgia, who is at present in this city, has received the following dispatches:

From Augusta, Ga.:—"No yellow fever in Georgia. Has not been a case in this state this year. Health of the entire state this year remarkably good.

From Atlanta, Ga.: "There has not been a case of yellow fever within the state of Georgia this year. No case of the disease was ever known to originate in the upper sections of this state. Except in Florida points it has only prevailed this summer at two places in the entire country—to a limited extent at Decatur, Ala., and a few cases only at Jackson, Miss. The general health of this state is unsurpassed."

The comptroller of the currency has declared dividends in favor of the creditors of the insolvent National banks as follows: The First National bank of Wahpeton, Dak., which failed March 27, 1886, a third dividend, ten per cent, making in all 45 per cent on claims proved amounting to $110,669. The Commercial National bank of Dubuque, Iowa, a second dividend, ten per cent, making in all 40 per cent on claims proved amounting to $395,776. This bank failed March 20, 1888.

Market Column.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE,
Wednesday, Nov. 7, 1888.

The following shows the changes in government bonds during the past week:

	Nov. 6.	Oct. 30.
4's coupons	127	127½
4's registered	127	127½
Pacific 6's of '95	122	121¼

NEW YORK, Nov. 3.—The weekly statement of the associated banks shows the following changes:

Reserve—decrease	$1,968,150
Loans—increase	704,500
Specie—decrease	2,397,600
Legal tenders—increase	242,900
Deposits—decrease	746,200
Circulation—decrease	121,300

The banks now hold $13,559,580 in excess of the 25 per cent. rule.

NEW YORK, Nov. 5.—Noon.—Money is easy at 1½@2 per cent; bar silver, 93¾.

The stock market came almost to a standstill after 11 o'clock. Dullness was the only feature. At noon the market was stagnant and steady at best prices of the morning.

Closing prices of stocks to-day on Wall street: C. S., 54⅜; D. & H., 118¾; D., L. & W., 139⅞; Erie, 29⅜; I. C., 90½; K. T., 12¾; L. S., 103⅞c; L. & N., 60; M. C., —; Mo. Pacific, 78; N. E., 45¾; N. Y. C., 109⅞; N. W., 112; O. T., 30⅜; P. M. 37; R. T., 29½; Reading, 50⅜; St. P., 6⅞; U. P., 65⅛; W. U., 85¼; C., B. & Q., —.

Trade.

The general trade of the country during the week just closed was of fair proportions. In boots and shoes there was a good movement. Hides were easier.

Markets a Little Lower for Wheat, To-Day.

The markets for wheat opened lower to-day than on Saturday, but soon became firm. Afterward there was a decline, but toward the close, there was a firmer feeling. Cash wheat is about 1½c lower, but on December the decline is but ¼c, and on May the price about ¾@1c up as compared with Saturday. The visible supply has increased 218,553 bushels of wheat, corn decreased 291,354 bushels, oats increased 327,335 bushels. Cables were steady. Exports light.

Prices of December and May wheat at leading points to-day:

Dec.	Opened.	Highest.	Lowest.	Close.
Toledo	106⅞	108	106¾	107
Chicago	113⅝	115⅜	113⅜	114
New York	110½	110¾	110¼	110¾
St. Louis	109¾	110⅛	109⅜	109⅝
May	Opened.	Highest.	Lowest.	Close.
Toledo	113¾	114¾	113¾	114¼
Chicago	114⅝	115	114⅜	115
New York	117	117¼	116⅞	117¼
St. Louis	113¾	114⅛	113⅛	113⅝

Corn was dull but fractionally higher. Oats steady. Clover seed steady but lower.

At the regular session of the Toledo Produce Exchange to-day cash wheat was dull and lower. No. 2 soft red, Lake Shore, 108½c, 1½c depressed; No. 2 soft red 105½c; No. 3 soft red, 96c; No. 3 soft red, D. & M., 97c, Lake Shore, 100c.

For future delivery trade was active; princes closed higher than at the opening, but a little lower than on Saturday on December and higher on May. No. 2, December, 106⅞c, 108c, and to close, 107c, ¼c decline; May, 113¾c, 115c, and finally, 114¼c, 1c up.

Corn was dull but steady; No. 2, 41½c, ½c advance; No. 3, 39½c. Oats—No. 2, 25½c. Clover seed dull; Prime cash, $5 30; December, $5 40.

The Produce Market.

The produce market was fairly active to-day, with no material change in prices. Butter, of best quality, 21@22c. Eggs 21@22c. Cheese, 9½@10c. Poultry—chickens, 11@12c. Salt in car lots, 70c; barrels, 75c. Vegetables—Onions, per bu., 50c; cabbages, 25@35c per doz; lettuce, per pound, 8c; radishes, per dozen, 12c; tomatoes, scarce at 35@45 per bu.; celery, 25c; apples per bu., 40@45c; carrots per bu., 40c; parsnips per bu. 60c; squashes per dozen, 60@75c; potatoes, 40@—c per bushel. Provisions—Pork, heavy mess, $16 50; short mess, $17 50; long clear mess, $18 50; short clear, $19 00; rump, $15 00; clear butt, $17 00; clear bean, $14 50; clear neck, $——; lard, kettle rendered, tierces, 9c; barrels, 9c; half barrels, 9¼c; 50-lb. tins, 9½c; refined in tierces, 9c; in 50 -lb. tins, 9c; hams, heavy, —c; sugar cured, 18 lbs. average, 14c; 15 lbs., 14c; 12 lbs., 13½c; sugar cured shoulders, 10c; breakfast bacon, 11@12c; dried beef, 11c; clear sides, 9½c; clear backs, 9½c; pic-nics, 9c. Feed—Bran, $19; shorts, $19. Hay—timothy, $13. Flour, straights, $5 75; patents, $5 75; bakers, $5 25. Hides, green, No. 1 heavy steers, 5½@6c; light and cows, 4½c; grubby and No. 2, 3½c; cured, 7c; calf, green, 5c; cured, 7c; sheep pelts, on the basis of wool at 23c. Wool, washed 27c; unwashed, 20c. Fresh meats—No. 1 steers, 5½@6c; light steers, 5@6c; cows, 4½@5c; calves, 8½c; sheep, 7c; lambs, 8c; dressed hogs, 8c. Fruits—Peaches, per bu., $1 25@1 75; pears, per bushel, $1 50@1 75; lemons, per box, $4 50@4 75.

Pittsburg Oil Market.

Toledo Oil Exchange—3 p. m.—Opened at 85½c; highest, 85½c; lowest, 84½c; closed, 85½c.

MILWAUKEE, Nov. 5.—Flour quiet. Wheat cash, 106½c; December, 107¼c; January, 108⅜. Corn, quiet; No. 3, 39c. Oats quiet; No. 2 white, 29½c. Rye, quiet; No. 2, 56½c. Barley, quiet; No. 2, 69½c.

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INTERNALLY, a half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhoea, Colic, Flatulency and all internal pains.

Fifty cents per bottle. Sold by druggists.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 5.—Flour steady. Wheat quiet at $1 06. Corn irregular at 43½@44c. Oats firm at 27c. Rye quiet at 58c. Provisions steady and unchanged. Pork, 15c; lard, $8; short ribs, $8; bacon, $9 25. Whisky active; sales 1,581 bbls on a basis of $1.14. No markets to-morrow.

DETROIT, Nov. 5.—Wheat—No. 1 white cash 108c; No. 2 red, cash and November, 109c, b; December, 110¼c, b; May, 117¾c, c. Corn—No. 2, 41c, a; Oats—No. 2, 27½c; No. 2 white, 29½c. Receipts—Wheat, 37,300 bushels; corn, 2,900 bushels; oats, 8,000 bushels.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 5.—Wheat—Western is dull; No. 2 winter red, 104@104½c. Corn—Western firm; mixed, 51c. Oats quiet; Western mixed, 27@29c. Rye dull at 64@65c. Hay—Market is dull; prime to choice western, $16 00@16 50. Provisions easy, mess pork, $15 75. Butter quiet; western packed, 12@18c; best roll, 17@19c; creamery, 22@26. Eggs very scarce, firm at 25c.

CHICAGO, Nov. 5.—1:15 p. m.—Close—Wheat easy; cash, 112⅝c; December, 114c; January, 111⅝c; May, 115c. Corn firm; cash, 38⅜c; December, 38 11-16c; January, 37⅝c; May, 38 15-16c. Oats steady; cash, 24¾c; December, 25c; May, 28c. Rye, 55c. Barley and prime timothy, nominal. Flax seed, $1 46@1 46½. Whisky $1 20. Pork steady; cash, $14 50; December, $14 45; January, $14 75; May, $15 00. Lard firm; cash, $8 15; cember, $8 05; January, $8 07½; May, $8 17½; November, steam rendered, $7 57½.

NEW YORK, Nov. 5.—Wheat—Receipts 49,350 bu; sales, 1,120,650 bu; market was down 1¼@1⅜, recovered November ⅛@⅜ under close of Saturday, moderately active. No. 2 red December, 110¾@110⅞c; January, 116⅝@117 7-16c. Corn—Receipts, 173,000 bu; sales, 116,000; steady at ⅛@⅜ advancey, dull; old mixed western, 48½@49c. Oats—Receipts, 94,000 bu; sales, 5,000 bu; market steady, dull, western, 28@39c. Beef is steady quiet; plate mess, $9 50@10 00; extra, do, $7 50@8 00. Pork dull and firm; mess, $16 00@16 50. Lard firm, quiet; steam rendered $8 60. Butter—Receipts, 3,909 packages; market quiet and unchanged; western daily at 12½@18c; do creamery, 16@26c; Elgin, 26½@27c. Cheese—Receipts, 3,025 packages; market dull and unsettled; state, 9@10½c, including fancy, white and colored, 10½c; western, 9@10¼c; skims, 1¾@8¼c. Sugar quiet; powdered, 7¾c; granulated 7c; crushed 8¼c. Molasses—New Orleans, 50@55c. Coffee—Rio, dull, unsettled; fair, 15¼; options tow steadier; Spirits of turpentine quiet at 44@44¼. Eggs—Western, 23@24½c.

Live Stock Market.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 5.—Hogs—Active and stronger; common and light, $4 40@5 50; packing and butchers', 5 25@5 55. Eggs steady and firm at 17@17½. Cheese dull, firm, choice mild Ohio flat at 10½@11.

EAST LIBERTY, Nov. 5.—Cattle—Dull, shade off from last weeks prices; 32 cars shipped to New York. Hogs fair; Philadelphias, $5 70@5 80; mixed, $5 65@5 70; Yorkers, $5 50@5 60; common to fair, $5 30@5 40; pigs, $4 00@5 00; 17 cars hogs were shipped to New York. Sheep dull, 25c off from last weeks prices.

CHICAGO, Nov. 7.—Hogs—Receipts, 12,000. Market fairly active and steay; light, $5 25@5 55; rough packing, $5 25@5 55; mixed, $5 25@5 55; heavy packing and shipping, $5 35@5 70. Cattle—Receipts, 3,000 head; strong and slow; beeves, $3 35@5 25; cows, $1 30@2 85; stockers and feeders, $2 00@3 25; westerns, $3 00@4 00; Texans, $2 00@3 00. Sheep—Receipts, 4,000 head; market steady; natives, $2 75@3 85; western, $3 00@3 55; Texas, $2 25@3 25; lambs, $3 75@5 50.

Philadelphia Wool Market.

Demand good, Ohio, Pennsylvania and West Virginia fleeces, XX and above, 31@33c; X, 30@31c; medium, 35@35½c; quarter blood, 33@34c; common, 28@30c; New York, Michigan, Wisconsin, etc., washed fleeces, fine, 27@28c; medium, 34c; quarter blood, 33c; washed combing and delaine, fine delaine, Ohio, 33@35c; medium, 35@38c; quarter, 34@35c; low, 32@33c; pulled, lambs and super, city, 30@33c.

Foreign Markets.

LONDON, Nov. 5.—The Mark Lane *Express*, in its review of the British grain trade, during the past week says: Rainfall last week was opportune welcome, favoring further seeding. Young wheat above ground shows full plant. Sound parcels native wheat are 1d@1s dearer; damp parcels are 6d@1s lower. The sales of English wheat during the part week were 61,912 quarters at 30s during the corresponding week last year. Flour quiet, steadier, malting barleys, except best, declining. Oats, beans, peas, steady. Foreign wheats is steady, there is occasional advance for anything choice and scarce, receipts small. Flour in liberal supply. Corn dull. Off cost wheat supply restricted, sales show that net 42s @32s 3d has been paid for Australian; 4s 3d for California; 42s 9d Oregon. Three cargoes of wheat arrived; 4 cargoes sold, 4 withdrew and 3 remained. Condition of wheat trade to-day was worse then on Friday. In interior advantages has been lost and values remain as on last Monday. Fine sample of old native wheat weighing 65 lbs per bushel were bought at 50s. Flour quiet. Corn unchanged, 3d dearer. Legumes unchanged. Oats were 3d@6d cheaper.

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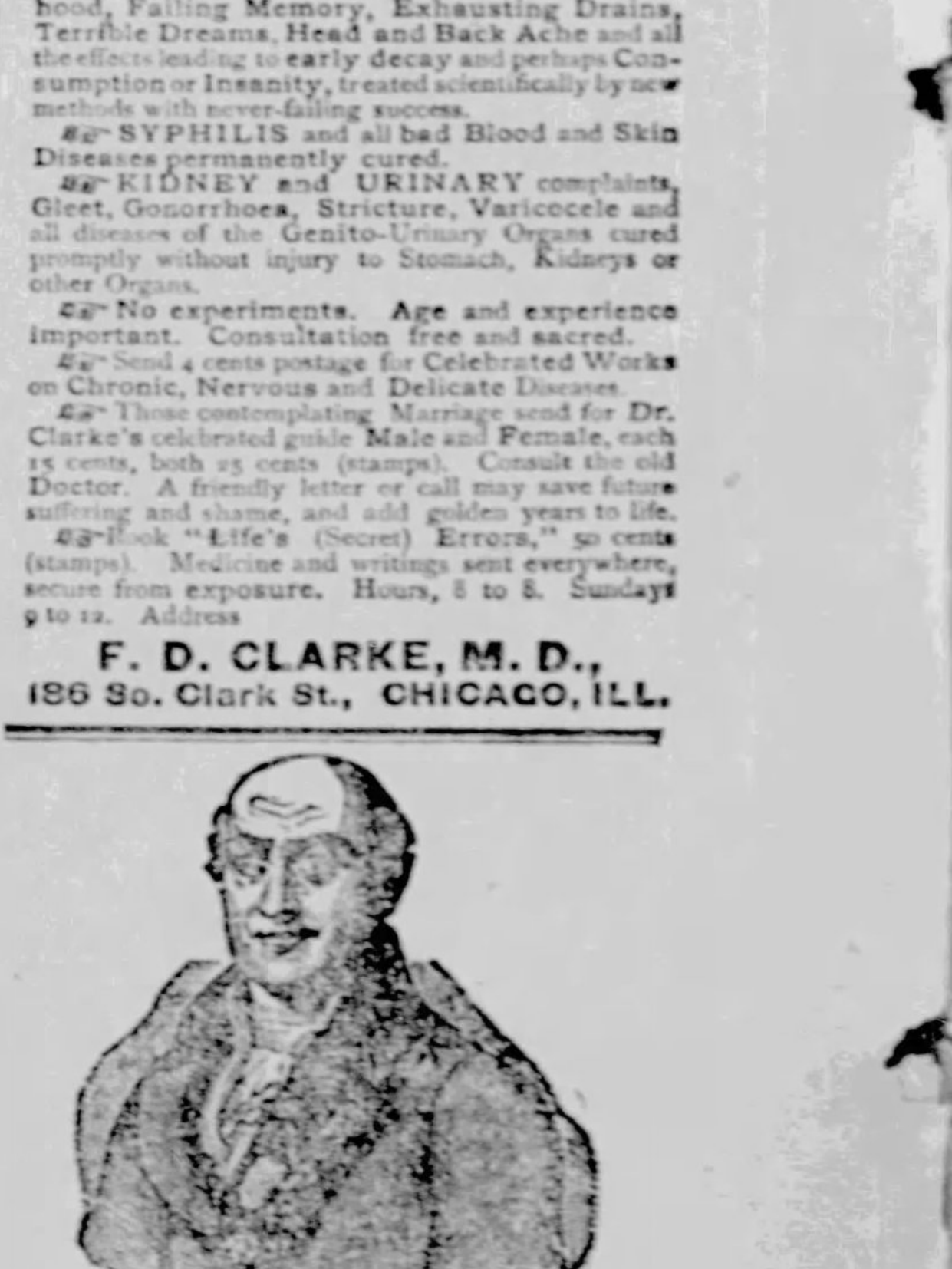

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